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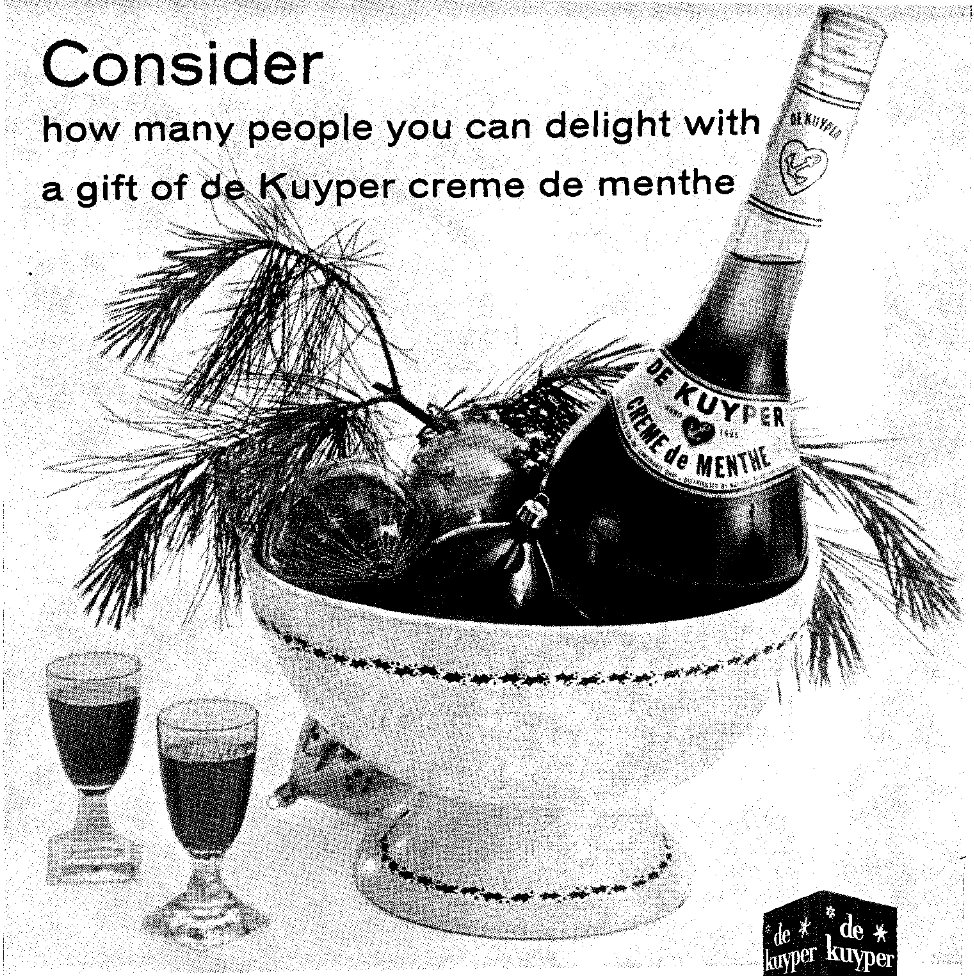
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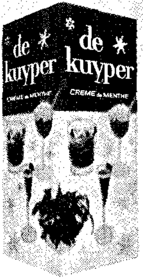
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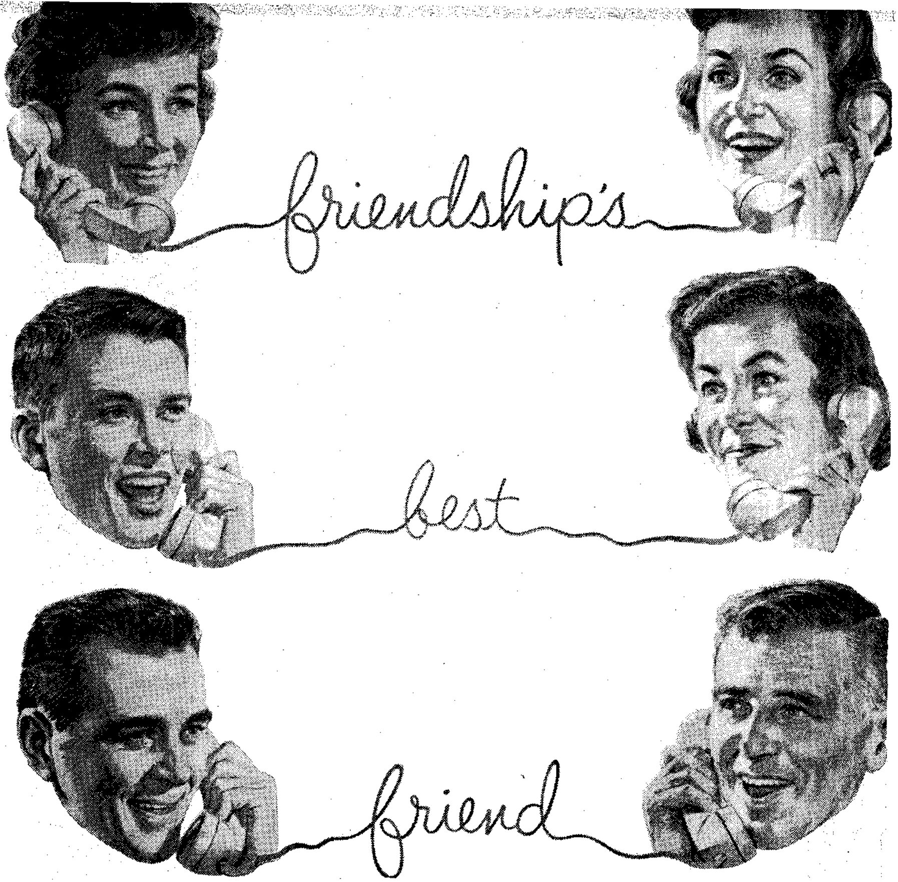

YOUR TELEPHONE!

Are there friends nearby or faraway you haven't seen for a while? When you think of them, think also of your telephone. It quickly puts you back in touch . . . gladdens the day . . . ends that long silence with a lot of smiles.

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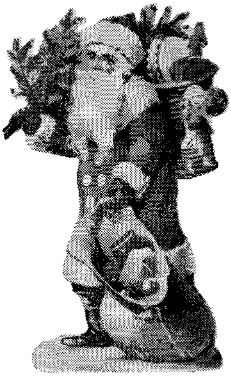
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Dear Reader:

Ida Bobula: freedom fighter.

IDA BOBULA's personal story is as fascinating as her poignant case histories of Hungarian refugees in America (see p. 137). Born in Budapest in 1900, she earned a Ph.D. in history at the university there and went on to become the first woman executive in the pre-war Hungarian Ministry of Public Instruction. During the last war she risked jail by helping victims of Nazism; and under the Communist regime risked it again by serving as chief librarian of the American Library in Budapest. In 1947, at the urging of the Americans, she immigrated to the U.S. She had spent 1924-26 here on scholarships at Bryn Mawr and Western Reserve University, and could point to a record as instructor of history in Hungarian universities and as president of the Hungarian Federation of University Women. So she had no trouble finding employment—first teaching at New Jersey College for Women, later serving the Free Europe Committee and other international organizations. Since the 1956 Hungarian revolt she has worked hard to help refugees and was heartbroken that we hadn't space to tell of Kovacs, the architect now working in a foundry, or Kovácsevits, a tree expert, presently a night watchman. In her teaching job at Maine's Ricker College, the determined Miss Bobula vows to help them, too.

Saint Nick: nostalgic art.



THE COVER: The old-fashioned Santa Claus figures on our cover are authentic German scrapbook cutouts dating from the turn of the century, says A. L. Brandon, who sells such nostalgic items at his 215 East 59th Street shop in New York. Once pasted in scrapbooks, or stuck on Christmas cookies, they now are snapped up by young, sophisticated collectors.

The Editors

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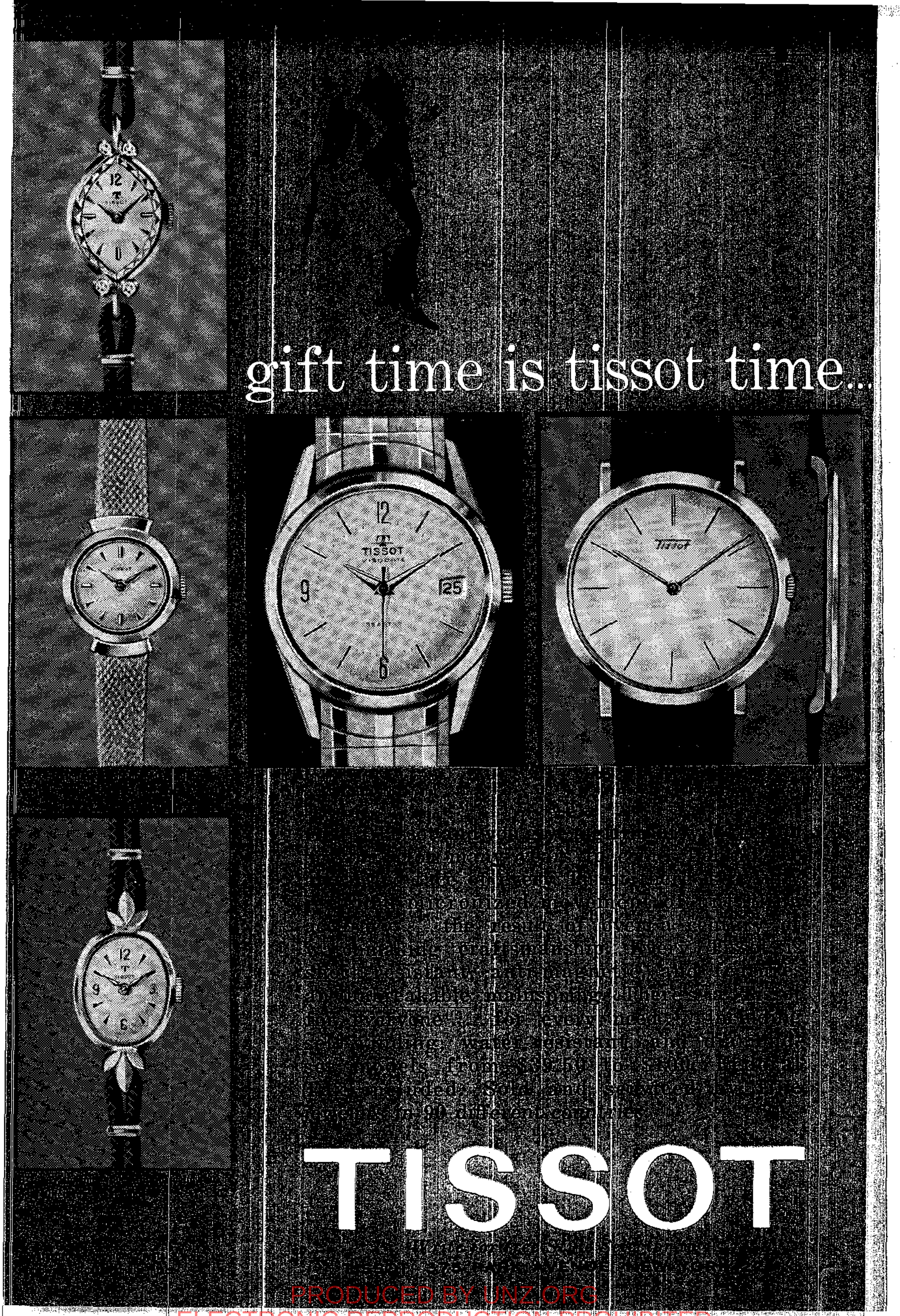
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CORONET

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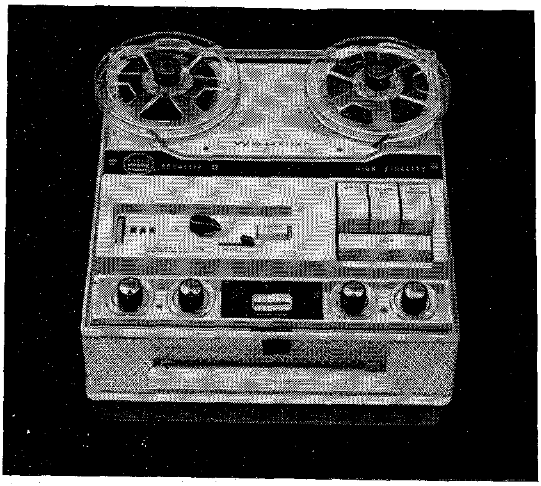

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Webcor STEREO

WEBCOR IS BUILT *with an ear to the future*

all about you

Funny bone facts; week-end blues; lust to lose; hidden school costs

TICKLISH?

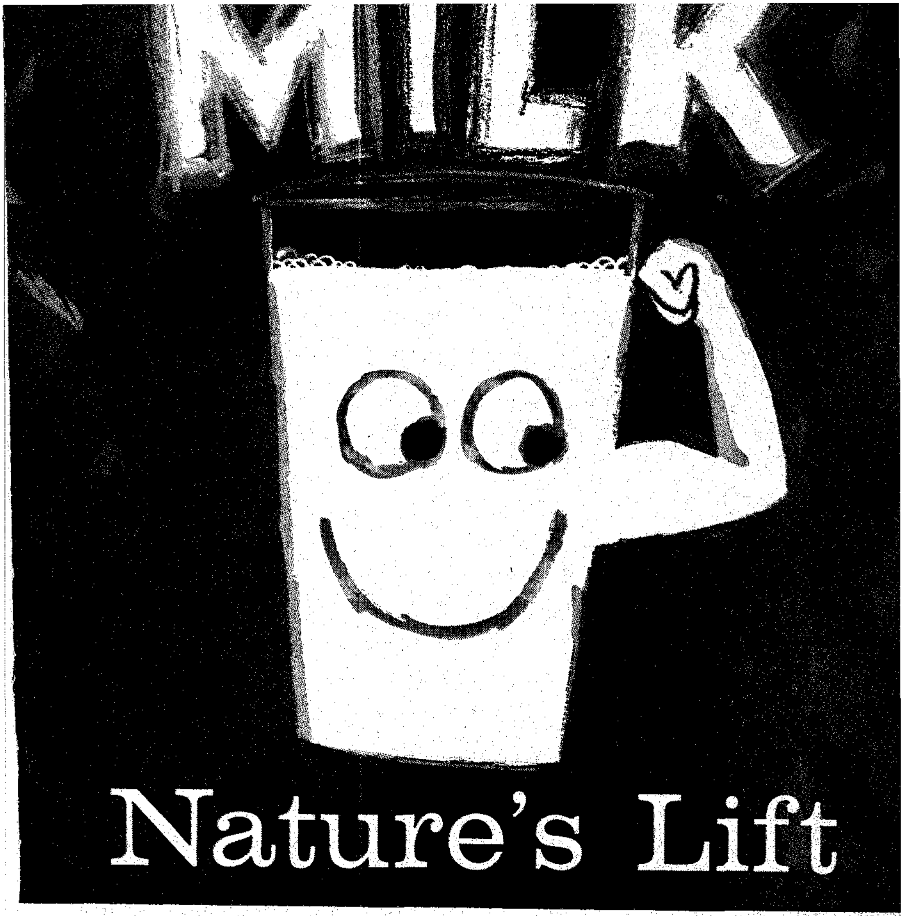
Those giggles emanating from Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital recently were all in the interests of science. Hoping to learn information useful in understanding skin disorders, a research team studied tickle reaction. Among their findings: women are no more ticklish than men, and babies aren't ticklish at all! The people who are terrifically ticklish are often emotional, and have less control over themselves. People who don't tickle have the same nerve reactions, but are overcontrolled emotionally. The kitch-kitchy-koo routine under baby's chin is a waste of time, but when a child reaches three and a half, he'll howl with laughter when tickled. As he grows older he gains more control over the response. The Chicago tickle tests were done by lightly grazing foreheads with a piece of cotton wool.

GLOOMY SUNDAY

"Sunday neurosis" is a growing problem as our society gains more and more leisure time, warns Dr. Alexander Martin, a New York psychiatrist. Some people have "an inner compulsion to work" and feel guilty lounging around the house on week ends, he believes. The Sunday neurotic may be restless and quarrelsome and in extreme cases may become so depressed as to kill himself. "More thought should be given to the greater number of suicides which occur during week ends, holidays and vacations," Dr. Martin told a meeting of the World Federation for Mental Health. The future, with automation and a four-day week, could make the problem severe, unless people learn how to use their spare time. The alternative, he said, is a race of "sterile robots . . . living vicariously and so deadened that they compulsively seek overstimulation."

BORN TO LOSE

Behind the inveterate gambler's tireless quest for a "winner" is an unconscious urge to lose, Dr. Iago Galdston of the New York Academy of Medicine believes. Reports indicate the inability of compulsive gamblers to cash in their winnings while ahead. They usually stop only when they've lost their pile.



Milk gives you a natural lift with Protein. Milk at noon gives you the lift you need to feel refreshed. Drink 3 glasses every day—one at noon, one at night, one along the way. You never outgrow your need for milk.

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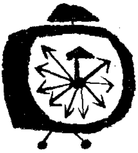
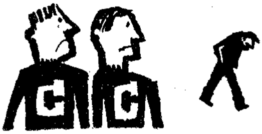
continued

As an example of this deep-seated desire to lose, Dr. Galdston cited the case of a gambler patient who even tried to lose the woman who loved him. He persuaded a friend to test her faithfulness while he was out of town. When the friend reported the woman would have none of him, the gambler, in his urge to lose, decided that both had betrayed him. And he gambled even more than before.



TIME AND YOU

Our sense of passing time depends on many things, even temperature. Time goes faster when you're cold, researchers at Clark University have found. When you are hot with fever, the hours drag. At Arizona State Teachers College other experiments indicate that time passes faster for women than men. But when we are depressed, time creeps slowly, the Veterans Administration discovered. Another V.A. study showed that the younger we are the slower the hands of the clock seem to move. Time flows five times as fast for the 60 year old as the teenager. Caffeine speeds up our sense of time; so does hard work. So a good day's work with coffee breaks slips by effortlessly. Some of us think we have a "built-in clock." And it seems the brain *has* a time-sense center. Whether it runs fast or slow depends on temperature, age, metabolism and emotional outlook.



THE STATUS RACE

High school drop-outs have been blamed on such factors as teenage restlessness, lack of intellectual stimulation and early marriages. Add another: the high cost of high school status for students of low-income families, many of whom haven't strong motivation for sticking it out anyway. A "free" public high school can be costly. Prof. Errett Hummel of Portland (Oregon) State College estimates that the average high school student in Oregon spends $238.46 a year on extras. Surveying 88 percent of the state's high schools he found typical expenses were: up to $18 for a student body card, $30 for other tickets and $32 for class jewelry. Dances added costs for dresses, and a prom escort faced paying up to $20 for the big night. Many can't afford to keep up. At two high schools studied, only one-third of the students could afford class jewelry. At another, only one-fifth could afford the junior-senior prom. This can be the last straw for youngsters already unhappy in school, Professor Hummel reports. "If the gang travels to the next town for a game and you can't go; if the club sweater costs more than your family can afford—sometimes these things pile up until school just isn't worthwhile."

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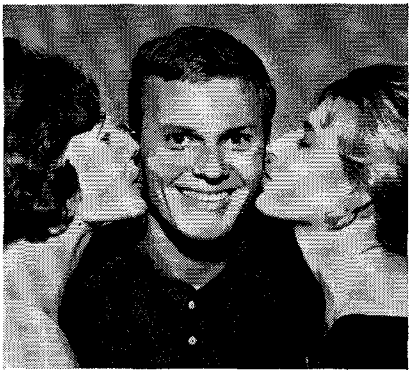


"This is work?" asks happy bachelor Tab Hunter.

TELEVISION GAVE me a chance to act—on *Playhouse 90* and spectaculars," says the star of N.B.C.-TV's new comedy series, *The Tab Hunter Show.* "My movie parts were mostly limited to 'Dad, can I have the car tonight?' dialogue, and I once went 15 months without making a picture. Finally I bought my release from my Warners' contract—which had four years to run—for $100,000. I'm still paying it off, but it was worth the gamble."

Bachelor Tab Hunter's TV show casts him as a bachelor cartoonist drawing a bead on a flock of beautiful girls week after week—not unlike the bachelor cavortings of *Bachelor Father* and *The Bob Cummings Show.*

"I enjoy the variety TV offers," says Hunter, who owns one-half of the series. "Playing a different situation every week is fun. But comedy is also a tougher challenge than drama, because it's built over and around the written lines."

His busy shooting schedule leaves Tab little time for riding his two horses, one a hunter, the other a jumper. "It's frustrating," he says, "because I enjoy riding and ice skating almost as much as acting."

Hunter lives in the San Fernando Valley—"one acre and house. My friends say I have the only Oriental antique ranch anywhere—it's all cushions, low tables and a Japanese garden by the pool." Last June, with two friends as partners, the blue-eyed actor opened an Oriental art shop in Beverly Hills called Tab Hunter's Far East.

Born Arthur Gelien on July 11, 1931 in New York City, he was renamed for the movies by agent Dick Clayton. Clayton took "Hunter" from the horses the actor likes, then said, "Now we have to tab you something first." He's taken a lot of kidding as "Tab," but prefers it to "Art."

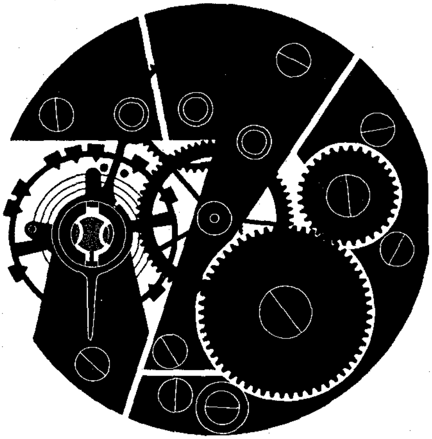
His first movie break was as a "male bathing beauty" in *Island of Desire.* "I was so bad," he recalls, "that I couldn't get a part afterward." But his blond good looks and lanky (6′ ½″, 173 pounds) physique eventually won him a movie contract and teenage fans.

Three years ago, Hunter's recording of *Young Love* sold over 1,000,000 discs. "But I can't sing," he admits. "I need special handling."

Hunter hopes TV audiences go for his show. "I want people to see that I've learned a great deal since *Island of Desire,* he says, "or else a lot of studying has been wasted."

—MARK NICHOLS

Your Key to a Quality Watch



There are some 30,000 retail jewelers in the United States and they will probably sell well over two million watches of all varieties this month. Here are some pertinent facts to help you get the best value for your money when you select a watch for a gift or for yourself.

For precision and durability it is essential that the watch you buy should have a timing-control center with a real jewel-lever. Although most parts and features are common to all watches there is one—INCABLOC—which is found only in watches manufactured with a jewel-lever escapement. Incabloc is the shock protective system that maintains the accuracy and quality of these watches and reduces repair costs to a minimum. Incabloc is easily recognized by its lyre-shape spring and can be seen at the center of the moving balance wheel.

To date over 200 million Incabloc-equipped watches have been sold by the world's leading manufacturers.

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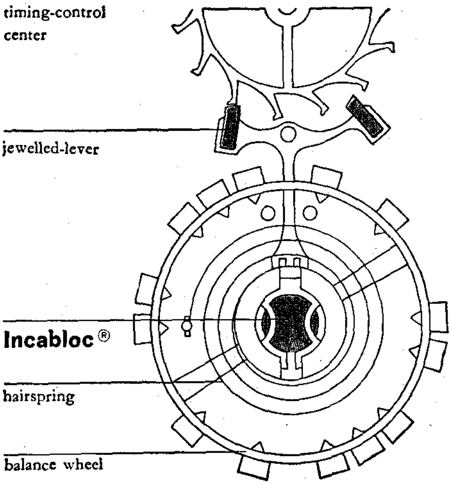

(*Advertisement*)

Saved from shipwreck, Robinsons kneel to pray.

A FAMILY'S fight for survival is the theme of two holiday films, photographed in Technicolor against contrasting, exotic locales. Walt Disney's **Swiss Family Robinson** capitalizes on the lush green foliage of Tobago, in the British West Indies; **The Sundowners** emphasizes the stark, arid landscapes of the Australian bush country.

Adapted from Johann Wyss' children's classic, *Swiss Family Robinson* details a shipwrecked family's adventures on a tropical isle. Disney's carefully calculated, sure-fire formula for family fun is everywhere evident. There are the loving, strong parents (Dorothy McGuire, John Mills); their fearless sons (James MacArthur, Tommy Kirk, Kevin Corcoran), cast to appeal to three different age levels; a pert, spunky girl (Janet Munro), for romance; head-on battles with pirates; and a varied array of wild animals, for added excitement.

In *The Sundowners*, Robert Mitchum plays a restless sheepherder whose home is a pitched tent, set up at sunset. His devoted wife (Deborah Kerr) and 14-year-old son (Michael Anderson Jr.) long to settle on their own farm. But the sheep drover's wanderlust continually uproots their dreams.

A refreshing change from overly violent TV Westerns and "private-eyes," *The Sundowners* focuses on conflicts of the heart. Yet those involved understand and deeply love one another, and this warm feeling permeates the film. The drover's wife and son follow him on his next cross-country trek, certain that being together—anywhere—is what matters. The actors—including Peter Ustinov as a colorful drover and Glynis Johns as a lusty hotel-keeper—make their characters uncommonly appealing.—M.N.

When the sun goes down, sheepherders seek shelter.

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Threepenny Opera's "Mack the Knife," surrounded by fancy ladies.

O the shark has pretty teeth dear
And he shows them a-pearly white,
Just a jackknife has Macheath dear
But he keeps it out of sight. . .

These lyrics, from the catchy jazz tune *Mack the Knife,* open *The Threepenny Opera,* the longest running show in America today. Since its New York première on September 20, 1955, this off-Broadway production has continued playing to capacity audiences intrigued by its ragtime music. Last October, a touring company also opened for a long engagement in Los Angeles.

Loosely based on John Gay's 18th-century *The Beggar's Opera, Threepenny* is a collaboration by dramatist Bert Brecht and the late composer Kurt Weill. It first opened in Berlin in 1928 and was instantly acclaimed. The libretto is a social satire set in the underworld of pimps, prostitutes and petty thieves, headed by a scarred rogue, Macheath ("Mack the Knife").

Offended by *Threepenny's* "decadent American rhythms," the Nazis finally banned it. Adapted into English by Marc Blitzstein as a tribute to Weill, the revival is housed in a small Greenwich Village theater. It was originally financed for $8,792 and has paid its investors almost 500 percent profit. Today the touring production is budgeted at $100,000. Nearly 500 actors (top salary: $80 a week) have portrayed its 22 roles. Producers Stanley Chase and Carmen Capalbo rely on a list of some 600 actor-singers when cast members leave for better-paying jobs.

Threepenny's music has had phenomenal popularity. The M-G-M album sold over 500,000 copies. *Mack the Knife,* recorded by 36 singers (most successful: Louis Armstrong, Bobby Darin, Ella Fitzgerald), sold another 10,000,000 discs.

A 1931 German movie version was also revived last summer in New York. The film's original negative was destroyed by the Nazis; this print was pieced together after a long European search.

Since the show's off-Broadway première, actors impersonating the dapper "Mack the Knife" have worn out 20 canes, 35 derbies and 22 pairs of shoes—and the end is not in sight.—M.N.

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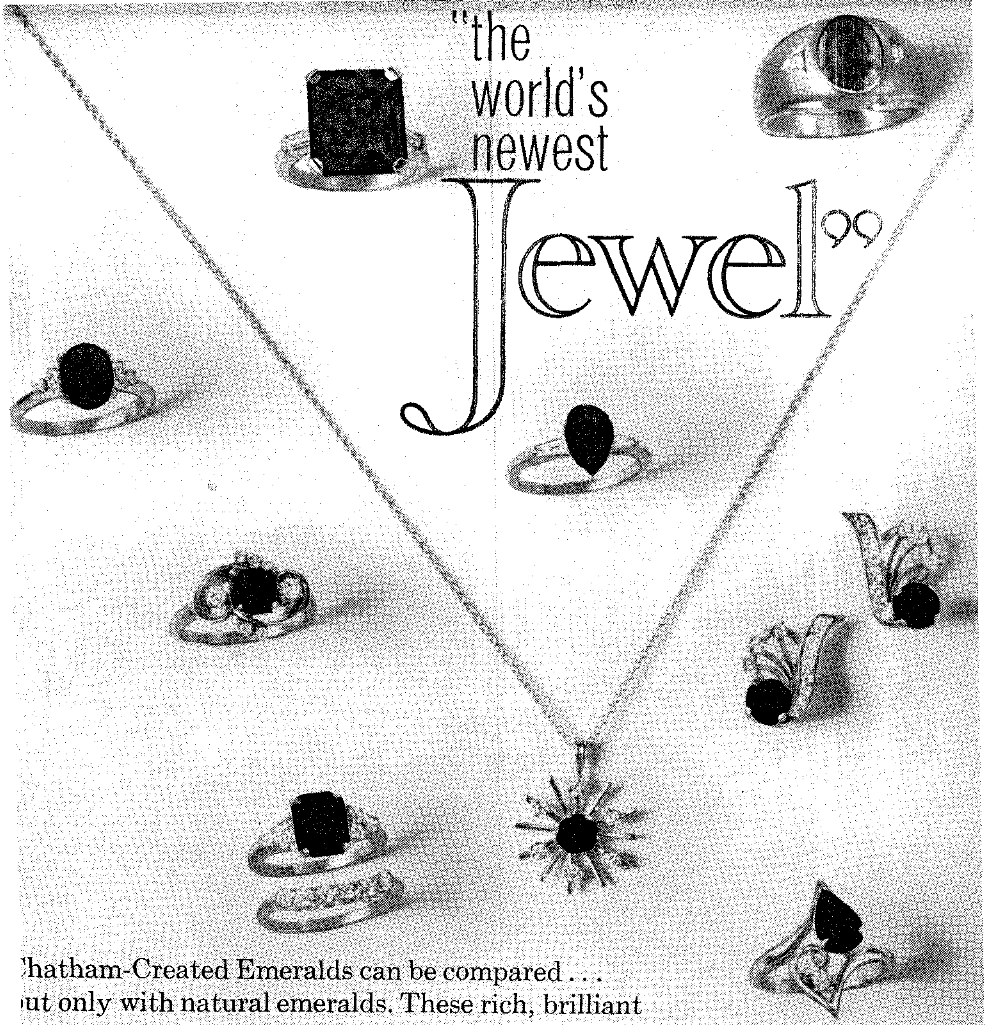

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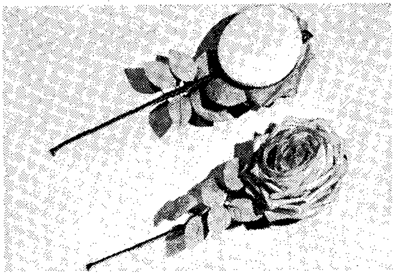
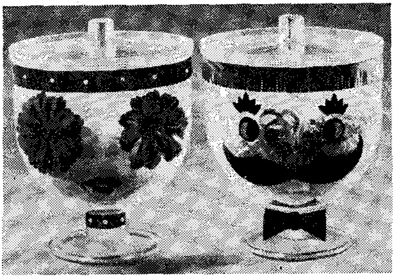
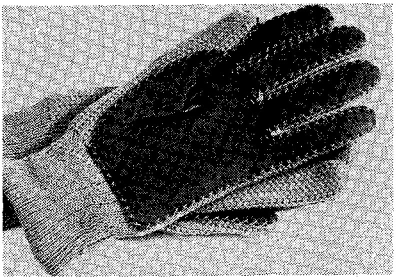
edited by Florence Semon



Posy Puff will bloom on the dressing table of a lady who likes pretty things. Large rose on one side, soft puff on other. Stem to hold it by is green satin. Pink, blue, beige, red, peach or aqua colored rose. $3.70 pp. Lord & Taylor, Dept. COR, Fifth Ave., N. Y. 18, N. Y.



Large snack servers make fine household gifts. Unbreakable polystyrene; each has three quart capacity. Man wears perky bow tie and felt mustache. Woman with large flower eyes in red, yellow or lilac trim. $5.20 ea. pp. Par Gifts, 100-C Keats Ave., Hartsdale, N. Y.



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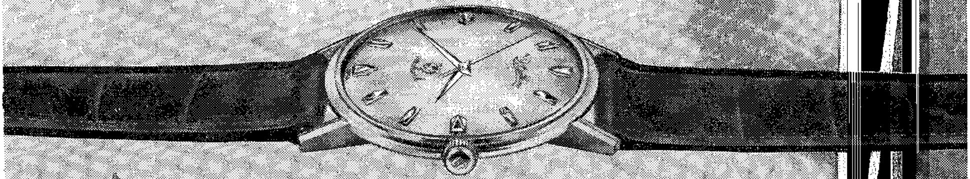

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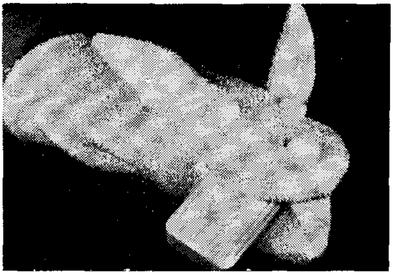

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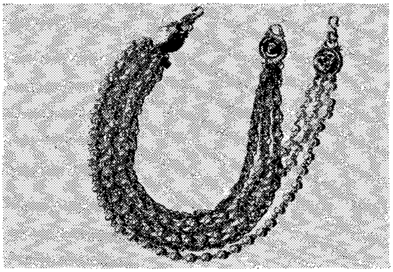

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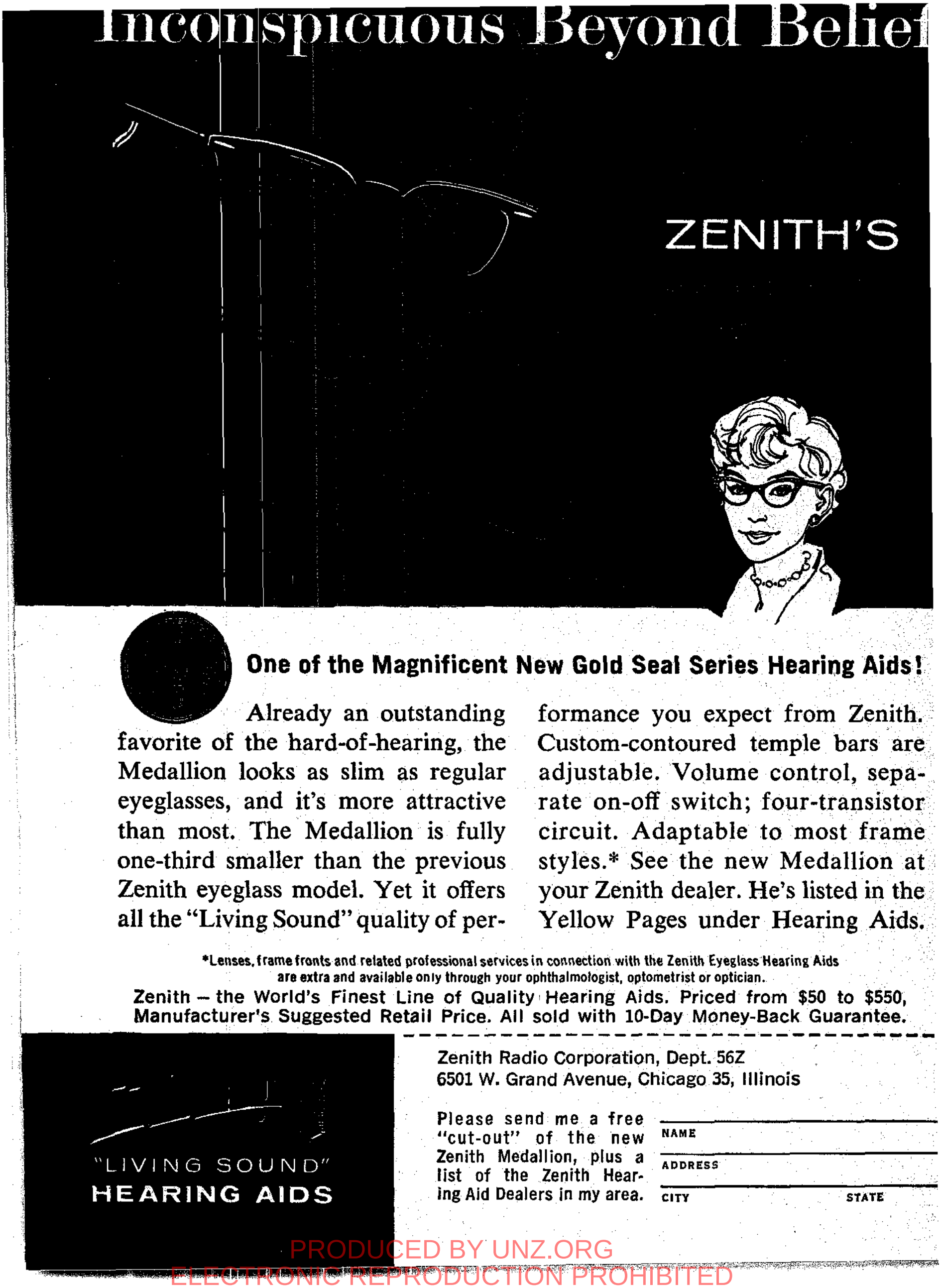

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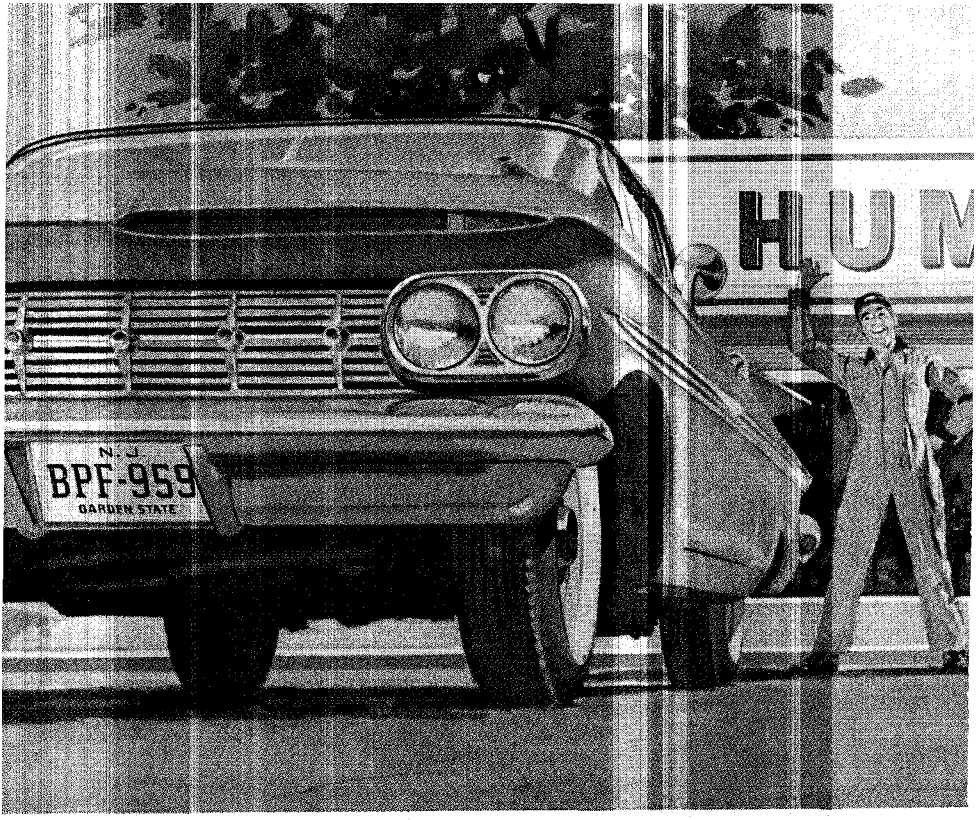
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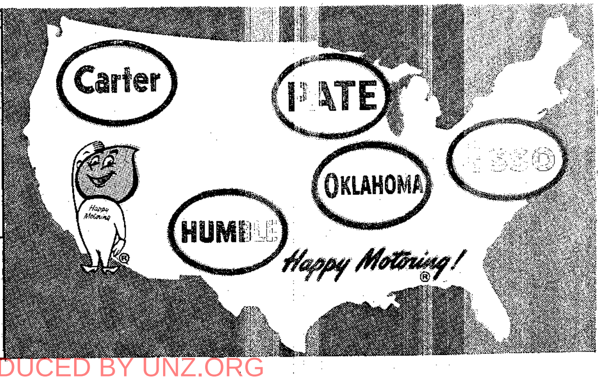
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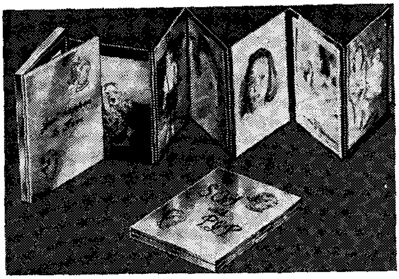

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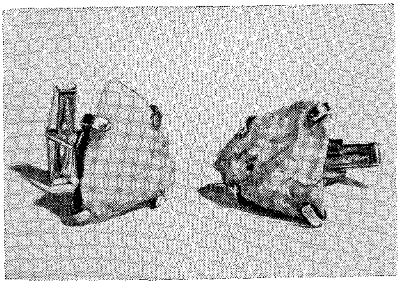

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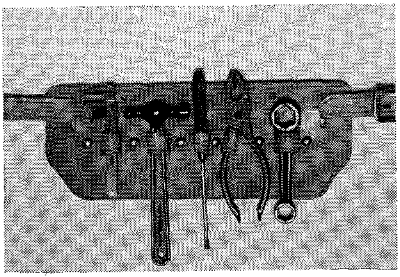

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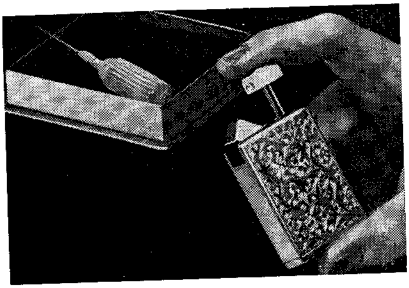

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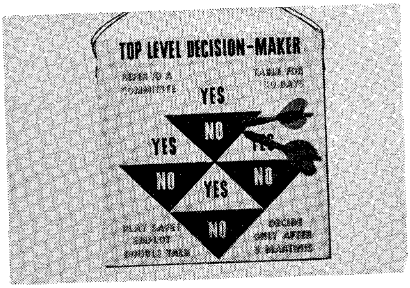

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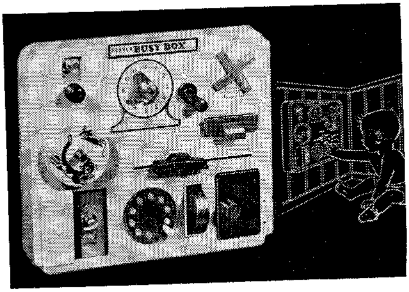
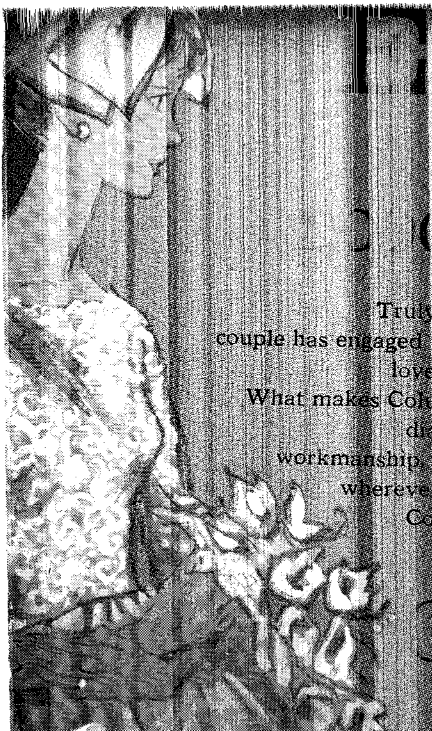


Satisfy baby's curiosity for getting into things with this safe plastic toy. No loose parts. Has doors, drawers, cranks, knobs, telephone dial, a clock, etc. Can be attached to play pen or crib. Comes assembled. $5.00 pp. Wilco, Dept. 10, 35 S. Park Ave., Rockville Centre, N. Y.

Miniature fruit cakes have nine varieties of fruits and five of nuts. Package contains four white cakes and four traditional dark cakes; also a jar of Brandy Hard Sauce. By Grace Rush. $2.59 pp. Charles & Co., Inc., Dept. MA, 340 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.



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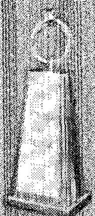

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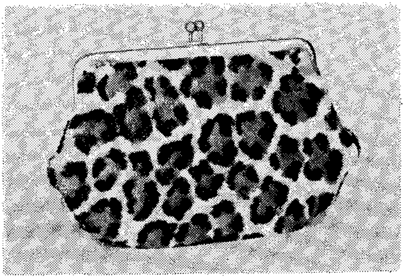
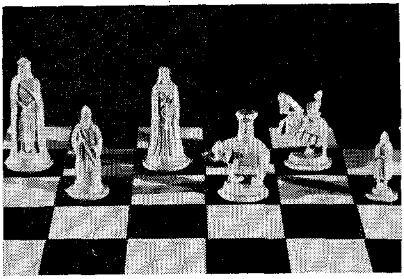
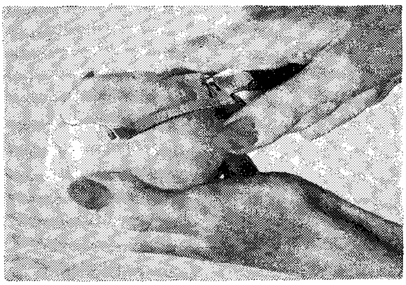


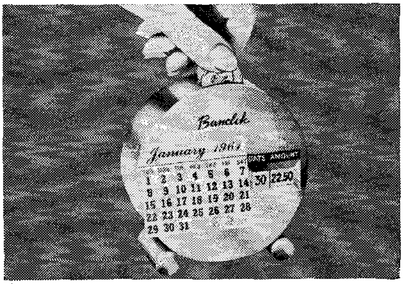
Jungle fever is all the rage this year and you'll be right in style with this clutch bag of imported rabbit fur sheared and dyed to look like leopard. Also available in zebra and civet cat look-alikes. $5.48 pp. Barilen Corp., Dept. PT-22, 11 E. 47th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



Miniature Florentine chess set is similar in detail to first sets in 11th and 12th century Europe. Of break-resistant plastic, each figure stands 1⅝″ tall. Looks hand-carved. With 8″ square board and instruction book. $1.00 pp. Spencer Gifts, 399 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.



If you're going to serve martinis and old fashioneds at your holiday parties, you'll want this unique lemon peeler. Italian import with adjustable blade for desired thickness. Rosewood handle; 7″ long over-all. $1.95 pp. The Lighthouse Inc., Dept. C-4, Plymouth, Mass.



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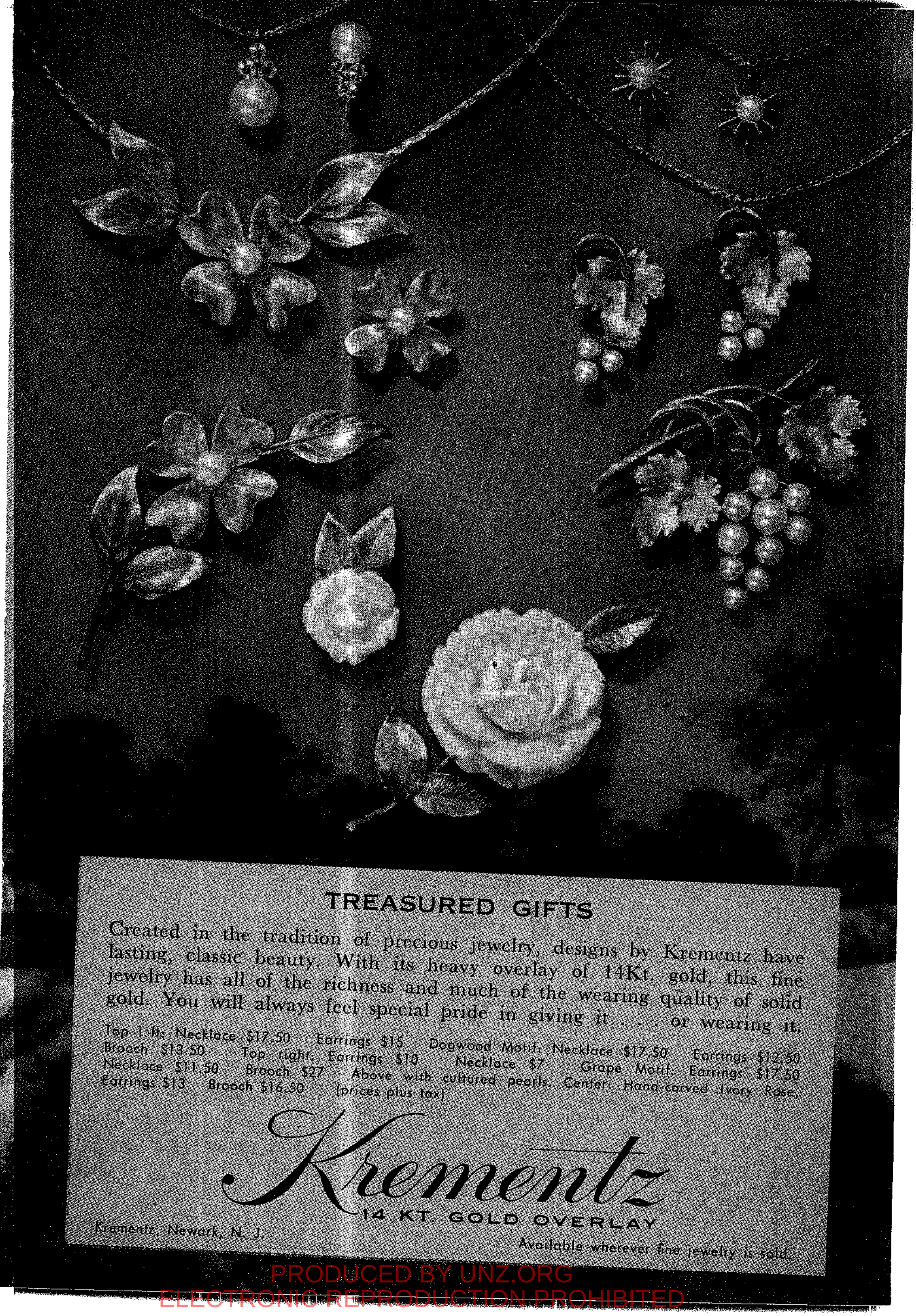
For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 198.



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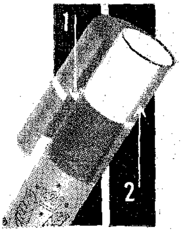

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CORONET

The little convict's
courage and athletic skill
infused the grim
prison with a spirit it
had rarely known

"The day Sing Sing licked us"

BY EDWIN M. BARTON

THE FINEST BASKETBALL PLAYER I have ever seen was a stumpy, courageous, unknown convict at Sing Sing Prison. For one unforgettable afternoon, his brilliant play pierced the gray gloom of the "Big House" and brought hardened prisoners out of their seats cheering and even weeping, stirred by a college spirit few had ever known. Singlehandedly, he defeated my team—an all-star squad from the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons—but I would not trade that one defeat for all our victories. The story began six years ago, when I became Student Activities Director at the Columbia medical school. Our basketball captain, Howard Nay, urged me to schedule tougher opponents. "The boys would like more of a fight," he said. The request prompted a major change in our policy. For the first time, we played against sterner, non-medical school competition. Even so, we won with monotonous ease—except for one game. The Sing Sing team held us to a slim six-point margin, our closest call in years.

After the game, Gerald Curtin, the Sing Sing coach and recreation director, approached me. "How about a rematch next year?" he asked. "We still think we can beat you—especially since most of our starters will still be with us next season!"

I called a team meeting and found that the boys were all for another game with Sing Sing.

For one thing, they enjoyed the unique experience of penetrating the forbidden and mysterious prison walls. They also believed that as student doctors they were helping troubled men by providing them with an afternoon of lively recreation.

Once inside Sing Sing, vigilant guards treat even young visiting athletes as potential security risks. Before being loaded into a windowless "paddy wagon" for the short ride to the gym, they are searched thoroughly, and any metal object sharper than a cigarette lighter must be checked at the gatehouse. Then a guard asks for silence and delivers a short speech.

"I am the sergeant assigned to your supervision while you are inside the Prison," he says. "You are in my custody until you are checked back through the gate to the outside. Do not do anything without my specific permission. While you are playing, bear in mind that these men are convicted criminals. If you should see anyone you recognize, do not speak with him. During the game, do not talk with players except where it pertains to the game, and keep such conversation to technical basketball language."

With this, he signals the gateman in the tower, and the team is let through two successive steel gates. The last gate opens only wide enough to allow one man at a time to pass through, and on the other side the players are herded into the wagon, with a guard on each side.

In a few minutes, the truck backs up to the door of a large building. The guards step out and motion for the players to follow. All hustle directly into the building, through a door leading directly to the visiting team's dressing room. Again, the visitors are counted, and two guards remain with them as they put on their uniforms.

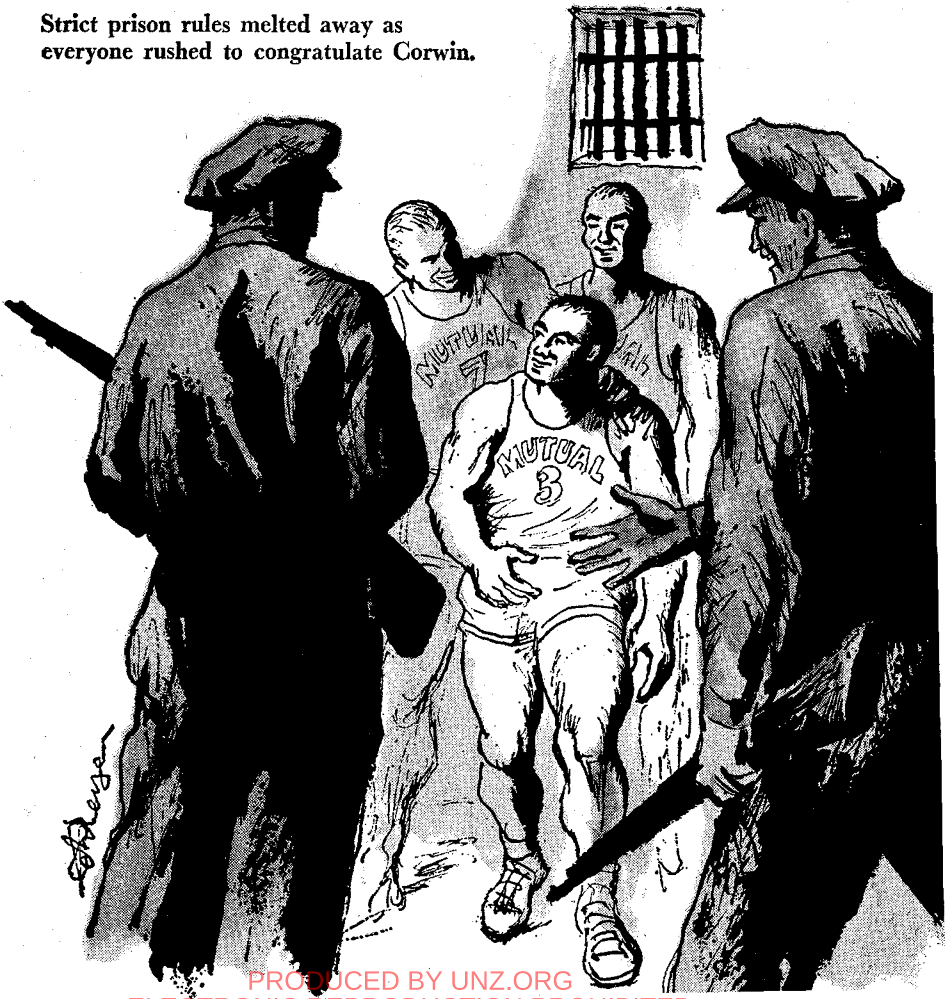
As our team trotted on court, I shook hands with Coach Curtin. As we chatted, he pointed to one of his Sing Sing players, a stocky fellow of about 25 who was shooting baskets at the far end of the court. "That's Corwin," Gerry told me. "He gets out tomorrow after serving a term for burglary. Two years ago, when he came to me, he had never played basketball. But he stuck with the game and worked up to a varsity position. Now I believe he's going to be all right on the outside. We won't be seeing him here again." Curtin smiled with satisfaction.

Just before the opening whistle, I called my players together. "Run up a quick lead so we can take it easy in the second half," I told them.

In accordance with our strategy, we rolled up 14 quick points to Sing Sing's two—a basket by Corwin. But the prison's players were beginning to recover from our opening attack. Corwin and their tall, red-headed center, Craft, began to find the range. By the end of the first quarter, our lead had been cut to four points.

Shortly before the half-time intermission, Corwin dribbled through

Strict prison rules melted away as everyone rushed to congratulate Corwin.



our whole team and curled in yet another driving basket. Abruptly the scoreboard was changed to: Home 26; Visitors 25.

Normally, Sing Sing prisoners cheer for a good play or shot. They are not team conscious, however. But now a ripple of interest swept the stands. There was still little fervent cheering; the change was subtler and unique to Sing Sing.

High above the grandstand is the scoreboard. At floor level at the same end of the gymnasium is a huge blackboard with the word VISITORS in box-car letters. As messages are received that a prisoner has a visitor, the inmate's number is written on the blackboard. When a number went up, the designated man would leave for a rare visit with someone from the outside. But when Corwin sank the shot that put his team ahead, priority visibly shifted from the visitors' board to the scoreboard.

By this time, I sensed that my team was in trouble. Our rigorous medical-school work schedule precludes long practice sessions that would keep the team in top physical condition. Obviously, Gerry Curtin had schooled his players to run us into the floor. At the half, we were 11 points behind. Still, I had no doubt that after a rest we could regain the lead.

But as I returned to my seat in the gym after the intermission, I felt it would be almost impossible to root against Corwin, who not only was a magnificent player but a good sport. Not once during the hard-fought first half did he fail to have a smile on his face. He addressed himself to the contest as though it was a privilege to play. Although there was fierce, unavoidable body contact, he never complained—and often helped a fallen opponent to his feet. To beat Sing Sing, I knew we must stop the relentless attack of this smiling convict—but my heart wasn't in it.

"Corwin is just great this year," I told Coach Curtin as our paths crossed going to our respective benches. "I remember him from a year ago, and I've never seen an athlete develop so fast."

"We're lucky he's here today," answered Curtin. "He didn't want to play because he gets out tomorrow, and if he got badly banged up in the game, he might not be in shape to leave." But Corwin had decided to play. He wanted to help his team beat us—something that they had never done before—and he wanted to show his appreciation to Gerald Curtin, who had helped him find satisfaction in grueling discipline and honest achievement.

Early in the third period, we edged in front once again, but from then on the lead changed hands with every basket. Desperately, I made frequent substitutions in an effort to keep my team fresh. But Corwin remained in the Sing Sing line-up, apparently tireless and releasing bull's-eye shots despite the most careful guarding.

I could hardly believe my eyes. Corwin's legs were knotted and discolored by varicose veins. His calf muscles were lumped up in one spot, his locomotion was uneven and his pivoting jerky and awkward. His dribbling or shooting seemingly qualified him for an intramural basketball team and no more. Yet here he was leading a group of mediocre players in a nip-and-tuck duel with one of the fine graduate school teams in the Ivy League.

With ten minutes to go, the game was still in doubt. I put our first-string team back into the game, hoping that Charlie Bucknam, who had been an all-star player at Bates College, could stop Corwin's spectacular play. Bucknam had scored 34 points against Sing Sing the year before. But Corwin promptly went on a fantastic scoring spree. His teammates fed him the ball constantly, and he never seemed to miss. Inexorably, Sing Sing forged further and further ahead.

With one minute to go, Coach Curtin finally sent in a substitute for Corwin. The weary convict shook hands with Al Moscarella, who had been guarding him, and as he started toward the Sing Sing bench, his fellow inmates awoke to what was happening: Corwin was being taken out for the last time. I had never heard applause for a player at Sing Sing, but when someone yelled, "Corwin's coming out!" spontaneous cheers broke out and spectators began to rise, slowly at first, until every convict, official, guard and visiting player was on his feet. The place rang with a standing ovation for a stoop-shouldered little man who had mastered basketball and fought his heart out to bring inspiration to every inmate.

I knew the rules about not speaking to prisoners, but when the final horn sounded, I asked Coach Curtin if I could congratulate Corwin personally before he headed back to his cell block. But Curtin had anticipated my request. "Mr. Barton," he said. "I want you to meet one of our players." He pushed Corwin forward. I gripped his hand and told him that he had played the greatest game I had ever seen, wished him luck and invited him to visit me at any time.

Behind me all ten of our players had lined up to shake Corwin's hand. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the sergeant who had ordered us not to speak to prisoners. I stared at him and he winked, a broad smile on his face.

On the way to the shower room, I looked at the stands, which last year had emptied seconds after the game was over. Hundreds of prisoners were still standing fast, a few of them with tears in their eyes, watching the Columbia players congratulate Corwin.

For that one moment, at least, Sing Sing was not a prison but a college of triumph and hope which all could attend.

NOTICE ON THE BULLETIN BOARD of a Louisville, Kentucky, church:

Some people would like to take a trip to the moon but are afraid to sit in the front row at church.

—HAROLD HELFER

human comedy

A MAN CAME home from work and boasted to his wife, "I've just been made vice president of our firm." Annoyed at his lack of humility, she snorted, "So what? Vice presidents are a dime a dozen. The supermarket where I shop has so many vice presidents it even has one in charge of prunes."

The remark bothered him and in order to verify it he later called the market and asked for the vice president in charge of prunes. The voice at the other end inquired politely, "Packaged or Bulk?"

—MRS. BETTY MCGRATH

"YES," OPINED THE man in the barber's chair, "a lot of girls marry men that remind them of Dad." "Maybe," said the barber, snipping away industriously, "that's why mothers cry at weddings."

—RIP COLLINS

THE DRIVING INSTRUCTOR who was giving a lesson to a lady friend of mine explained that he wished her to creep up slowly to a stop instead of putting on the brakes suddenly. He also told her he wanted her to start the car slowly instead of with a sudden jerk.

"In other words," he said, "in this car I want lots of *creeps*, but no *jerks*!"

—MARJORIE BILLODEAUX

"AND WITH WHAT income do you plan to support my daughter?" asked the prospective father-in-law.

"Five thousand a year," replied the suitor.

"I see," said the father. "So with the five thousand allowance she gets from me yearly—"

"I've already counted that."

—HOWARD LISHINSKY

TWO FISHERMEN SITTING on a bridge, their lines in the water below, made a bet as to who would catch the first fish. One got a bite and got so excited that he fell off the bridge.

"Oh, well," said the other, "if you're going to dive for them, the bet's off."

—MEL GOLDSTEIN

CEDRIC HARDWICKE TELLS of an auto drive he took with Ralph Richardson, British actor. When a policeman stopped the car because of a traffic violation, Richardson said: "I am Sir Ralph Richardson. Seated next to me is Sir Cedric Hardwicke. And behind me is Sir Laurence Olivier. . . ." The officer replied: "I don't care if it's the whole bloody Round Table—you're still getting a ticket."

—LEONARD LYONS

AN ABSENT-MINDED professor had a decidedly bad taste in his mouth one morning so he stopped to see his family doctor.

"Pulse seems to be all right," the doctor said after a quick check. "Stick out your tongue."

The professor did and the doctor looked. "Hum," he observed, "it looks okay, but why the postage stamp?"

"Oh," the professor said happily, "so that's where I left it."

—ARNELLA STEWART

MY SISTER, WHO recently purchased a beautiful Pekingese puppy, took it with her when she spent the week end with her nephew and family. When six-year-old Michelle saw the pug-nosed pup, she asked, "What did he run into?"

—MRS. LEAH M. HOLMES

A BEWILDERED Englishman wandered into an American drugstore and asked for a small tube of tooth paste. The druggist handed him a package marked "Large."

"I'm afraid you didn't understand," the Britisher said. "I asked for a small tube."

"That's right, sir," was the answer, "it comes in three sizes—Large, Giant and Super. I gave you the small size—Large.

—MRS. HENRY MASON

THE YOUNG LAWYER had been delivering a long and tiresome dissertation on the merits of his case when, noting the apparent lack of interest on the part of the judge, he asked: "Is it the pleasure of the court that I continue?"

The judge sighed and replied: "Pleasure, my dear sir, has long been out of the question, but you may proceed."

—LILLIAN STOKES

ONCE, WHEN GENERAL Ulysses S. Grant was visiting Scotland, his host gave him a demonstration of a game, new to Grant, called golf. Carefully, the host placed the ball on the tee and took a mighty swing, sending chunks of turf flying but not touching the ball.

Grant watched the exhibition quietly, but after the sixth unsuccessful attempt to hit the ball, he turned to his perspiring, embarrassed host and commented dryly, "There seems to be a fair amount of exercise in the game, but I fail to see the purpose of the ball."

—CHARLES FULLER

THEN THERE IS the story about the psychiatrist who has hit upon a new kind of shock treatment: he sends his bill in advance.

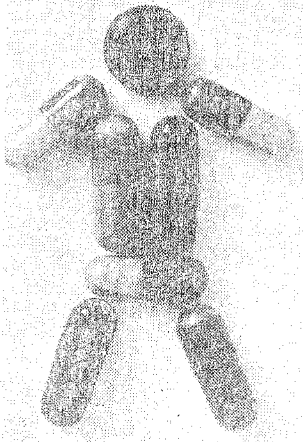
—DELLA TOWNSEND

A WOMAN ENTERED a hardware store and told the clerk she would like to see some wallpaper samples. After he had shown her a dozen or more patterns, she exclaimed: "Ah, now we're getting somewhere. That's the exact opposite of what I want!"

—*Wall Street Journal*

THE DISCUSSION AT the dinner table centered around the young man who was, from the amount of time he spent in the vicinity, obviously interested in the teenage daughter. The point was, just how interested. "Well," said Dad, "he can't be too serious. He's still charging me to cut the grass." —RIP COLLINS

BY LESTER AND IRENE DAVID



Beware the "reducing" doctors

The only thing they reduce permanently is your pocketbook—and they may cost you your health or even your life

SELF-STYLED "obesity specialists" are operating jam-packed weight-reducing mills all over the country. The growing popularity of these practitioners is the newest health menace in America. These "specialists" are pumping potentially dangerous drugs into patients without adequate physical examinations, personal diagnosis or careful follow-up. We have seen patients queue up to get their shots or pills on an assembly-line basis. Their fat really rolls off—as much as 50 to 75 pounds—within a few months. But in almost every case, the excess poundage returns after the powerful medications are halted. Only the fees paid are gone forever. And *while the drugs are being taken, the unsuspecting patients are putting their health, even their lives, in jeopardy.*

While no accurate count has been made, medical experts estimate that several hundred "obesity specialists" are today treating many thousands of patients throughout the U.S. Oliver Field, director of the American Medical Association's Department of Investigation says: "These practitioners constitute a very serious and growing health menace in all parts of our country."

In the A.M.A. files is the tragic story of a young West Coast secretary who weighed nearly 200 pounds. She had tried dieting for years without much success. One day, a friend informed her of a "simply marvelous" doctor. "He just gives you drugs and you don't feel hungry at all," the friend said.

Eagerly the girl joined the mobs at the "specialist's" office. A few weeks later, with the help of drugs, she had actually lost 15 pounds. One night, however, she suddenly felt ill. She rapidly became worse and within a few days she died. The coroner reported that the powerful drugs had killed her.

Physicians told us of many other cases of illness and even tragedy suffered at the hands of callous drug dispensers. For example, a 40-year-old overweight woman in a midwestern suburb went to a reputable physician for help in reducing. The doctor examined her, and suggested psychotherapy. He had detected that the woman derived emotional satisfaction from gorging herself. For her, a diet would be useless.

The woman paid one visit to a psychiatrist, then impatiently went to an "obesity specialist." The drugs she received actually succeeded in curbing her appetite—but they also deprived her of a vital emotional release: overeating. She plunged into deep mental depression and finally killed herself.

Many "reducing specialists" advertise their treatments in violation of medical ethics and some go as far as "guaranteeing" that patients will lose as many pounds as they wish. Some have so many patients —from whom each takes upwards of $100,000 annually at $5 to $25 per visit—that they have opened chains of offices.

Responsible medical authorities are issuing urgent warnings against the "color-pill specialists," so named because of the varicolored pills they dole out. Actually, the medical profession does not recognize any specialty dealing with obesity. So any doctor who styles himself an "obesity" or "reducing specialist" is lying to his patients.

Dr. Norman Jolliffe, director of New York City's Bureau of Nutrition, bluntly declares: "These practitioners are a blot on the medical profession, a scandal and a rising menace to health."

We learned at firsthand about one "reducing specialist." The female half of this reporting team—who perhaps could afford to lose five pounds—visited his office in the

Midwest. A nurse explained that Doctor X was not there, that Doctor Y staffed this branch. Subsequently, we learned that patients rarely see Doctor X at all. His aides in branch offices do all the work.

After taking down information on a card, the nurse seated the reporter in a small room, twirled a knob—and Doctor X's voice flooded the room from a tape recording. For 15 minutes the tape lectured her about the weight-reducing procedure. The voice said that the patient would receive a weekly supply of capsules that are "harmless, not habit forming," and "won't make you sick. The medicines will count the calories for you," the voice advised. "You can expect to lose 15 to 30 pounds the first month and after that ten to 15 pounds per month."

Then the nurse weighed and measured the reporter and Doctor Y proceeded with his "physical examination." This consisted only of listening to the chest, reading blood pressure, counting the pulse and feeling the neck with his hands. Then he gave her two plastic containers filled with brightly colored capsules. The reporter was given dosage instructions and told to return in a week.

Needless to say, she did not return. The pills were combinations of strong drugs which might, as we will see, do serious damage to health.

Because of the pitifully inadequate physical checkups given patients by the "obesity specialists" and lack of follow-up examinations, the result can be extremely dangerous. For example, Dr. Herbert Pollack, associate professor of clinical medicine at New York University Medical Center in New York City, points out that patients with incipient hernias court serious trouble if they take off too much weight too quickly and aren't watched. A potentially fatal condition known as strangulated hernia can result.

Obesity practitioners rely almost entirely on drastic medication for reducing. Yet only last July, the Council on Drugs of the A.M.A. asserted that there are no completely satisfactory drugs for reducing available to physicians today!

A number of years ago, the A.M.A. cautioned physicians against the needless use of potent medications on overweight patients. "Apparently," asserts Oliver Field, "some doctors of medicine and osteopaths have either forgotten or have not heard of the warnings."

Yet the obesity mills continue to dispense a variety of powerhouse medications. What are these and how do they take off weight?

1. Drugs that speed up the metabolism.

Thyroid extract is given to increase the rate at which the body burns up food so that it won't be deposited as surplus fat.

DANGER: Explains Dr. Pollack: "Thyroid extract puts an added burden on the heart and circulatory system of a normal person. If someone is 30 percent overweight, his organs are already working their rated capacity. When he takes thyroid, he *overloads* the capacity."

By putting added stress on the cir-

> ***"The American Medical Association does not recognize any 'obesity' or 'reducing' specialty. Nor does overweight require a 'special' type of physician. Obesity should always be treated by a doctor as part of the patient's general health problem."***
>
> **Dr. E. Vincent Askey**
> ***President, American Medical Association***

culatory system, Dr. Pollack points out, thyroid medication can bring on attacks of angina pectoris (excruciating chest pains). The drug can also cause toxic goiter or hyperthyroidism, which can create permanent heart damage. In addition, the medication can create irregularities of heartbeat, leading to a serious impairment of blood circulation. Heart failure can result.

A publication of the A.M.A. says that doses of thyroid extract large enough to reduce weight are "beset with grave hazards . . . worse than the obesity itself to correct."

2. Drugs that flush water out of the body.

Diuretics are given by "obesity specialists" to stimulate the removal of extracellular fluid by way of the kidneys. The A.M.A. points out: "Weight loss by water excretion is meaningless and senseless." The water is soon regained by the body.

DANGER: Dr. Philip L. White, secretary of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the A.M.A., warns that unwarranted use of diuretics in addition to placing an increased load on the kidneys can cause serious dehydration and mineral depletion. And, if too much water is flushed from the body, the urine becomes so concentrated that normal kidney function is disrupted. The result? The possible formation of kidney stones. Severe dehydration can also produce dizziness that interferes with daily work efficiency.

3. Drugs that eliminate body wastes.

Cathartics (strong laxatives) are administered to hurry the elimination of food before it can be turned into fat.

DANGER: Daily doses of strong laxatives can upset the digestive system. Secretary Arthur S. Flemming of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare says: "If laxatives were taken in sufficiently high dosages and for a sufficient period of time to be effective in weight reduction, the balance in the absorption of nutritional factors would be upset." In other words, the food would be rushed through the body so rapidly that necessary vitamins and minerals would be lost.

4. Drugs that supposedly curb the appetite.

Amphetamine and amphetamine-like drugs, the A.M.A. asserts, create a kind of exhilaration. The desire to eat is eased because of this pepped-up feeling. Have you heard of "bennies"? They are taken by truck drivers to stay awake during long hauls, by students studying all night, by beatniks for kicks and by athletes. "Bennies" are Benzedrine or amphetamine sulfate. That's what the "specialists" are handing out.

DANGER: The A.M.A. Council on Drugs reports that since the pep pills create insomnia, "they are of no value" to the night-nibbler. They also may cause restlessness, excitement, depression, irritability, exhaustion, headache, dizziness, halitosis, dryness of mouth, burning in the throat, heartburn, nausea, vomiting and diarrhea."

Amphetamines can also increase blood pressure and make the heart work harder. In addition, some are habit forming and require a long, painful cure.

Reputable doctors told us that many patients of "obesity specialists" are tense, jittery and irritable, practically jumping out of their skins from these drugs. The "obesity specialists," well aware of this, thoughtfully prescribe sleeping pills also.

Of course all of these drugs—thyroid extract, diuretics, laxatives and amphetamines—are useful in the armament of the responsible doctor against disease.

The danger lies in their misuse, without proper examination and observation of patients. The "obesity specialists" expose their patrons to perils by failing in these two vital areas. Dr. Pollack tells this almost incredible story to illustrate this:

A young girl, many pounds overweight, discovered that she was putting on even more poundage. Distressed, she went to an "obesity specialist," and dutifully took his pills. Instead of losing weight, as promised, she was adding still more. Finally, she came to Dr. Pollack who soon told her the reason. She was pregnant! And the "obesity specialist" who had attended her had never detected this condition.

Lack of a proper physical examination before and after taking potent drugs can add up to dynamite. Here are some reasons why:

Practitioners at the obesity factories do not check to find out if an adult patient has diabetes. According to the American Diabetes Association, more than 1,000,000 persons are walking around with undiagnosed diabetes. An obesity doctor's prescription to "eat anything you want" is blanket permission for a mild diabetic to eat himself into serious trouble.

Some forms of heart disease cannot be detected without electrocardiagrams, X rays and other types of examinations. It is impossible to tell, for example, if a fat man has coronary artery disease simply by listening to his chest. Many of the drugs that are given increase the blood pressure, thereby exposing such patients to a coronary attack.

Many overweight people require psychiatric—not medical—help. Practitioners at the obesity mills are unprepared or too busy to detect persons who might suffer breakdowns if their need for emotional satisfaction through eating is denied.

Certainly many physicians are thoroughly qualified to handle obesity cases. How do you tell them from the "obesity specialists"?

Here are the yardsticks:

A reputable physician never advertises his "specialty" nor does he *guarantee* that he can take off fat.

He will give each patient a thorough physical examination before advising treatment. A family doctor may skip some parts of an examination, but only because he is thoroughly familiar with his patient's history—an important item in any health examination. He will not rely exclusively on printed material, films or tapes of himself, or other tricks to inform a patient of his methods. Instead, he will give a patient ample personal attention.

He will attempt to re-educate the daily living habits of obese patients so that they can achieve and keep their proper weights permanently.

What can be done about the "obesity specialists"?

State law-enforcement authorities can take action only if evidence of actual law violation is presented to them. In the case of physicians, this is not easy. Declared one official:

"Remember these doctors are licensed to practice medicine and prescribe drugs. The law must move slowly, realizing that haste might foster injustice. In the meantime, though, unethical practitioners can slip through the loopholes."

Patients can bring complaints against doctors to the grievance committees of local medical societies. County medical societies can act against members who violate rules of professional conduct. The violators can be reprimanded and even expelled—a serious blow to their practices.

But the best and most powerful weapon is in the hands of the overweight patient. He can refuse to go to obesity quacks. Without patients, the latter can do no harm.

Unquestionably, there is danger to health in being overweight. But going to the obesity phonies for treatment is a waste of time and money—and may be a short cut to disaster.

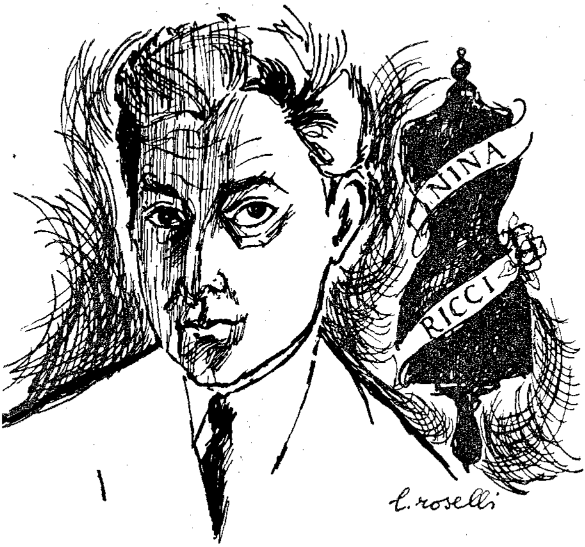
PENICILLIN

Little girl . . .
Fever flushed . . .
Tresses damply curled—
The doctor then
Administered
The shot heard 'round the world! —ISABEL FAULKNER

The shy genius of French fashion

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

Jules François Crahay is most copied Paris designer in U.S. His Nina Ricci clothes make American women more womanly



It was early evening in January 1959. The crowd of fashion experts, reporters and manufacturers, wedged tightly in the smoky showroom on the Rue des Capucines in Paris, were waiting to see Madame Nina Ricci's spring collection of women's clothes in the confident expectation of being bored stiff.

The experts had watched an impressive collection by Michel Goma, and they knew the Nina Ricci house well enough—they thought—not to expect anything sensational. Established since 1932, Ricci made sober clothes for the wives of provincial French businessmen and army officers. The company got most of its income from private customers.

Few knew that behind the dove-colored velvet draperies a new fashion genius was at work. Fighting stomach-churning stage fright, little Jules François Crahay, his open "Mickey Mouse" face wet with perspiration, was adding the last nervous touches to the mannequins' dresses he had designed.

The show began. John B. Fairchild, Paris correspondent of *Women's Wear Daily*, the authoritative U.S. fashion newspaper, described what happened: "I was sitting on the floor never dreaming that lightning was about to strike. Then, with the very first Crahay model, I sat up rigid.

Model after model passed, every one a masterpiece. I found myself saying to myself, 'This is in the Dior tradition. There isn't a single gimmick here.' "

The entire hard-boiled audience sat tense, elated. Suddenly the traditional silence was broken by one of the American manufacturers (usually the stoniest watchers) who shouted, "But this is wonderful!"

The end of the collection brought a storm of applause, a reminder of the reception given the original New Look, and Yves Saint Laurent's first collection after the death of Dior, both memorable moments in postwar fashion.

It also brought out of the shadows and into the forefront of *haute couture* (high fashion) a designer unlike any other in France. He is a shy Belgian who has reached something not far short of pre-eminence in a field dominated by a brilliant, back-stabbing, egomaniacal gaggle of Parisians, Italians and Spaniards.

The three collections of dresses, suits and coats he has designed since his sensational debut have confirmed his genius. Already he has become known as Crahay-chez (at) Nina Ricci, the small word "at" being given only to those designers who have grown bigger than the firms that employ them, like Castillo *at* Lanvin. Critics are paying Crahay the compliment of linking his name with Balenciaga, Givenchy and Cardin, among the most prominent designers in Paris.

The Paris fashion business has a horror of the word *chiffres*, of statistics, but even such as are available give an astonishing picture of Crahay's success. His two collections in 1959 sold six times as many models as any previous Ricci collection. (The word "model" in the fashion world applies to the clothes, not the girl inside them. The girls are usually referred to as "model girls.") For his 1960 collections, he could double and triple his prices—up to $700 a dress—whereas other houses kept their prices nearly unchanged. One Crahay model, a gray wool dress with kimono sleeves and a neckline plunging to a wide belt, was one of the most-copied dresses in the U.S. in 1959.

"When you admire the trim of girls in the Paris streets," wrote a fashion reporter for *Le Figaro* recently, "you are probably admiring the work of Crahay."

How has he done it? One designer's opinion may summarize it all: "We are all Latins except Crahay. He has brought into the hothouse of haute couture a kind of air conditioning."

Crahay (pronounced "Cry") is 43, but looks no more than 30. Jules François is small, sandy-haired, brown-eyed and dresses in English-style clothes.

The story of his rise to success has only a few points of difference from the usual life story of fashion designers, though in the differences can be found the key to much of his achievement.

He was born in Liège, Belgium. His father, a clerk, died when Crahay was 17. He hates to talk about him or even mention his name.

Madame Crahay, his mother,

whom he adores, was a successful dressmaker. After high school, his mother sent him to a design school in Paris for two years. Then he joined his mother's house. The morning of May 10, 1940, found him a sergeant major in the Belgian Army cavalry at the German border. On that day Hitler's armies began to roll west. One of the first soldiers the Germans rolled over was Crahay, who was taken prisoner on May 11, and remained until the end of the war in Stalag 11B. Then Crahay and his mother began to put their fashion house back in order.

Madame Antoine, now a directress at Nina Ricci, noticed in 1946 that the wife of one of her husband's friends was always well-dressed, and asked where she got her clothes.

"I have them made in Liège, Belgium," the woman replied. Impressed, Madame Antoine traveled to Liège, and had her own clothes made by Jules François. She could see that he ached to get started in Paris. She arranged for him to meet Madame Germaine de Vilmorin, with whom he opened a house on Avenue Pierre Première de Serbie.

After several seasons, Robert Ricci, husband of Nina Ricci and president of the company, offered Crahay a position with the house of Nina Ricci.

Crahay worked at Ricci for five years but, sharing the collection with other designers, he attracted little attention. Then Robert Ricci let him do the entire January 1959 collection—and Crahay's name was made.

He now moves in a company of almost blinding virtuosity. Paris is the hub of world fashion. Supreme—by common consent—among Parisian couturiers is the Spaniard, Balenciaga, who introduced the "chemise." Always, the experts say, he is two years ahead of his rivals.

Crahay is also competing with such leading designers as Givenchy, Jean Dessès, Jacques Heim, Pierre Balmain, Griffe and Cardin. The house of Dior, despite a few ups and downs, remains as dominant as ever. The house of Chanel also possesses an unfading magic.

Where does Crahay fit into this pattern? He is, first of all, a feminist. He aims at the "natural woman" and the feminine line, as opposed to some of the others who occasionally give the impression that they don't like women at all, and indeed some of them don't.

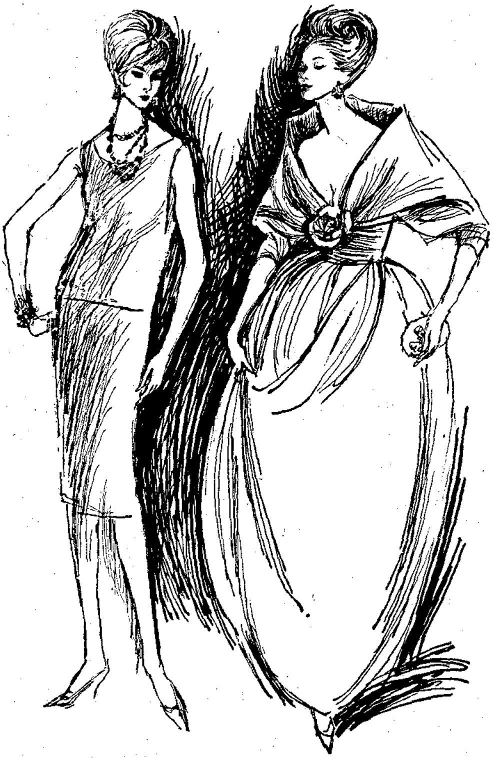
Success has made no difference to Crahay's way of life. He speaks little English, mostly French and some prison-camp German. He lives alone in half of a large apartment (the other half being occupied by a separate family) on the fashionable Avenue d'Iena with a view of the Eiffel Tower. He rarely drinks wine, and has no interest in food. His usual lunch is cold boeuf à la mode, which he eats without relish.

He is a professional motorcar-hater, and has refused to learn to drive. To get from his apartment to the studio he usually takes a bus. Once or twice, to beat the murderous traffic jams, he has taken a subway, but he always gets lost.

In September and October of 1959 he visited the U.S.A. with Robert Ricci and called on department stores throughout the country which had bought his models. Asked what he thinks of American fashion design Crahay looks furtive and says nothing. But he likes American women in French clothes. "They are taller," he says.

Despite his diffidence, Crahay is a ruthless perfectionist, and has one assistant whose sole job is to examine every stitch and seam to make sure that it is exactly as intended.

Crahay's views have the honesty of his creations, and he is never happier than when he is talking fashion. He hates "strangled" waists, "baby-doll" and "pin-up" styles. Hates vulgarity but likes necklines plunging to the verge of disaster. Likes easy lines, unfitted waists. Dislikes the afternoon. "A woman should take a nap then," he says, "and change from morning suit to evening gown." Loves volume, likes big-sleeved dresses. Crahay says, "If the material is put right it sometimes takes no more than three pins to hold the entire dress together."



Opposing current vogue flat look (l.) Crahay emphasizes natural curves (r.) with big sleeves, plunging necklines.

With the model girls he knows exactly what he is after. "Not her," he says. "Her face is too round." "That one walks badly." Then, unexpectedly, "I like that one. She has hollow cheeks and looks unhealthy." Recently, on what seemed an impulse, but was, in fact, the result of much thought, he ordered all his model girls to cut their hair short.

So high are the costs involved in haute couture, small economies are futile and designers play wildly and extravagantly with the finest fabrics. Even in the comparatively modest house of Nina Ricci, a 90-model collection will cost $60,000 to stage.

However, Crahay himself does not make much money. Incomes are a jealously guarded secret in haute couture. Some even claim that Crahay earns less than $10,000 a year.

A curious little problem in Crahay's career settled itself in 1960. Until then the French fashion world seemed somewhat miffed at him because the Americans claimed to have "discovered" him. Certainly, in 1959 the American press gave him more publicity than did the French. The French correspondents would *not* join the acclaim, until they were good and ready.

With the 1960 collections they were ready. The French fashion press announced unanimously that Crahay's creations were superb. Lucien François, fashion correspondent of the Paris daily, *Combat,* wrote: "For two seasons Crahay has attracted the world to the two syllables 'Ricci' so that they seem to ring like cymbals. I have known for a long time that Crahay had the makings of a great couturier. I have known since yesterday's collections that he is a poet."

That Crahay's success is no accident was again confirmed by his successful fall and winter collection of 1960 shown in Paris in July of this year. Crahay's clothes are expected to be widely copied in America—so much so that the house of Ricci has designed a special label reading:

"This is an authorized copy of an original model from Nina Ricci, Paris."

Women's Wear Daily commented: "Ricci's Jules François Crahay, who has made some of the hottest dresses in years, is still the house to watch. Ricci has installed air conditioning throughout to cool off the fashion excitement."

ON THE NEWSFRONT

A BUS DRIVER warmly complimented by police in Columbus, Ohio, for quick thinking in averting an accident when his brakes failed, was overcome when an officer handed him a summons for operating a defective vehicle.

IN LOS ANGELES a thief broke into a market, made himself a jelly sandwich, dropped it, slipped on the jelly and knocked himself out. He was discovered by the manager and revived by the police.

TWO WORKMEN in a Sacramento garage were arrested and fined for smoking. They had been painting NO SMOKING signs.

A PONTIAC, MICHIGAN, driver noticed that his windshield wiper failed to keep the glass clear during a heavy downpour, stopped to investigate, found he was in a ten-foot lagoon and had to swim ashore. —FRANCES RODMAN

Our changing premarital morals

BY IRA L. REISS, PH.D.

Our courtship customs have changed profoundly since 1900—and are changing still. This sociologist's study of premarital codes presents a provocative view of our future mores

NEW FORCES in America today are working to alter our age-old standards of sexual conduct. Traditional codes of chastity and male privilege are being challenged. Research points toward increasing liberality in relations between men and women in the decades ahead. In principle we restrict sexual intercourse to marriage. Nevertheless, Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey found that vast numbers of men and women he interviewed had engaged in premarital sex. Traditionally, there exists a *formal* standard of

This article is based on the author's "Premarital Sexual Standards in America," published by The Free Press of Glencoe, Illinois, 1960.

abstinence for all, and an *informal* standard of freedom for men only —popularly called the "double standard." Now another, not openly and not generally accepted view has appeared. This is the belief that premarital relations are all right for *both* men and women when a stable relationship with engagement, love or strong affection is present. This standard can be called "permissiveness with affection."

At the outset let me explain that a sociologist does not argue what is "right" or "wrong." These are questions for each person to decide according to his religious and moral conscience. The sociologist examines human behavior to learn what people actually *do,* and why.

In studying sex we have found that the Judeo-Christian traditions to which we are deeply attached are not accepted everywhere as the natural law for all men. In parts of India, for example, women were allowed to take several husbands, while among Moslems, men may have many wives. The early Christians looked on love between husband and wife as a potential distraction from the love of God. Women of the Hopi Indians are the first to make advances in courtship, quite the opposite from us. Each of these groups would regard the customs of the others—including our own—as peculiar.

Research in the field of premarital sexual behavior is only about 30 years old. One of its limitations is that it isn't fully representative of all parts of American life. Most of the samplings have been from white, higher-educated city people. There is a real danger in generalizing too glibly from these studies to the over-all American population. Yet, though inadequate, they can be useful in understanding future trends.

It is in this spirit of sociological research that I wish to report on the findings concerning an important trend in our lives. I make no moral judgments. Naturally, it is not possible to forecast the future with absolute certainty. Many factors, such as a resurgence of orthodox religion, could check the trend toward permissive premarital sexual behavior. But, I believe, along with a number of important religious leaders, such factors will have to become much stronger than they are now to have widespread effect.

OUR HERITAGE of sexual attitudes has come down to us from the ancient Hebrews, the Greeks, Romans and early Christians. They have been altered in the Age of Chivalry and the Industrial Revolution. Most recently they were revised in the Roaring Twenties. The decade of the Sixties will likely see further important changes.

Many of the basic ideas in the Western world can be traced to the Hebrews. Although harems of concubines are mentioned in the Old Testament, a single wife became the favored form of marriage. But marriages were not supposed to be the result of love. They were arranged by the parents, usually for social and economic reasons. Abstinence was even then the formal standard, but in practice the punishment for a woman's transgressions was worse than for the male's. Much of our own double standard in America dates back to this influence from the Hebrew culture.

The double standard was entrenched in Greece, as well. There was a special class of well-educated mistresses, called "Hetaerae," for men's sexual pleasures, though adultery was forbidden to wives. The Romans idealized their mothers and virginal women. During the second century B.C., women began to gain in status and legal rights. But the double standard, though weakened, still prevailed. Cato said: "If you take your wife in adultery, you may kill her without a trial. But if you commit adultery . . . she has no right to raise a finger."

The early Christians of the first two centuries accorded marriage, family life, women and sex the lowest status of any known culture in the world. They taught that man should prepare for the Second Coming of Christ, and ignore the temptations of sex.

As St. Paul wrote: "It is good for man not to touch woman. Yet for fear of fornication let each man have his own wife . . . But this I say by way of concession, not by way of commandment . . . He who gives his virgin in marriage does well, and he who does not give her does better." The Christian influence gave our culture a sense of sin associated with all sexual behavior outside of marriage. This Christian influence continues to be powerful.

It was not until the Middle Ages that the concept of romantic love introduced tenderness and affection into the relationships between men and women. Yet in many places outside of the Western world, the notion of romantic love is today laughed at as impractical.

Many other peoples cannot conceive of picking a life-mate on the basis of an emotion. But the courtly love that began with the troubadours of France and came to us by way of the Norman invasion of England, is fundamental to American sexual standards.

Romantic love challenged the traditional parent-arranged marriages. By the end of the 19th century, especially in America, young people were marrying for love. The Industrial Revolution at the same time completed the process of breaking up the old, countrified ways of life. In the industrial cities, young people could live their own lives, freer from the control of parents or of small-town gossip. And women, taking jobs, became more independent.

Love marriages gave rise to the system of dating as we know it today. The intimacy of dating helped men and women find the person they could best love and live with. Chaperones went out with high-buttoned shoes, and in a freer atmosphere couples gave more rein to their emotions. At the same period women achieved more equality with men in every field. These modern movements weakened the hold of the double standard and of abstinence.

It was in the rebellious mood of the 1920s that "the new sexual freedom" took root. The rapid changes in our society had uprooted many of these men and women and left them somewhat disillusioned and indifferent. Others—simply against repression of any kind—were waging war against Victorian restrictions, armed with the new freedom of Freud's ideology.

Again, during and after World War II, many restraints were loosened. Young people were often far from their homes, mixing with others of different backgrounds at home and abroad. And a new frankness in discussing sex in schools and in mass journalism allowed them to take part in the debate concerning our traditional standards.

Countering these factors are the teachings of the church, the influence of parents and the formal pressures of community opinion. During the past century, due to these conflicting pressures, the choice has more clearly become abstinence or permissiveness for *both* men and women. Forty years ago, Americans began increasingly to choose the latter, though not openly.

In a group of 100 students I studied a few years ago I found that 90 percent said they would prefer another code to the double standard. However, many added that they would go along with it, since they did not "want to try to change the world." Such attitudes are often the first steps toward more open rejection, and, in fact, the greater freedom in sex practiced by women during engagement or serious love affairs is a clear modification of the double standard.

Abstinence, like the double standard, has also seen some of its main supports weakened in our fast-changing society. Science has controlled conception and disease. Psychiatry has shed new light on guilt feelings. Social condemnation has been tempered. In the last 50 years, as Dr. Kinsey and others have shown, the number of young people who pet, but stop short of intercourse, has increased greatly.

So, just as the double standard has been modified, abstinence too has been revised to accept petting when affection is present. It is obvious that petting can be close enough to intercourse to tempt one to cross the line; once the line is crossed in behavior, adjustment of beliefs often follows. Nobody likes to feel guilty, so people develop beliefs that will justify their actions.

One significant aspect of the trend toward more sexual freedom should be emphasized: the biggest increase in premarital sex involves partners drawn together by feelings of love, rather than just physical gratification. These relationships can lead to marriage, and they have less of the purely sensual in them than the casual contacts common to the double standard.

Data from a study by Prof. L. M. Terman indicate that men have experienced a sharp increase in the amount of sexual intercourse with their future wives. Men who formerly would not go "all the way" with their fiancées because they were "good" girls are now indulging with them more and more. Men have stopped being "so double standard," and women have become less strictly abstinent.

Although our premarital behavior today is not radically different from the 1920s, those who engage in affairs do it more openly. This is another mark of the transition of permissiveness with affection from an informal, tolerated custom to an established standard. In the same way, while the total following of abstinence and the double standard has decreased, the people who support these codes today are allowing more freedoms in their relations.

THE NEW attitudes toward sexual freedom have come to America later than to some other Western countries. Sweden has long accepted permissiveness with affection as one of its standards. It grew out of a kind of "bundling" custom that was more liberal than the bundling of 18th-century America. Bundling in America disappeared as our nation moved from farms to the cities. The courting scene shifted to the parlor, and finally to the automobile. More sexual liberties seem to be taken in the automobile than were ever taken beneath the blankets of the old-time bundling beds!

Nevertheless, there is evidence to indicate that even in the puritanical days of 18th-century America premarital intercourse among engaged couples was not too uncommon. In Groton Church, Groton, Massachusetts, there is a record that 66 out of 200 couples confessed to their minister that they had committed fornication. Up until recently some people were quite proud of their ancestors for having two distinctive initials—C.F.—following their names, like a degree, in church records. Pride changed to embarrassment when it was discovered C.F. stood for "Confessed Fornication."

A Swedish student of mine has told me that he believes American girls are much freer with sexual favors than their Swedish counterpart—up to the final point. A Swedish girl, he said, regards "heavy petting" as far too intimate unless she is seriously affectionately involved and therefore intends to go all the way. In this sense, one might say that although American women are more virginal than the Swedish women, they are still more promiscuous sexually!

No one could have foreseen the great changes that occurred in the last few generations. The changes in the next few generations may be equally surprising.

The new postwar generation, particularly the upper and middle-class educated group, is far enough removed from the past, and deeply enough involved in the newer permissive thinking to take it for granted. I believe that with each succeeding generation, the new outlook will be more securely rooted.

What are the alternatives? Our society, with its lack of chaperonage, its anonymity, its defense of the individual's right to his beliefs, its freedom for young people and growing equality for women, doesn't seem a fertile ground for the maintenance of an abstinence code. Nevertheless, social behavior is often unpredictable. And it is certainly true that the state of research and the incomplete evidence so far collected is far from foolproof. The movement toward permissiveness could boomerang, and produce a strong reaction that would check its development. I can only say that there is at present little evidence to justify that expectation.

College graduates probably will spearhead the new trend. College men more often choose their sexual partners on the basis of affection than physical gratification. Also, college women seem to have the longest periods of courtship, due to their later ages at marriage. This means they have more time to become involved in a premarital love affair. It also means that college people have more time to spend evolving their sexual beliefs.

The rate of change will surely vary for different parts of the country—being the slowest in the more rural regions, such as the South. The highly urbanized areas of the Northeast and West Coast will likely lead in the changes.

These changes are a trend—not an inevitable movement—representing a shift of direction in the long line of our social history. This line has never been a straight one. In the past, just as today, our evolution in attitudes toward sex has followed a winding course. The forces propelling the present trend may be counteracted by other forces—for example, a revival of orthodox religion—leading in a different direction.

At each of these turning points the sections of society which are most closely bound to the ideas that are challenged feel distressed by the rejection of their standards. Sometimes they blame the new generations, and call them wild or immoral. These are not the terms used by the sociologist; his task is to describe the changing character of behavior in our society.

It is important to note that, though abstinence and the double standard have been modified, they are still the dominant force in America today and are likely to remain powerful. The choice between the traditional standards and the new ways, in the end, is always a matter for personal conscience.

CANDID CANDIDATE

IN HIS FIRST Senatorial campaign in South Dakota, the late William John Bulow ran against the Republican incumbent, W. H. McMaster. When a reporter asked him what the issues of the campaign were, Bulow replied, "There ain't any great issues, I guess. Mac's got the job and I want it."

—Associated Press

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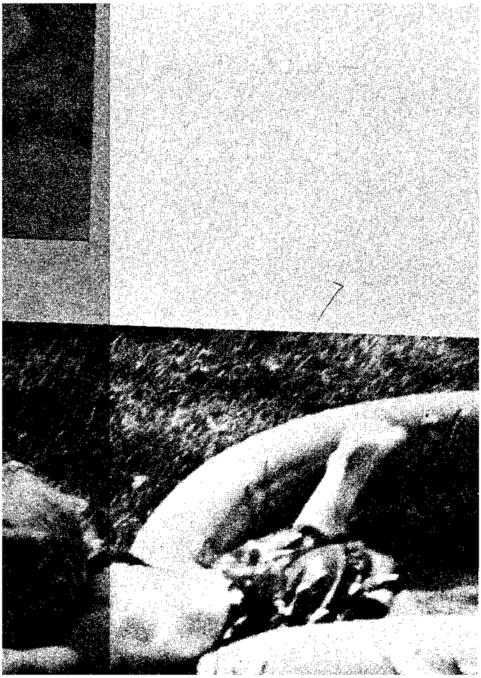
the ages of innocence

To a child, the pathway from infancy to adolescence lies along an alien shore—bewildering, exciting; sometimes terrifying and triumphant. Millions have trod it before him. But in his secret heart a child walks it alone. For it is only thus—as these remarkable pictures from a White House youth conference reveal—that he can find his own imprint in the sands of time.

All pictures selected from
the Exhibit at the
1960 White House Conference
on Children and Youth

When parents are along, even the
simplest thing—such as
strolling in the country or planting
a flower or shrub—
seems to take on vast importance
and significance...
But when children are toddling
around on their own, with
just a layer of skin between
themselves and the outside world,
there is a furious compulsion
to grope for bare essentials...

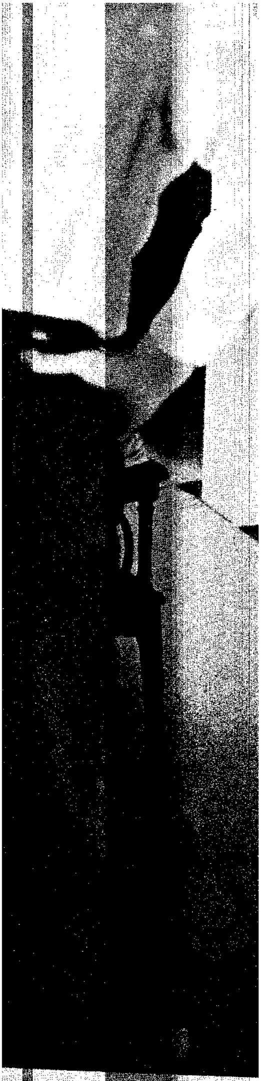
text by Ben Merson



What agony of adulthood can surpass the blood-curdling terror of being dragged into school for the first time?

"Ah, joy. Ah, bliss! Ah, 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee' or something. I'm blowing it. And it's playing. Music. Real music!"

Sometimes between mother and daughter there are moments of rapport like the eloquence of mutual heartbeats...

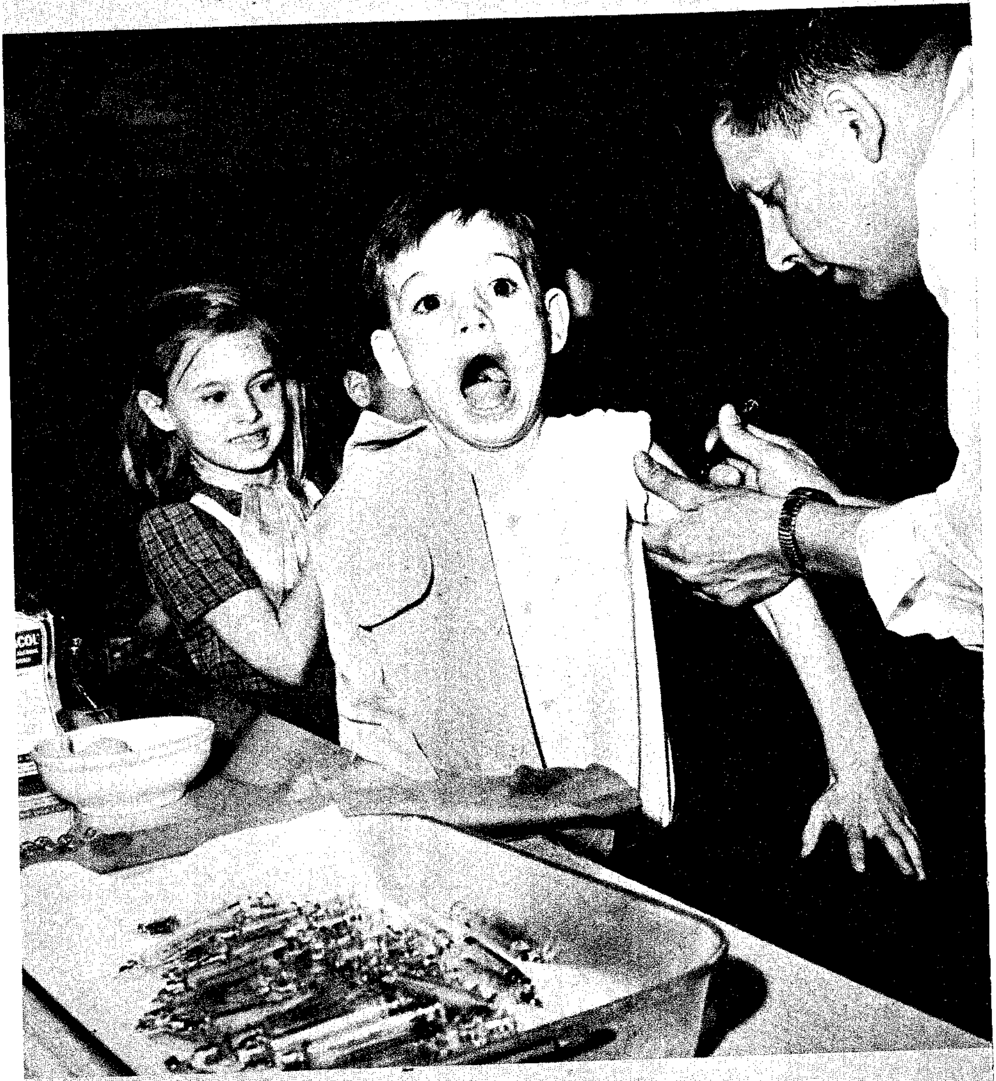


d, between father an
causes spirits to droop

Like cubs in
the jungle,
they playfully
go through
the motions that
symbolize
the primordial
urge to
aggression—
fight or flee,
crush or
be crushed...
Yet beneath
the symbolic
savage is
already the
civilized man,
warmed
and moved by
tenderness.

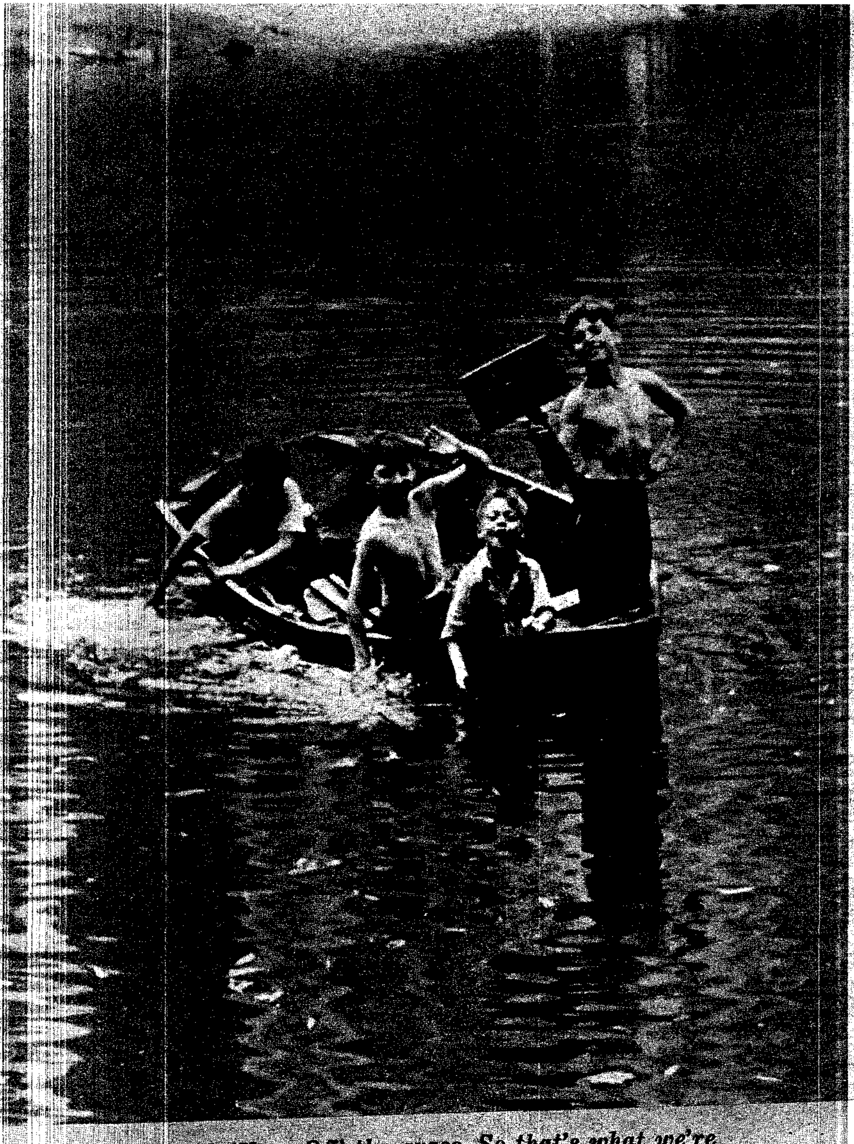
LOOK photo

The doctor poises the needle. The boy opens his mouth to scream, then snaps it shut. He's already learned screams are no defense against the enlightened tyranny of grownups.



"You're in the Service now." Magic words of acceptance. A man among men. Proudly he stands with head up and chest...well, the chest will get there, too.

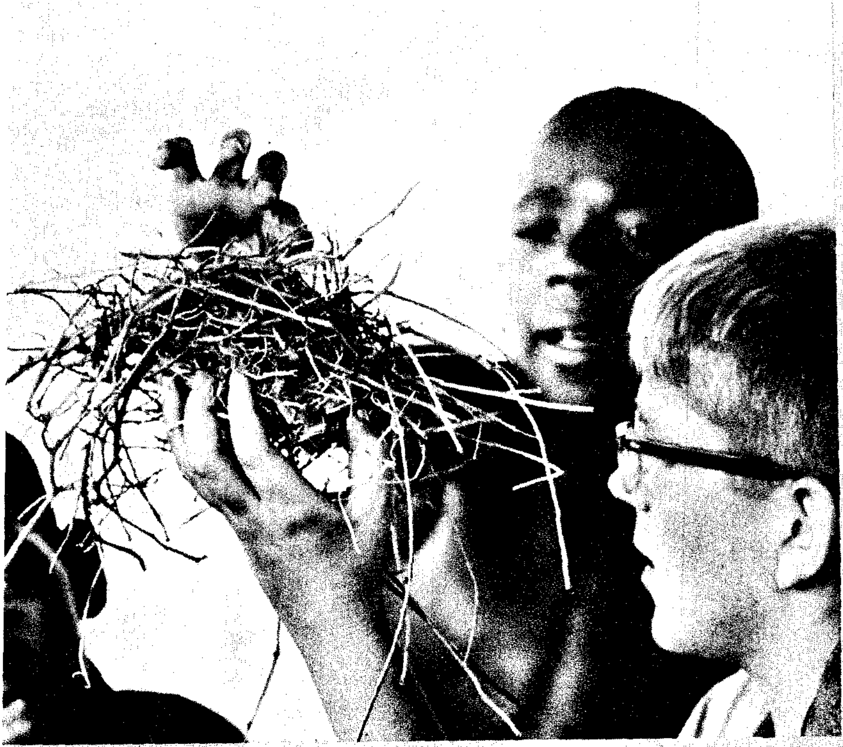
LOOK photo



"The sign said, 'Keep Off' the grass. So that's what we're doing—even if we had to swipe a boat to do it."

A little [illegible] cloud of illusion drifts skyward as defiantly he takes his first puff on a homemade cheroot.

Fledglings in the world of men stare in wonder at the fledglings in the nest. And as they feel the tiny heartbeats, life pulsates with a strange, new meaning.



What beckons beyond? The storehouse of unknown experience—vast and frightening, yet darkly alluring. To cross the threshold, seeking light in the shadow, is the lonely but fulfilling fate—of every child of man. ♛

WITH THE LADIES

THE YOUNG WIFE approached a post office window and said, "I wish to complain about the service."

"What's the trouble, madam?" the clerk wanted to know.

"My husband is in Atlanta on business and the letter he sent me is postmarked Miami Beach." —JANETTE BERGER

A WORRIED MOTHER took her daughter in hand and warned her that she just might lose her fiancé if she continued treating him so rudely.

"Oh, don't worry, mother," said the girl. "Greg knows I'm just ribbing him."

"That's all well and good," replied the mother, "but there's a thin line between ribbing and needling, and you don't want to begin needling a man until after the marriage is all sewed up."

—*Wall Street Journal*

THE ATTORNEY ANSWERED his phone to hear a woman pouring out her troubles. She had gone through a traffic light at 40 miles per hour in a 25-mile zone, skidded on the wet pavement, hit a parked car, and had a fight with the arresting officer.

"Well, cheer up," said the attorney, "they can't put you in jail for that."

"Just *where*," she asked, "do you think I'm calling from?"

—LEONARD TAYLOR

A WEARY SHOPPER, laden with packages, returned to her car just in time to see it pull away from the curb and dash off at high speed. Dropping her bundles, she fumbled in her purse, found the stub of a pencil, and wrote hurriedly on the outside of a package. Then she hurried away to find a policeman and report that a thief had stolen her car. "But," she added proudly, "I've got his license number right here!" —JANICE LONDON

RECENTLY ON A Miami Beach bus, a lady seated herself in the only vacant seat next to a rather tipsy gentleman. Opening her purse, she took out a map of New York City, unfolded it and started to study it intently. She hadn't noticed her seat partner studying the map, too, until he tapped her on the shoulder and said solicitously: "Madam, you're on the wrong bus." —IDA RICHARDSON

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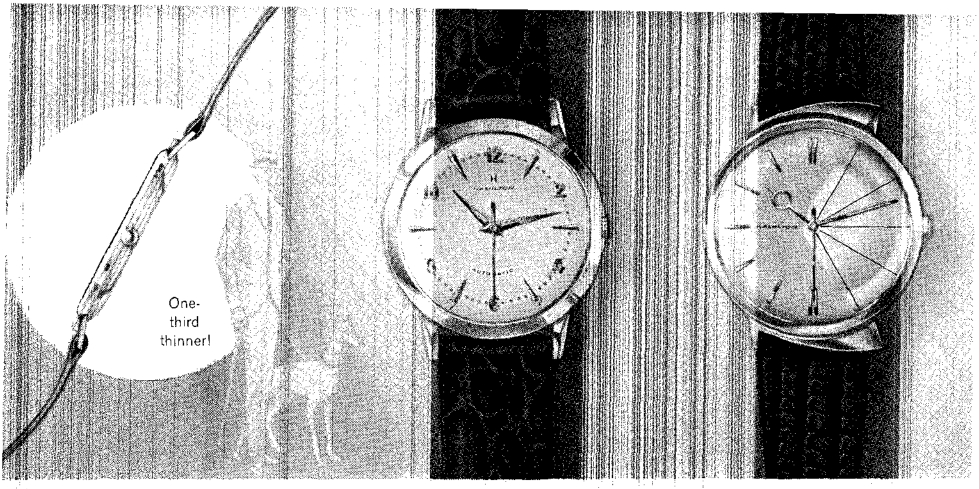

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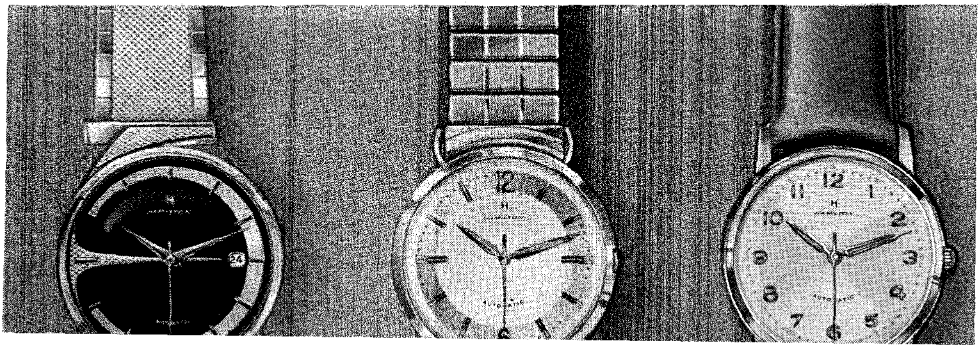

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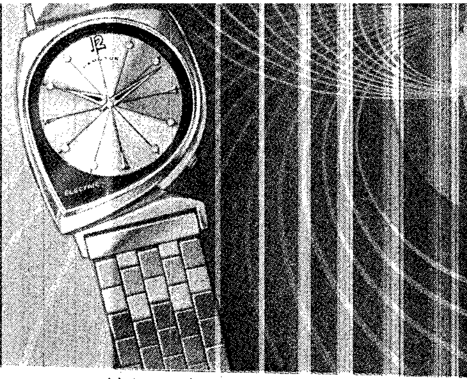

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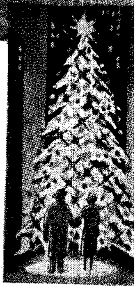

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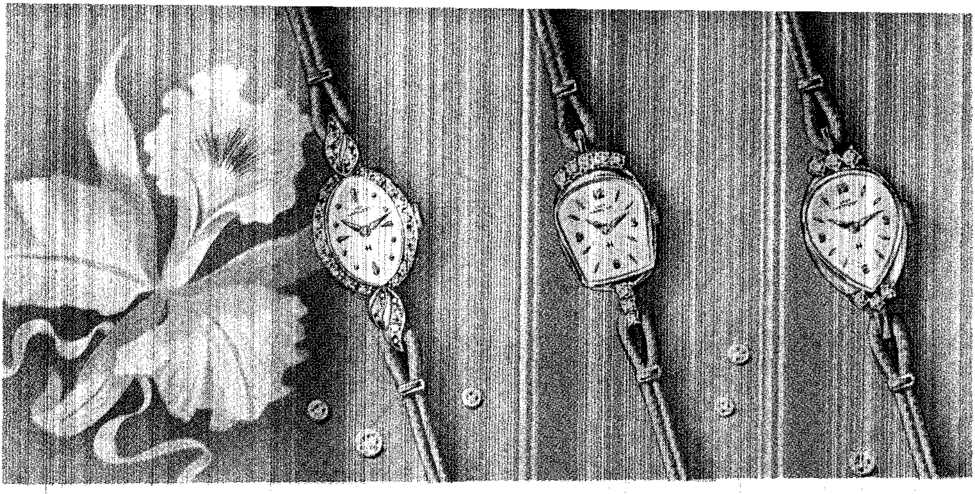

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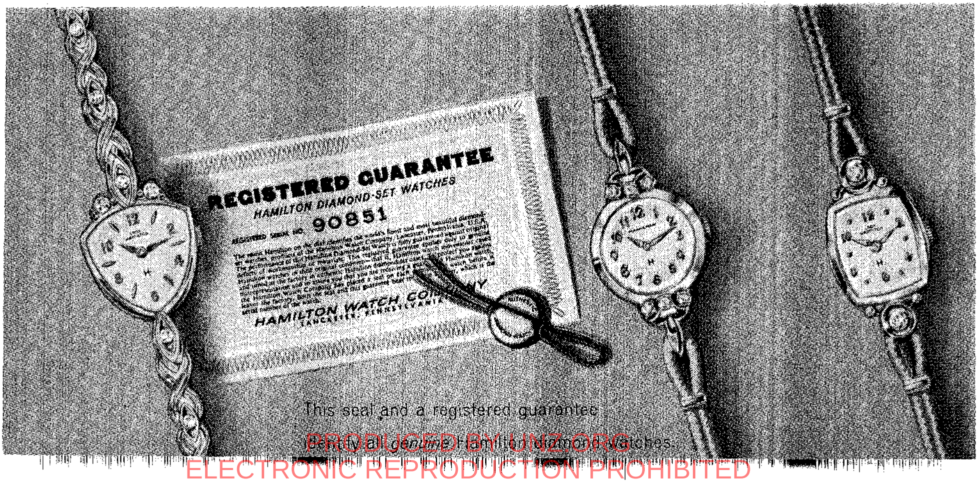
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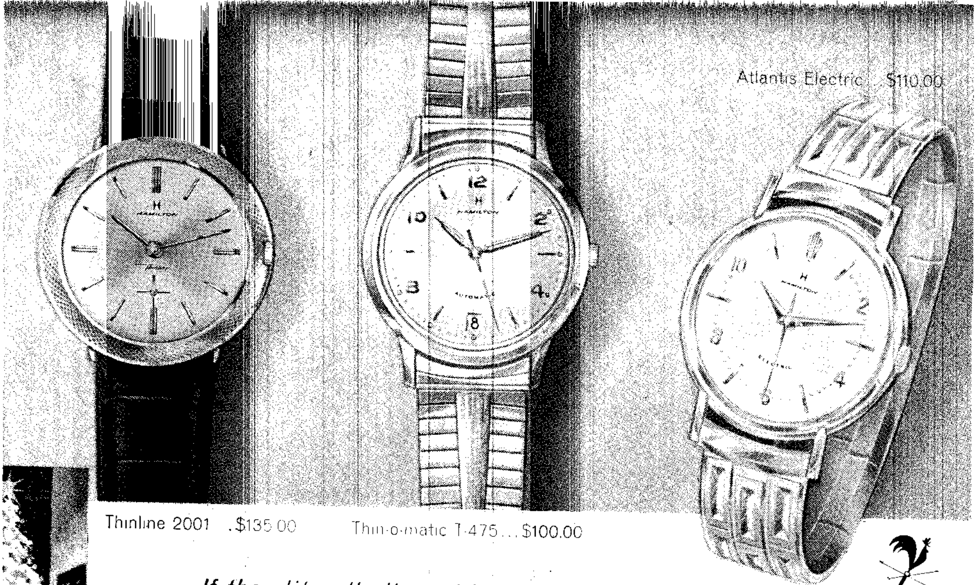

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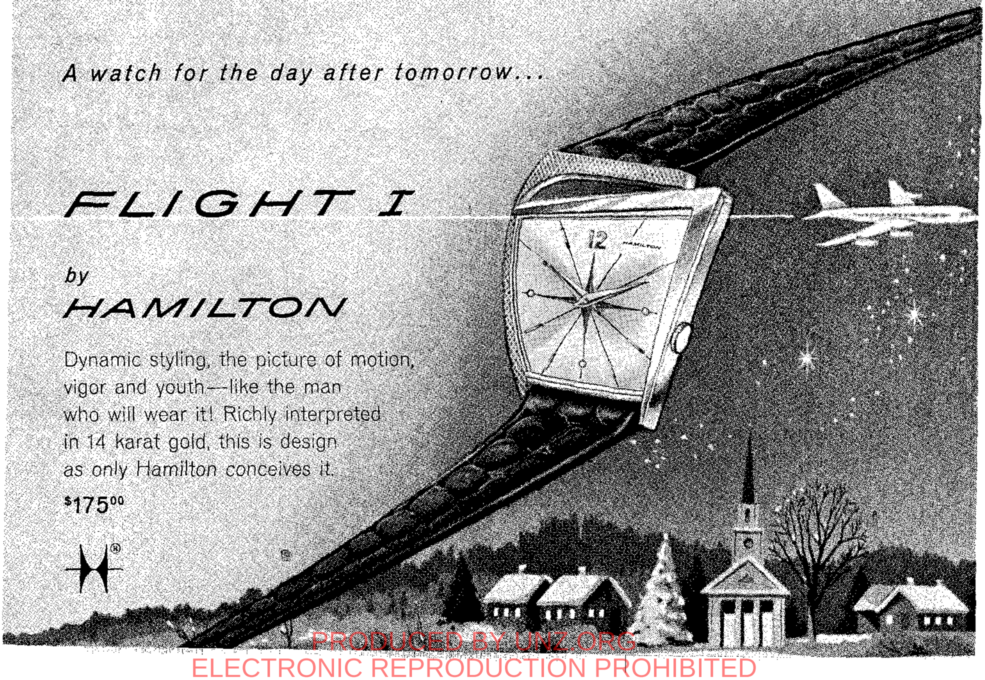

BY DON MURRAY

U.S. SPEED TRAPS

cash register justice

They are less interested in justice than in profit, and when they grab you, there is usually very little that you can do but bite your tongue and pay. Here are some tips on how to avoid their clutches

IN THE SUMMER of 1959, lanky Marshal Mitchell Brown of Lawtey, Florida, pinned a tin badge to his sport shirt, draped a pistol on one hip, and, with the approval of the town fathers, started one of the country's most notorious speed traps. At the height of the tourist season, there had been only an average of 20 traffic arrests per month in Lawtey. Then Brown took over. In August, a time of little touring, he made 128 arrests; most of them out-of-state and out-of-county drivers. In his unmarked car he not only snagged visitors for speeding, he even

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Lee Bord's Jlers.
BLADENSBURG
Kay Jlers.
CUMBERLAND
S. T. Little Jly Co.
EASTON
Shearer, The Jler
FREDERICK
Remsberg's Jly. Store
HAGERSTOWN
Kay Jlers.
Saum's Jlers., Inc
HANCOCK
Creek's Jlry.
Harper F. Diehl, Jlers.
HAVRE DE GRACE
Z. Witt, Jlers.
HYATTSVILLE
Kay Jlers.
LANDOVER HILLS
E. J. Brooks Jlers.
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Park Jlers.
ROCKVILLE
Levey Jlers.
Rockville Jlers.
SILVER SPRINGS
Wright's Jlry., Inc.
SUITLAND
Kay Jlers.
K. T. Showers Jlers.
TAKOMA PARK
Jean Lee Dist.
WHEATON
Lee Bord & Sons, Inc.
Kay Jlers.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON
Georgopoulos Jlry. Store
Kay Jlers.
Kingsley Gordon Co.
A. Stowell & Co., Inc.
BROCKTON
Kay Jlers.
CHELSEA
Pond Jlers.
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Roberts Jlers.
Stewart & Heney, Inc.
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S. M. Nathan, Inc.
FRAMINGHAM
Kay Jlers.
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W. E. Blanchard, Jler.
LAWRENCE
Kay Jlers.
Kolsky Jlry.
LOWELL
Pond Jlers.
LYNN
Kay Jlers.
MALDEN
Kay Jlers.
NEW BEDFORD
Kay Jlers.
ORANGE
Charles J May Jler
PITTSFIELD
Denno's Jlers.
QUINCY
Kay Jlers.
SALEM
Kay Jlers.
SPRINGFIELD
Kay Jlers.
WALTHAM
Kay Jlers.
WORCESTER
Kay Jlers.
149 Main St.
653 Main St.
Sharfman's Jlers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

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Langlais Jlers
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DOVER
A. E Alie & Sons, Inc.
KEENE
Simon's Jlers., Inc.
LACONIA
Page Jlers.
Jack C. Sawyer
MANCHESTER
Desjardine Co., Inc
Pond Jlers.

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Gelula Jlers.
BAYONNE
Altschuler's
Kay-Finlay Jlers.
BLOOMFIELD
Max Voronoff
CAMDEN
Barr's Jlers.
CLIFTON
Frisco's Jlers.
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Plymouth Park Jlers.
HACKENSACK
A. Lebson, Inc.
Pennacchia Jlers.
JERSEY CITY
Kay-Finlay Jlers.
148 Newark Ave.
910 Bergen Ave.
KENILWORTH
Martin Jlers.
MANCHESTER
Pearson's
MARGATE CITY
The Treasure Cove
NEWARK
Abelson's Jlers.
The Howard Co. Jlers.
Tappin's Jlry.
Wiss Sons, Inc.
NUTLEY
Nutley Jlers.
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LeBens Jlers.
PARAMUS
Kay-Finlay Jlers.
PARLIN
Sayrewood Jlers.
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Arkin's Jler
PAULSBORO
Brown's Jlers.
PENNS GROVE
Brown's Jlers.
PERTH AMBOY
Masters Jlers.
PITMAN
James J Cobbin
PLAINFIELD
Taylor's Jlers.
PLEASANTVILLE
Lee Jlers.
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Arkin Jlers.
RED BANK
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Korwan's
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Barrs Jlers.
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John J Naughter Jler
AMSTERDAM
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M. Weitzner, Jr
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Bruner Jly Co., Inc
BAY SHORE
Ferrara Jlers.
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BEACON
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Taubman Jly. Store
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SMITHTOWN
Smithtown Jly. & Gift Shop
SYRACUSE
Alberts Jly., Inc.
M. Lemp Jlers.
Wilsons Leading Jlers.
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Howies Jly.
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Gem Jlers.
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Kay Jlers.
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Haber's
BUTLER
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House of Gems
CLAIRTON
Teper's Jlers.
CLIFTON HEIGHTS
Marella's Jly
COATESVILLE
H. Garmen & Son
CONNELLSVILLE
Posner's
CORRY
Grice Jlers.
DORMONT, PITTSBURGH
Gordon Uhl Jler
DUBOIS
Blankfeld's Jlers
DUQUESNE
Kessler's Jlers.
EASTON
Robert R Smith Jler
FRANKLIN
Feldman's
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JOHNSTOWN
Hammond Travel Serv., Inc
Hardings Jlers
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R. S. Leh Jler
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Kay Jlers.
LANSDALE
Koehler's Jlers. & Slvsmths.
LEHIGHTON
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LIGONIER
Stitt's Jlers.
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A. E. Peters Jlers.
McKEESPORT
Morrow's Jlers.
NEW CASTLE
King's Jly.
NORTHAMPTON
Gillespie Jler
OIL CITY
Best Jlers.
Harvey Fritz
Klivans Jlers.
PHILADELPHIA
Barr's Jlers.
5th & Olney Ave.
1112-14 Chestnut St.
4650 Frankford Ave.
7317 Frankford Ave.
York Rd & Eason Rd.
McDonald's
Nigro Jlers.
Sydney Rosen Jlers.
University Jlers
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Harris Jlers.
WILKES-BARRE
Millers Jly. Store
WILLIAMSPORT
Martin's, Inc.
YORK
Kay Jlers.
Mehl & Rittenhouse
Shaggner's Jly. Store
Joseph Weinbrom Jlers.
YOUNGSVILLE
John's Jlers.

RHODE ISLAND

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Kay Jlers.
WEST WARWICK
Lord's

VERMONT

BURLINGTON
Fremeau's Jly. Store
ST. ALBANS
M. D. Armstrong Jlers.

VIRGINIA

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Kay Jlers.
ANNADALE
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ARLINGTON
Phillip A. Ballerino
BLUEFIELD
Virginia Ann Jly.
BOWLING GREEN
Tinder's Jly.
BROOKNEAL
Elder & Tibbs Jlers.
BUENA VISTA
Bell's Jlers.
CLARENDON
Kay Jlers.
CHARLOTTESVILLE
Lowe's Jlry Co., Inc.
DANVILLE
Kingoff's
FAIRFAX
Everhart Jlers.
FALLS CHURCH
Falls Church Jlers.
FARMVILLE
Martin The Jeweler
FREDERICKSBURG
Flippo's Jly.
GALAX
The Jewel Box
HAMPTON
Sanders Jly. Co.
HARRISONBURG
The Jewel Box, Inc.
HOPEWELL
Robert H. Joel
KENBRIDGE
E. G. Love & Co.
LEXINGTON
R. L. Hess & Bros., Jlers.
LURAY
Wymer Jlers.
LYNCHBURG
Backingham-Flippin, Inc.
Stewart's Jlers.
MANASSAS
Ashby Jlers.
MARTINSVILLE
The Jewel Box, Inc.
Stewart's Jlers.
McLEAN
Winston Jlers., Inc.
MT. JACKSON
Waggy's Jly. Store
NEWPORT NEWS
Shaw's Jly. Co.
NORFOLK
A. Bartley & Sons
Bartley, Inc.
Rene Jlers.
Schneer's Jly
NORTON
The Jewel Box, Inc.
PORTSMOUTH
Coopers, Inc., Jlers.
RADFORD
The Jewel Box, Inc.
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Bachrach's Jlers.
Bams Jlers.
Hollywood Jlers.
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Rocky Mount Jly
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Kay Jlers.
SOUTH BOSTON
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A. R. Via & Bro.
SOUTH HILL
Turner Jly. Co.
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STAUNTON
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STRASBURG
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VERONA
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WILLIAMSBURG
Hallmark Jlers.
WINCHESTER
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WOODSTOCK
Bargelt's Jly. Store
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WEST VIRGINIA

BECKLEY
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Wooddell's Jly. Store, Inc.
BUCKHANNON
Lewis Jlers.
CHARLESTON
Berman's Jlers.
Galperin Jly. Co.
Kay Jlers.
CLARKSBURG
The Jewel Box
DUNBAR
Irvin Jlers.
FAIRMONT
Lipson's Jlers.
Ray's Jly. Co.
GAULEY BRIDGE
Miller's Jly.
HUNTINGTON
Kay Jlers.
KENOVA
Capehart's Jly.
LEWISBURG
Bee Jly. Co.
MADISON
Madison Jlers.
MONTGOMERY
Johnny's Jlers.
MORGANTOWN
Morgantown Jlers.
MULLENS
A. P. Martin, Jler.
OCEANA
Chamber's Jly.
PARKERSBURG
Gem Shop
POINT PLEASANT
Tiffin Jlers.
RONCEVERTE
Greenbrier Jlers.
WESTON
Smith Jly.
WHEELING
Posins Jlers.
WILLIAMSON
L. B. Atkins Jly.
WINCHESTER
Time Jlers.

nabbed them for crossing an invisible white line in the middle of a gravel road.

In the Lawtey shopping center a car would pull away from a curb, stop, back up, park and then pull away again—and again—and again. A driver who cut to the left to avoid hitting that car would be arrested on the spot for crossing the real white line in the center of this road. The stop-and-go car forced out-of-state drivers to break the law.

Pressure from the American Automobile Association and local civic groups closed down the Lawtey speed trap.

Only one-fourth of the speed traps exist today as compared with the golden age of speed traps right after World War II. But hundreds across the U.S. still dole out sucker's justice and filch thousands of dollars from innocent victims. There is no count of the people caught in speed traps, but authorities estimate that they are a shocking number of the 20,000,000 Americans who pay traffic fines each year.

In 1959, for example, nearly 1,000 out-of-county drivers were arrested in tiny Chiefland, Florida: population 572. Not a single motorist was found not guilty. The town's chief of police, J. C. Corbin, was paid a salary of only $1,200. He got $5 extra for every arrest or $4,810 for the year.

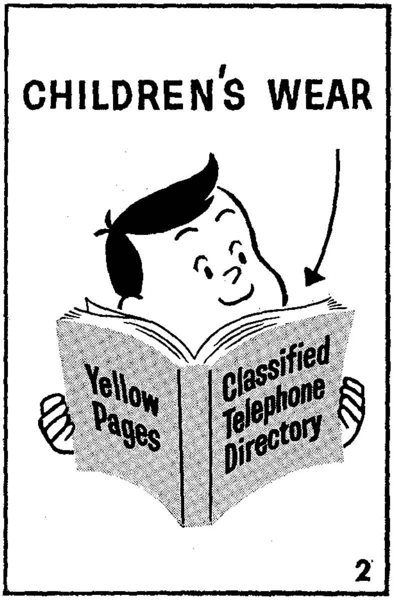
Our Southeast has more speed traps than any other section, but has no monopoly on them. In Burlington, Iowa, three blocks of Highway 34 have a 25-mile-an-hour limit. On both sides of this short stretch the limit is 45. Electronic timers put the finger on strangers who cannot anticipate this change in speed limit. At one time, not only did the marshals get a fee from the arrest, but the Mayor and the clerk who ran "Mayor's Court" also shared in the receipts.

The profit motive can lead to extraordinary law enforcement. One day an Air Force captain from Utah was arrested in Lebanon Station, Florida, for passing a stop light in Chiefland, Florida. Unable to stay over, the Air Force officer shelled out $35 for a bond and was allowed to proceed. Later, the captain checked a map, discovered he hadn't driven through Chiefland, and started proceedings to get his money back.

For 13 years on a sharp lefthand corner heading north, the most famous stop light in America winked at tourists passing through Ludowici, Georgia, a hamlet on Route 301. Traffic might be backed up, but the light would blink green for as little as 16 seconds. Every third driver was arrested. The result: $50,000 a year for the town.

A vigorous ten-year campaign by the A.A.A. to eliminate the light finally paid off when a group of merchants and motel owners in the U.S. Route 301 Association anted up two-thirds the cost of a new trouble-free light.

In Saratoga Springs, New York, early this year a "snatch" police car stopped just about every car that passed from a 50-mile-an-hour zone into a slightly marked 30-mile-an-hour area. "The only time a car was not stopped," one victim reported,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2

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"was when the officer was busy writing tickets."

Many speed-trap officers dress in plain clothes and use private cars. They have frightened motorists into crack-ups—thinking they were being chased by bandits.

A basic principle of justice is a speedy trial. Yet in a speed-trap town, if a motorist demands a trial, he is told to put up heavy bail and to come back six weeks or three months later.

Listen to what one man went through when he was stopped by a Dixie County deputy on U.S. 19 near Cross City, Florida. "This deputy told me to post a $35 bond on the spot or go back under confinement until I could post a bond. I posted bond for appearance a week later which I would forfeit if I didn't appear. But if I appeared and demanded a jury trial he said I could be fined from $50 to $300, or get 30 days in jail.

"I drove 120 miles to plead 'not guilty.' The judge said that if I pleaded 'not guilty' I would be tried three weeks later. So, I pleaded guilty rather than drive another 240 miles. He fined me $25. The deputy who arrested me was not even present."

Most speed-trap victims are from out of state. For example, a Richmond, Virginia, driver, on the way from Florida, was nailed by speed traps in Nahunta, Folkston, Glennville, Jesup and Ludowici, Georgia.

An A.A.A. official tells of a case in which the arresting officer told the court:

"This man was driving safely, but he went to the left of the center line, which is against our law." The justice said, "I'm not going to fine you. However, you'll have to pay $22.50 in court costs."

Such extraordinary "costs" are typical in speed-trap courts. In Indiana a $1 fine became $18.50, with "costs." In a North Carolina town an appearance bond cost $27.45, figured out this way: fine, $10; warrant, 35 cents; bond, 60 cents; issuing subpoenas, 15 cents each; preparing bill of cost, 25 cents; docketing indictment, 25 cents; judgment, $1; filing fee, 10 cents; original process, $1; docketing judgment, 25 cents; indictment, $1; mayor's fee, $6; seal of office, 50 cents; arrest fee, $2; "county spec.", $1; law enforcement officers benefit and retirement fund, $2; peace officer association fund, $1.

Perhaps the angriest speed-trap victim in recent years was James F. Hamilton of Los Angeles, who sent the following letter to 41 organizations and individuals after he was caught in a Texas speed trap:

"On Wednesday, February 25, at about 6 P.M. I was driving west on U.S. Highway #80 with my wife. I was halted by deputy Jack Briggs of El Paso County in an official car. He informed me that the license on my vehicle had expired . . . about three weeks previously. I explained that we had been away from California for six weeks, that I had paid for my license renewal, but that the new license had not arrived at the time of our departure.

"He answered that he would have to give me a citation. I do not think

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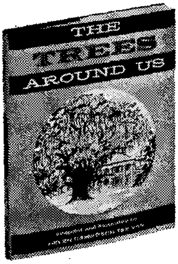

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Each film is 11 minutes in length and available in a choice of full color or black-and-white, except as indicated.

Introduction

Aristotle and the Scientific Method (13½ min.)

Life Processes of Plants and Animals

The Cell—Structural Unit of Life
Behavior in Animals and Plants
Partnerships Among Plants and Animals
Adaptations of Plants and Animals (13½ min.)
How Green Plants Make and Use Food

The Kinds of Living Things

Life in a Drop of Water
Arthropods: Insects and Their Relatives
The Grasshopper: A Typical Insect (5½ min.)
The Honeybee: A Social Insect (5½ min.)
The Butterfly (Life Cycle of an Insect) (5½ min.)
Butterfly Botanists
Amphibians
Reptiles and Their Characteristics
Birds of the Dooryard (Second Edition)
Birds of the Countryside (Second Edition)
The Red-Winged Blackbird (color only)
Mammals of the Western Plains
Mammals of the Rocky Mountains
Simple Plants: Bacteria (13½ min.)
Simple Plants: Algae and Fungi (13½ min.)

The Human Body

The Human Body: Skeleton
Teeth: Their Structure and Care
The Human Body: Digestive System (13½ min.)
The Human Body: Circulatory System (13½ min.)
Healthy Lungs
The Human Body: Excretory System (13½ min.)
Eyes: Their Structure and Care
The Human Body: Nervous System (13½ min.)

Disease and Its Control

Balance Your Diet for Health and Appearance
Personal Hygiene for Boys
Personal Health for Girls
Microorganisms that Cause Disease
Infectious Diseases and Man-made Defenses
Improving America's Health
Attitudes and Health
Understand Your Emotions (13½ min.)

The Continuity of Life

Plants that Grow from Roots, Stems, and Leaves
Reproduction in Plants (13½ min.)
Growth of Flowers (Second Edition)
Reproduction in Animals
Development of the Chick Embryo (5½ min.)
The Human Body: Reproductive System (13½ min.)
Heredity and Environment

Life Through the Ages

Prehistoric Times: The World Before Man
The Story of Prehistoric Man
Fossils: Clues to Prehistoric Times
How Living Things Change

Conserving Our Resources

Conserving Our Soil Today
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LOGY

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Name____________________

School/Organization____________________

Address____________________

City____________Zone____State______

he wrote a citation. He stated that a "justice court" happened to be nearby and ordered me to back my vehicle . . . to a small shack. . . .

"In a few minutes a pick-up truck arrived. . . . Then the justice of the peace stumbled into the shack. . . . I explained the facts to him as I had to deputy Briggs.

"He then stated that due to the extenuating circumstances he would fine me only $1—however, the court costs were $19.50—making a total of $20.50. . . . I was willing to be locked up . . . before yielding.

"But my wife was so overcome with fear and anxiety that she persuaded me to knuckle under."

When an American Automobile Association member is caught in a speed trap the A.A.A. makes an investigation. If that fails to shut down the speed trap, the A.A.A. goes to the State House. If that doesn't work the community is put on a special warning list and, finally, surrounded by a red line on all A.A.A. maps so that tourists will bypass the town.

In Jesup, Georgia, Sheriff John Clarence Reddish set up a speed trap on a straight stretch of Route 301. Motel operators and other businessmen tried to talk him into closing it for he was decreasing their income. When that didn't work they erected a huge sign: "Speed trap ahead. Slow down and save $27.50."

The A.A.A. complained unsuccessfully to local politicians, finally red-lined the town on their maps. This so effectively cut tourist income the politicians put the sheriff on salary. He shut down his speed trap.

Now the fee system has been virtually eliminated in Florida, Virginia, and cut to a maximum of 50 cents per ticket in Kentucky. But the fee system is not the only cause of speed traps. Another major reason has been the right of small communities to set their own traffic laws. Florida recently corrected this by setting a state speed limit on all state highways regardless of the town they pass through.

There are basic rights which every citizen should enjoy even in a court run by a justice of the peace, according to Ross D. Netherton, former legislative counsel for the A.A.A.:

The right to justice within a reasonable time.

The right to testify in your own defense.

The right to have your trial delayed until you can prepare an adequate defense.

The right to call witnesses.

The right to demand a jury trial without expense.

The right to plead not guilty without penalty.

The right to appeal.

What can you do if you are denied these rights?

A.A.A. authorities say there isn't very much you can do on the scene, except be polite. There are things you can do, however, when you get home. If you are a member of the A.A.A., or a similar organization, complain to them. Write the governor of the state in which you suffered the injustice, the mayor of the town, the state travel promotion bureau, the editors of the local papers. One victim, J. P. Johnson of Hamilton,

(Continued on page 92)

Shrinks Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

(By John E. Knight)

World-Famous Institute Finds New Healing Substance That Stops Itching, Relieves Pain As It Shrinks Painful Swellings

A WORLD-FAMOUS institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief *in minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swelling.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And all without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind.

The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — now offered in both *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps prevent infection (a principal cause of hemorrhoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates the regrowth of healthy tissue again. Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use if away from home) are available at any drug counter.

Advertisement

Ontario, even had his foreign minister make a formal complaint to the U.S. Secretary of State after he was threatened with being handcuffed and jailed in Long County, Georgia.

When you are caught in a speed trap you should note the time of day; the condition of the road; the exact location; the name and number of the arresting officer; what uniform he is wearing, if any; how his car is marked; the way the road is posted; exactly what charges are made against you; specifically what he said to you and what is said to you in any court to which you are taken. Most important, you should insist on a formal receipt for any fines or charges you pay.

Speed traps thrive where motorists are too busy or cowardly to fight back. The best enemy of a speed trap is a motorist armed with the facts of his injustice.

UP-TO-DATE REPORT OF NATION'S LEADING TRAFFIC-ARREST "HOT-SPOTS"

When arrested in a rural community away from home, it is virtually impossible for a motorist to get a fair and speedy trial. U.S. legal machinery has not yet caught up with the realities of the Motor Age. Motorists should observe all traffic regulations at all times, but there are areas where they should be doubly on guard. From the files of the American Automobile Association and other sources, CORONET *offers this list of places where there is unusually tough enforcement, unreasonably low speed limits, poor sign-posting, or evidence of crackdown on out-of-state motorists.*

Florida—Florida now reported free of speed traps.

Georgia—All communities now removed from A.A.A. warning list. Last was *Ludowici* on U.S. 301; where 25 mph speed limit has been raised to 35 mph. But observe the state 60 mph daytime limit and the 50 mph night limit, as speed timers are in general use in Georgia.

Iowa—Watch out for *Burlington* on *Route 34*.

Kentucky—Kentucky now has the worst reputation for treatment of out-of-state motorists in small communities. Places to watch out for, mostly on *U.S. 41*, include: *Bedford, Bowling Green, Cave City, Crofton, Hanson, Munfordville, Park City, Slaughters and Upton.*

Michigan—All okay, except for one community—the town of *Allen* in *Hillsdale County.*

Ohio—Radar in general use. Situation improving, several towns recently removed from A.A.A. warning list. But watch out in *Bucyrus* and *Cedarville.*

Oklahoma—All okay now. Former trouble spot—town of *Spiro*—recently removed from A.A.A. warning list.

North Carolina—Speed limits strictly enforced throughout the state with detection devices on open highway and in cities. Avoid arrest; court costs are as high as $40. Be especially wary in *Kenly*.

Pennsylvania—Another state that is strictly enforcing speed limits. Be especially watchful in *Mexico, Thompsontown* and on *Route 19 between Mercer and Meadville.*

Tennessee—Generally quite reasonable; few complaints in A.A.A. files. But stay well under the limit going through *Jasper*.

Virginia—Tough enforcement against speeding. Watch out for unmarked cars and hidden radar at bottom of long hills. Watch speedometer, use brakes on downgrades. Go especially slow through *Greenville*. On *U.S. 301* from *Petersburg to North Carolina* line, watch speedometer carefully: good highway with low speed limit; arrests are frequent.

West Virginia—Few complaints—but be on guard through *Valley Grove*.

N.B. There are no known speed traps in Connecticut or New Jersey, but both states are noted for tough enforcement of state speed laws, particularly on highways and turnpikes. A Connecticut resident can lose his driver's license if he is caught going even one mile above the speed limit; in New Jersey, this can happen if they catch you ten miles over the limit.

A MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

With the above article CORONET proudly brings up-to-date its continuing war against the highway robbery of speed traps. The only real cure for this perennial injustice is the pitiless light of publicity. We urge our readers to tell us of their recent experiences with speed traps. Write to "SPEED TRAP BUREAU" CORONET Magazine, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. giving full details of time, place, fine or bond, etc. Your letter will be kept in complete confidence—your identity protected. We pledge CORONET's nationwide resources to investigate such grievances **on the spot.** And we will use the evidence we gather to expose speed-trap injustice in future articles. —THE EDITORS

WHEN THE BIRTHDAY of my son, an avid fisherman, approached, I asked him what he would like for a gift and received this prompt reply, "A pound of worms."

—JEANETTE WEBB

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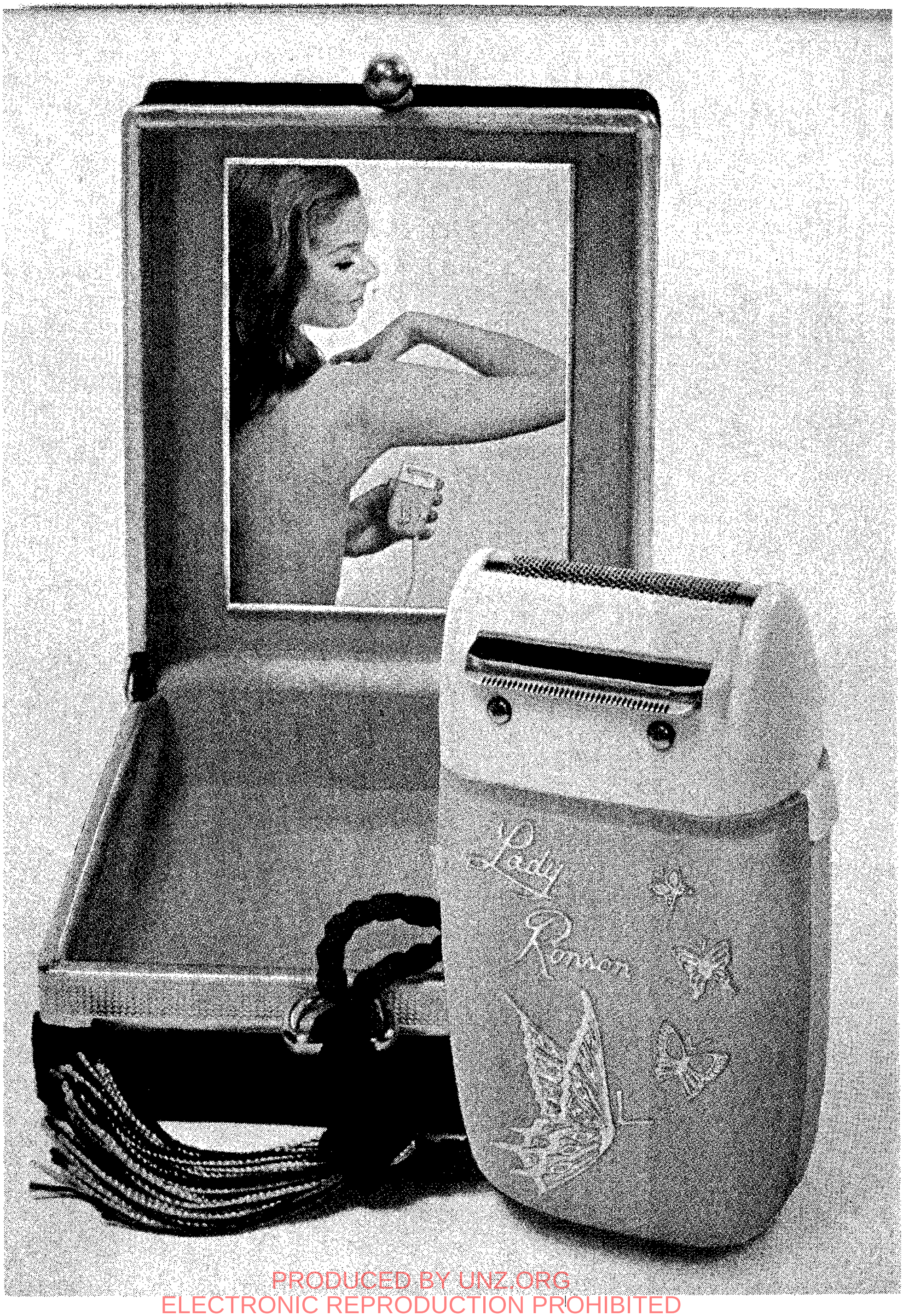
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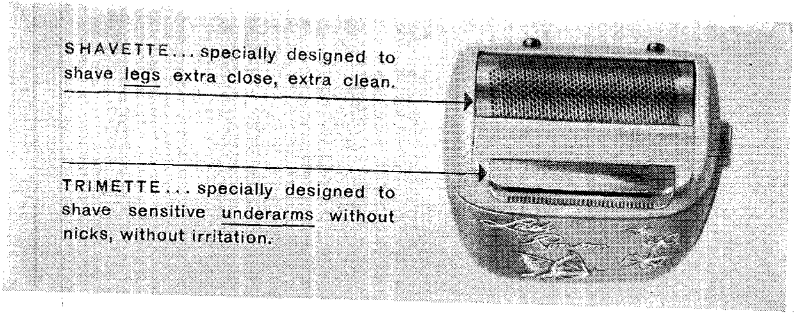
The new Lady Ronson Superbe... the only electric shaver with two distinctly different cutting actions ...for the two distinctly different shaving needs of women.



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John XXIII the Pope of the people

BY ROBERT NEVILLE

Warm, tactful and politically adroit, the new Pontiff is adding a rare personal charm to a world of pomp and pageantry

SHORTLY AFTER his election as head of the Roman Catholic Church, Pope John XXIII was asked how it felt to be carried in and out of St. Peter's Basilica on his portable throne. His Holiness quickly replied: "It's too windy up there." This remark expresses the attitude of Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli toward much of the pomp that surrounds his office. The new Pope is plainly uncomfortable in the ceremonial pageantry, traditional for the Throne of St. Peter, and cuts it short whenever possible. Only recently, for example, an Arab Ambassador to the Holy See in presenting his credentials began reading a long and flowery speech. At a pause the Holy Father interrupted to say: "Your

Excellency, let us hand over these formal speeches to our secretaries, and then you and I can go inside my office and have a quiet talk."

While there can be no thought of disregarding the rules that prescribe the acts of a Pope, the new Pontiff has learned in the first two years of his reign to project his personality on the Church and on the world at large. This has been accomplished, by and large, through the skillful use of homely, simple gestures.

Take, for example, the question of the Pope leaving the Vatican. From 1871 to 1929 heads of the Church were hardly ever seen outside the 108-acre enclave. In 1929 the Lateran Treaty between Italy and the Holy See made elaborate provision for the Popes to visit the City of Rome. This, however, was seldom done. In 19-and-a-half years the late Pius XII rarely went outside the Leonine Walls.

Within a week after his enthronement, John XXIII tried to make an impromptu visit to St. Paul's Outside-the-walls, only to be told by his protocol-minded staff that such a trip into Italian territory took days of diplomatic preparation. The next day he decided, quite suddenly, to visit an old crony who lay bedridden in a monastery, about two miles up the Tiber. The Pope outfoxed his diplomats by slipping into the car of one of his aides. It had passed through the Vatican gates before officials woke up to what was happening. The caretaker who answered the doorbell at the Mount Mario monastery was, to say the least, surprised to behold His Holiness in person, and so was the sick friend.

After that the Pope began paying calls on historic churches of Rome, and hinting that he intended to visit each of the Eternal City's 192 parishes. Since then, too, he has gone to hospitals, seminaries and convents, and even showed up the day after Christmas at Rome's big jail. By now Romans have become quite used to seeing the big black Papal Cadillac with the license plates "SCV I" (meaning Vatican State I) pass by on an average of just under once weekly.

By paying all this attention to his own diocese, as Bishop of Rome, John XXIII has set an example for other members of the Roman hierarchy throughout the world. For John XXIII, the Pope is above all the "universal pastor."

To perform the pastoral function the new Pope insists that the clergy be better informed. Thus, the Holy Father recently called a synod for the Rome diocese, the first since medieval times. A synod is normally a meeting of bishops and priests to discuss and study the problems of the faithful. The Rome Synod became also a sort of dress rehearsal for the climactic event of the Roncalli pontificate, a world-wide gathering two or three years hence of all bishops of the Church in an "ecumenical council."

At first this highly advertised meeting was believed to be largely an attempt to achieve unity with other churches, mainly those of the Eastern Orthodox faith. But later explanations show that the new Pope regards it chiefly as a means of educating and inspiring the clergy, besides being a great manifestation of faith.

John XXIII believes that parish priests should get around, but he has insisted that they avoid what he calls the "two great excesses," authoritarianism and paternalism. He has even been known to criticize the clergy. When he was Cardinal Roncalli, he said of an overenergetic priest: "He's the type who would think it necessary to help God Himself create the world."

THE POPE'S contacts with both clergy and laity are never too solemn. Often, when receiving a bishop or a cardinal, His Holiness will say: "Let's continue this conversation at the table, if you would be pleased to eat with me." Not since the days of Pius IX, in the middle of the last century, has a Pope invited outsiders to have meals with him. But John XXIII flatly declared that he did not like to eat alone. "And I find nothing in canon law which says that I should," he added.

Word from 1,000-room Apostolic Palace is that the Holy Father's table and cellar are of the first order. Two nuns from Bergamo, his home town, Sisters Paola and Rosa, run the Papal kitchen. They are specialists on the North Italian dishes known to please the finicky Roncalli palate. These include *risotta alla Milanese* (rice cooked in chicken broth with saffron) and *polenta* (corn meal mush). The latter is usually served with woodcock and thrush, or even wild hare, and a heavy, spicy sauce. Although the Pope now drinks sparingly of wine, for guests he invariably has on hand either the red Valpolicella wine or the white dry Soave, both from North Italy. His Holiness has stopped smoking the big black cigars of which he was once so fond.

Papal audiences have become bigger. The new Pope set the tone when he declared: "The more people I meet the better." He received last year a total of 242,000 persons, or about twice as many as Pius XII received in the banner Holy Year of 1950. The great majority were Italians, to whom the new Pope could speak in his native tongue. But there were also many foreigners. To some the Holy Father could talk in fluent French. The Pope also speaks halting Bulgarian and Greek and some Russian. He is currently studying English, and was able to say a few words in that language when he received President Eisenhower in December 1959.

The late Pope Pius XII's audiences were formal affairs at which he invariably read a labored speech which, with the aid of a large research staff, he had carefully composed beforehand. By contrast, the audiences of John XXIII have been informal, almost gay. There is speech-making, but nothing is read. The present Pope is likely, instead, to ramble on amiably about such down-to-earth matters as family, children, home, work.

The speeches of Pius XII were printed in full in the Vatican's daily, *L'Osservatore Romano*. John XXIII has directed that paper's editors to print only those portions of his addresses which could interest the general newspaper public.

Pius XII, for all his brilliance, had left the Vatican administration in not the best shape. Many important posts at the Vatican, notably that of Secretary of State, had remained unfilled for years. The Roman Curia Cardinals numbered a mere 12 at Pius XII's death, whereas the normal complement is at least 25.

POPE JOHN XXIII's first big job, as he said, was to inject new and younger blood into what had become an overaged, decimated College of Cardinals. This entailed the difficult—and thankless—job of picking not only which nations should be honored by newly created cardinals but also, in many cases, of choosing between rival candidates. In three Consistories, the Pope increased the College beyond its traditional size. There are now more than 80 Princes of the Church including, for the first time since the early Christian era, a Negro.

In the first Consistory, in which 23 were elevated, John XXIII chose many who had been bypassed by the previous regime. One of these was Domenico Tardini, a mere monsignor who was promoted to Cardinal-Secretary of State. Tardini, previously considered rather colorless, soon blossomed into a lively, quite talkative and most opinionated prelate. The friendship of the Pope and his Secretary of State goes back 40 years.

Cardinal Tardini has become a most powerful and important figure, though his health is delicate and on and off he threatens to resign. He has initiated a number of reforms, including raising Vatican salaries and improving the Church's public relations. For the first time in history a minimum pay scale for the Roman Curia's 2,987 employees has been introduced, thus raising Vatican pay slightly above the comparable Italian scale.

The actual raises ranged from about 35 percent in the lower brackets to an over-all raise of 12-and-a-half percent for the Curia Cardinals. A lay employee in the lower pay scale gets $20 monthly for each child he supports. Cardinals stationed in Rome now receive a base wage of $660 monthly, plus $50 for those who are heads of sacred congregations or committees, plus a $100 monthly rental allowance for those who reside outside Vatican City.

Cardinal Tardini has also personally conducted several unprecedented press conferences. At the one announcing the new pay scales His Eminence said: "Reports of the Vatican's great wealth are fairy tales." To meet the new annual $6,000,000 payroll, the Pope might have to curtail some personal charities. "But the Holy Father decided that it was justice that these salaries be raised, and he said that if he had to choose between justice and charity he would take justice," the Cardinal continued.

Meanwhile, a tug-of-war for position and power has developed behind the Throne of St. Peter. The leading contenders can be defined, roughly, as the Old Guard cardinals against the new cardinals, the conservatives against the more liberal-minded.

Under Pius XII, almost all the Vatican's important administrative posts were held by a tight group of five or six prelates headed by Cardinal Nicola Canali. Canali, now in his 80s, has passed on the Old Guard leadership to Cardinal Alfredo Ottaviani, a much younger man who is chief of the Holy Office. Cardinal Ottaviani elaborates the general principles upon which the Church's strategy is based.

Nobody would deny that Ottaviani is a brilliant theologian. But Catholic liberals have been known to mutter that he seems to be several centuries behind the times. The leader of the New Guard at the Vatican is Cardinal Tardini.

Many differences divided the two groups. One issue concerned the rate at which Catholic seminaries and convents in Arab countries should be turned over to native priests. A second vexing question revolved around the methods to be employed to bring back into the Church the bulk of the French working class. According to Vatican sources, at present only about five percent of French workers attend mass regularly, while only about 20 percent of the babies born to workers in France are baptized.

Still another sharp difference of opinion has centered around the strategy to use against the still strong Communist party of Italy. Ten years ago the Holy Office decreed excommunication, with denial of sacraments, for professed Communists. At the village level this decree has been very difficult to apply. Italian Communists may not attend mass regularly, but many of them still want to be married in and be buried from the Church. And many priests will argue that the Church should maintain this contact.

While the Pope himself has usually played the role of umpire in this tug-of-war, one recent act spells eventual defeat of the Old Guard. That was his nomination of eight new cardinals, seven of whom are to be assigned to the Rome headquarters. To make room for these, His Holiness has suggested—in one instance *requested* — the resignation of older cardinals.

Within a few months of his coronation it was obvious that the new Pope possessed a fine political sense. The Primate of Poland, Cardinal Stefan Wyszynsky, had long complained that one obstacle to better relations between Church and State in Poland was the fact that the Vatican still maintained diplomatic contact with the almost forgotten Polish Government-in-exile. Came New Year's Day and the new Pope simply failed to receive the old Polish Ambassador. Thus was word most subtly conveyed to the Communist Government at Warsaw that it could have better relations with the Vatican if it really wanted them.

Another instance of Papal tact was displayed in the way he resolved the question of the Belgian royal wedding. The heir to the Belgian throne, Prince Albert, had arranged to marry his Italian princess-fiancée in a Vatican chapel, with the Holy Father officiating. This caused an uproar; the Belgians wanted this royal show staged on home grounds. His Holiness gracefully suggested that the Archbishop of Brussels conduct the ceremony—at Brussels.

Equally subtle was a one-word change that the Pope made in a traditional Good Friday prayer. For centuries the celebrant of this mass had prayed even for the souls of the "perfidious Jews." John XXIII simply omitted the word "perfidious."

The Pope does not hew to any fixed routine. He often takes impromptu walks in the Vatican gardens. He will sometimes go to bed very early but then may awaken at 1 or 2 A.M. and work several hours before he drops off to sleep.

John XXIII is an omnivorous reader of newspapers and magazines, especially those from Italy and France. The Pope's book reading consists mostly of history of the early Christian period. He is fondest of the saints of North Italy. His favorite, the topic of a five-volume treatise written by Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli himself, is Saint Carlo Borromeo, the great figure of the counter-reformation.

In some ways the new Pope still reveals his peasant background. For example, he refused to wear the red velvet shoes normally worn by Popes. Instead, he called in a special bootmaker and had him make some heavy, leather walking shoes which he then had dyed red.

The Pope was born on a tenant farm in a small village called Sotto il Monte, a part of the historic city of Bergamo. His two brothers still till their small acreages there. The generous proportions of His Holiness, however, now suggest a jolly burgher rather than a peasant. The new Pope, who is just under five feet, seven inches tall, weighs about 198 pounds. The most striking facial feature of the Holy Father is a pair of prominent ears. His voice is deep, firm, resonant. He uses the familiar Bergamo dialect with old friends and relatives; at other times his Italian is clear and pure.

During the summer of 1959 John XXIII surprised the Vatican by discarding the usual heavy red silk hat in favor of a light, white linen affair which he designed. That year he also appeared in St. Peter's wearing a *camauro*, a red felt cap trimmed in white ermine with big ear muffs not worn since the days of Sixtus V, in the late 16th century.

In the course of a mere two years John XXIII has succeeded in transforming a quiet and very sedate Vatican into a buzzing center of activity. The new Pope has proved himself not only a superb administrator but what is probably just as significant—a consummate politician. Even more important, he is a very warm human being.

THE TAX OFFICE in one midwestern town has a sign over the door that reads: WATCH YOUR STEP.

As you leave the office, you will see written on the back of the sign the words: WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE.

—T. ASHLEY BURTON

BY ART BUCHWALD

JOYEUX NOËL AT OUR MAISON

Whether it's called Xmas, or Noël, it's the same expensive holiday to Paris-based columnist Art Buchwald who writes about the Champs Elysées as if it were Main Street. Here, Buchwald comments on Christmas presents with wit, humor and a father's touch of irony

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THE GIVING and receiving of presents usually works a great hardship on the master of the household. It certainly has gotten out of hand in mine. I am not only exchanging gifts with relatives and childhood friends, but with people I don't even know.

As an example, I cite the following:

About seven years ago we met a couple on the boat, whom I'll call Mr. and Mrs. Irving Hoffman. When it came holiday time my wife sent them a Christmas card, and best wishes for the New Year.

They sent us a souvenir letter opener from St. Moritz, which, on the surface, seemed a friendly gesture.

The next Christmas, my wife, who keeps the accounts in our house, said, "We have to get the Hoffmans a gift. They sent us a letter opener last year."

I protested that another Christmas card, perhaps with more elaborate printing, would suffice. But she was adamant. So she went out and bought a paperweight, which she promptly dispatched with the season's greetings.

The day before Christmas a special delivery package arrived containing four bottles of Scotch. It was too late to retaliate and my wife's Christmas was spoiled, worrying over what the Hoffmans were thinking about us for sending them a lousy paperweight.

The next Christmas I bought them a record album of Beethoven's nine symphonies, which cost me $50 but gave my wife her pride back. The Hoffmans sent us a television set. Another Christmas was spoiled.

Fortunately we didn't have to wait for Christmas to get even. We were invited to the wedding of one of the Hoffman daughters and we sent a silver service from Cartier's.

We were feeling pretty good for a few months, but at my anniversary in October I received the complete Encyclopedia Americana in leather bindings.

These people were playing for real.

The next Christmas I bought them a small Van Gogh etching for $1,000 and gloated, but not for long. They sent us a set of Louis XIV chairs.

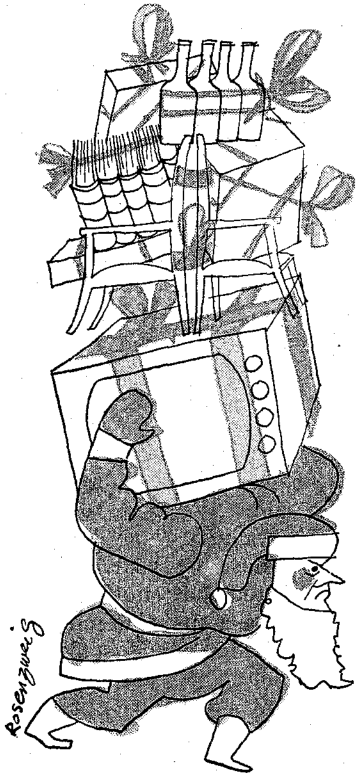
I was all for calling a truce, but my wife insisted I had to go on, even if it meant cutting down on gifts for the children.

"*His* birthday is in February," she said, "and *yours* doesn't come up until October. We'll have six months of peace."

I bought him a Vespa scooter for his birthday and delivered it myself just to see him eat his heart out. It was a blow below the belt, but he recovered fast. Somehow he wheedled out of my wife that my son would be four years old in April.

In April Hoffman sent ten shares of American Tel. and Tel. stock for the boy.

The gift exchanging went back and forth for the next few years without letup. Feelings were so bitter that we didn't even talk to



"He gave me liquor, an encyclopedia, antique chairs, a television set . . .

each other and did all our gift giving by mail.

This Christmas I decided to fix Hoffman once and for all. I was going to give him a Thunderbird.

But while I was down at the dealer's looking them over, I got a call from my wife.

"Hold off," she cried excitedly. "All we got from the Hoffmans this year was a Christmas card."

"It's just a diversion," I said. "He's going to spring something on us Christmas Eve."

"I don't think so. It was a very cheap card and it had no return address."

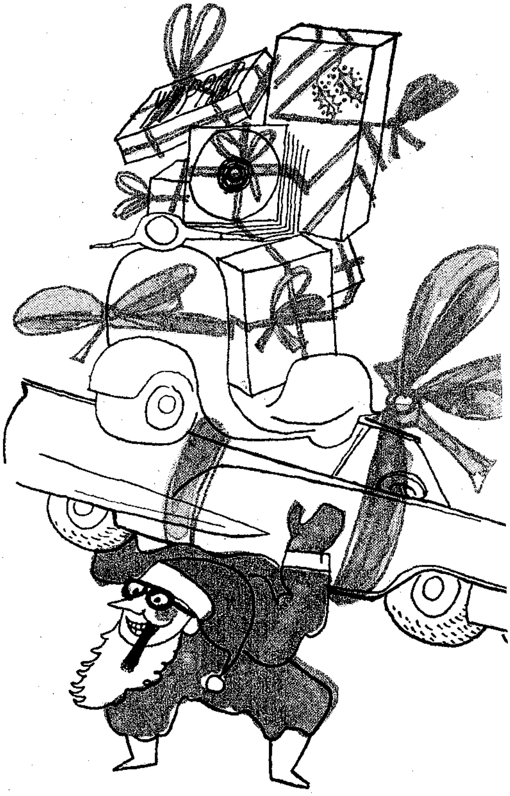
"You really think they've given up?" I asked.

"I'm sure of it," my wife said.

"That no-good yellowbelly," I chortled. "He lost his nerve. I've got a good mind to send him the Thunderbird anyway."

"Oh, please don't," my wife begged. "He's probably suffering enough as it is, and it is Christmas."

"Okay," I said. "I'll let him off this time, but he better not start up with us again."



. . . and just as I was about to counter with a Thunderbird, the coward quit."

a letter to the hon. santa claus

Reindeersville
North Pole

Dear Sir,

I have been informed by certain members of the family that you plan to visit our house on the evening of the 24th of December. These members, who seem to speak with authority, have assured me it is your intention to leave behind several dozen toys and gifts as well as candy and favors. They say that they have already informed you as to the toys they desire, but if you wish to add anything that they have forgotten, they will put it to good use, and no package left by the chimney will remain unopened.

I was delighted to receive this information, as I was afraid I would have to go out and spend a fortune to buy their presents. But my son, aged six, and two daughters, aged five and three, insist I don't have to do any shopping as you will take care of everything. Having just priced several items in a toy shop, this came as a great relief to me.

But they have requested I write to you anyway, as they are afraid that you might have difficulty getting into the house. Our concierge is very suspicious of strangers, particularly those coming down chimneys, and the children fear she may frighten you away, as she has the egg man, the plumber and several electricians.

The children suggest that you use the kitchen chimney in the back of the apartment, which cannot be seen by the concierge. The children also suggest you keep your reindeer quiet, as the concierge is a light sleeper.

Joel, my son, has requested that when leaving his gifts behind, you place them apart from those of his sisters. Last year, if you recall, you left them all in one big heap in front of the Christmas tree and while he was trying on a sweater his youngest sister opened a package addressed to him, which contained an airplane. I have only Joel's word that his sister broke the airplane before he even had a chance to play with it.

This year he was wondering if you would leave ALL his gifts behind the draperies next to the piano. He feels this is safer.

The cleaning woman also asks if you would refrain from placing chocolates and chewing gum in the children's stockings. Last year she spent two weeks trying to get chocolate out of the rug and chewing gum off the walls.

I have a few requests of my own. Would you please not leave any battery-operated toys WITHOUT the batteries? It's very difficult to find a store in Paris that sells batteries on Christmas Day, and you are no doubt aware of how worthless these toys can be without batteries.

Also, if you're going to leave any electric trains, would you mind marking on them whether they are for 110 or 220 volts? Last Christmas Eve I spent the better part of the night changing fuses. A further request: if you're going to drop off any German toys, would you please leave instructions in English? We still have a pair of roller skates that will go only backward.

I might add that the Assemble-It-Yourself Gas Station, which you left last Christmas with 400

"Easy-To-Glue-Together" pieces, is still in 400 pieces. This is nothing against you personally. But I think you should take the engineering abilities of the fathers into consideration before you leave anything that has to be assembled for the sons.

There were several requests in our children's letter that I was wondering if you could ignore. I might mention specifically the automatic hair-trigger machine gun which sounds "just like the one paratroopers use," the electric drum "that plays by just pushing a button," a police siren for a three-wheeler bike, and a teakettle "that whistles when you blow in the spout."

I'm sorry to have taken up so much of your time, but according to my family, you are always open to suggestions.

If you get finished early on Christmas morning, please stop by for a drink. Don't worry about disturbing us—we'll be up all night trying to put the electric trains together.

Sincerely,
A.B.

•

SIGN IN A self-service laundromat: "Please remove your clothing after you've finished your laundry."

—LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM

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How words work

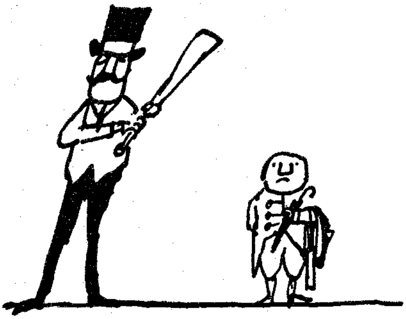
BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Why, when you say "Thank you," do some people say "You bet!"?

This American colloquialism, which seems to be the most irrelevant statement conceivable, has left British visitors dumfounded. Actually, it's a shorthand way of saying "Your combined munificence and charm have made my gratitude so certain that you may safely wager on it"—a remark which the ordinary taxi driver would hesitate to utter. But it's no more confusing than the British "Right-o, guv'ner!"

Why "It's not cricket" rather than "not hockey" or any other sport?



The expression—which is purely English; only fools or humorists use it in America—is based on the fact that cricket is a gentleman's game. Its rules are so ill-defined, says author George Orwell, "that their interpretation is partly an ethical business." It is a game in which form and style are more valued than success. So to say that something "is not cricket" does not mean that it's dishonest but that it doesn't measure up to the exacting requirements of the highest ethical standards.

When fat is used as shortening, what does it shorten?

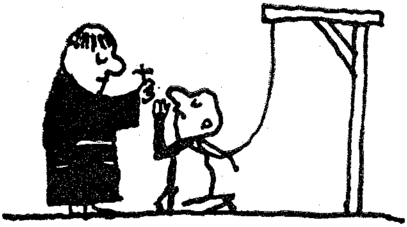
Shortbreads and shortcakes are crumbly, they break easily into short pieces. There are many uses of *short* to mean brittle. Coal is said by miners to be short when it is crumbly; paper-makers refer to paper as short when it breaks easily; gardeners say that sand makes loam short. Izaak Walton says that the flesh of the chub is "short and tasteless."

Why does a peddler *hawk* his wares?

To *hawk*, in the sense of going about and offering for sale, is derived from the word that is the root of *huckster*. It should be to *huck* and the peddler should be a *hucker*. But there were also *hawkers* who went about from castle to castle selling foreign hawks and the two words got mixed up.

What is "short shrift"?

In former times those condemned to death, especially political offenders, military captives and traitors, were executed almost out of hand. Since their crimes were not assassinations or murders, however, there was a pretense of justice and the prisoner was usually allowed *shrift*; that is, he was allowed to confess his sins to a priest and prepare his soul for death. But those who had him in their power were usually impatient and the condemned was thus allowed only a little time for his confession. This, in its literal sense, was *short shrift*. The term is used today for short notice before some unpleasant event or—making short work of something disagreeable.



What does *posh* mean?

It's British slang meaning elegant. It's a shortened form of "all poshed up," which is a shortened form of "all polished up." One hears repeatedly that it is P.O.S.H. (Port Out, Starboard Home), which the experienced are said to have written on their requests for staterooms or deck chairs on the trips to India. But this explanation is linguistically unfounded, historically unproven and meteorologically undesirable.

Why is a woman's faultfinding and petty bullying called *nagging*?

Nag in this sense has nothing to do with the word for an old horse. It's related, rather, to the word *gnaw*. In northern England they would say, until quite recently, "Give the child a crust to *nag* on." It's the endlessness of the complaining that makes it *nagging*. This sense didn't come into the word until the early 19th century, when women were beginning to assert themselves. ♛

Buying a foreign car in Europe;
summer homes in national forests;
mutual investment funds minus
commissions; the new long-life light bulbs

money-wise

BUYING AN AUTO IN EUROPE: it's cheaper

Many American tourists make substantial savings by buying European cars in Europe. There are four basic plans:

1. **Package Deals.** Dozens of companies will take your order in the U. S. for a car to be delivered in Europe. They advertise in big city newspapers. Many publish free booklets listing prices, generally lower than at an American dealer. They assure delivery of the color and model you want and spare you many bothersome details.

Buying this way, you lose the right to take your Customs duty exemption on your car. This can be done only if you order it in Europe.

If you do order and buy your car in Europe, when you bring it back you may declare it and apply your own and your family's Customs exemptions against it. Each person is allowed a $500 personal exemption after 12 days of foreign travel. If you and your wife bring back a car worth $1,000, you can take your full exemption against the car. The import duty on an automobile is eight-and-a-half percent. On a $1,000 car that would be $85. This would be your saving, if you can use your Customs exemption.

However, if you are bringing back other more highly taxed merchandise, it would save you more money to apply your exemption against the other merchandise.

To select a package plan, study the brochures of many agencies. Make sure yours includes the following expenses: delivery to the city where you intend to pick up the car; cost of American adaptations, required by law for driving in the U.S.; all necessary documents; preparation of the car for shipment to the U.S.; European port charges; return freight; marine insurance; U.S. Customs duty.

One advantage of using a package plan is that you can finance your car purchase with a loan.

Here are some package-plan savings you can make under New York list prices:

Renault Dauphine sedan, $284; Triumph TR3 roadster, $325; Volkswagen 113 sedan, $207; Mercedes 190SL, convertible, $559; Jaguar 3.8 sedan, $620; Citroen ID-19 sedan, $411; Ford Consul sedan, $76.

2. **Tie-In Plans.** An American dealer might, for instance, offer a Renault Dauphine plus a cabin-class round trip by ship to Paris for the American list price of the car. Since this fare costs over $400, this deal saves more than $280 of a package plan on the same car. Make sure, however, that all the costs are covered by the tie-in plan.

3. **Doing It Yourself.** You can handle your own arrangements for buying your car with consequent maximum savings.

a. Order your car in Europe to get your full Customs exemption. Save your bill of sale. Customs appraisal is based on the list factory price of the car, less depreciation. If your car suffers any damage in Europe, you may save duty by leaving it unrepaired. Customs is likely to allow more depreciation. But do not drive a car in dangerous condition. If you register and drive your car in Europe, it becomes a used car and will be valued as such by the U. S. Customs appraiser.

b. Arrange your trip to land close to the factory making your car. By taking delivery at the factory, you may save $25 to $200.

c. To learn the best deals inquire at the American Automobile Association offices, American Express, and such organizations as Auto-Europe, Autourist and Hertz.

d. Be sure to buy your car with American modifications. This may cost $40 to $100 more, but will be cheaper than modifying the car here. The seller will also arrange Customs documentation. This may cost from $25 to $50. The dealer should also arrange your international driver's license, registration and plates.

e. If you know when you are returning to the States, arrange for shipment of your car in advance as freight. You can clear the car through Customs yourself. When your car arrives at port, it will be allowed to stand five days without charge. After that, you pay a storage charge. So, if you can't call for the car within five days of arrival, have a Customs specialist clear it for you. Fee: $20 to $25. Customs specialists are listed in the classified telephone directory.

f. You can always ship through American Express at a cost of from $30 to $60 extra, but you can be sure of careful handling and arrival by fast, scheduled freighter.

g. Before your car goes aboard ship, its gas tank and crankcase must be drained. Its underside must be steam cleaned, to prevent importation of harmful seeds and plant bacteria. There are garages near every European port which do this for a fee of $6 to $10. The work must be done on the dock.

4. **Repurchase Plans.** If you stay long in Europe, you might look into the guaranteed repurchase plans offered by package purchase agencies. These plans guarantee to buy your car back at a specified price. The major depreciation is 20 percent, more or less, for the first month of use. For succeeding months depreciation is slight. It is possible to buy and resell a car in Europe at a loss no greater than the cost of shipping it home and paying duty.

Because European auto taxes are high on new cars, a used car is sometimes worth more than a new one. You may be able to resell your car for considerably more than the guaranteed repurchase price.

SUMMER HOMES IN NATIONAL FORESTS: lease the land

Homesites in national forests may be leased from the U. S. Forest Service. Across the country there are some 20,000 such sites. They rent for $25 to $100 a year, for one-third to one-half acre, on an annual, easily renewable lease.

The Forest Service permits homesites only where they will not interfere with lakes, fishing streams or scenic attractions. Consequently, such sites are isolated. Sites are in groups of five to 30, separated to preserve the wilderness yet forming a small community usually convenient to recreation areas and roads. Summer homeowners frequently develop cooperative water systems, garbage disposal, etc., and sometimes hire a group caretaker.

Available lots generally have houses built on them. Each year, however, a number become available as holders of permits give them up. To get such a site you have to buy the house from its owner, usually through a real estate broker.

The Forest Service cautions that the new owner has to get a new permit to lease the land. This new one may have different restrictions and conditions than the previous permit. So, before buying, check with the forest supervisor to be sure that you will get a permit, and learn its terms.

A few sites without houses are available, mostly in the West. There are practically none in New England or Southern California.

For a list of national forests, write to the Chief, U. S. Forest Service, Washington 25, D. C. To get a summer homesite write to the forest supervisor of the national forest you select. He will arrange for you to inspect available sites. If none is available, he will refer you to another national forest that may have some.

LONG-LIFE LIGHT BULBS: they do last longer

Two-year, three-year, and five-year light bulbs will do what they claim. If you make average use of an incandescent lamp (1500 hours a year), a new long-life bulb, rated at 2500 hours, will last about two years. (Some stores give a three-year guarantee.)

Selling for anywhere from 33 to 89 cents, such a 2500-hour bulb will last as long as two or three of the conventional 60-watt bulbs. The biggest cost in lighting, however, is the amount of electric current consumed. The longer the life of a bulb, the less light it gives in relation to the electricity it uses.

A 60-watt regular bulb, for example, which burns 1,000 hours, uses an average of $1.50 of electric current. To get the same amount of light from the long-life bulb, however, you must use a 100-watt lamp, consuming about $2.50 of electricity in 1,000 hours.

The 2500-hour bulb may cost only 33 cents as against about 75 cents for three 25-cent bulbs, and saves the annoyance of changing bulbs over a two-year period. But it will use $2.33 more of electricity during its life span. Thus it costs $1.91 more for the same amount of light.

There is also a five-year bulb which costs between 49 and 69 cents. And there may soon be others rated at six years or longer. Such ultra-long-life bulbs use thicker, longer filaments, which give even less light for the amount of electric current consumed.

"NO-LOAD" MUTUAL FUNDS: you save salesman's fee

More than 2,000,000 Americans own stock in mutual funds which invest money in a diversified portfolio of stocks under professional investment management. Mutual fund shares are often bought from a retail salesman, who earns a commission of six percent to nine percent of your investment. (Eight percent is the most frequent commission.) This means that if you invest $10,000 in such a fund, you actually buy $9,200 of stock.

There is, however, one type of mutual fund that charges no sales commission because it employs no salesmen. This is the "no-load" fund. The "no-load" fund charges a management fee of one-half percent to one percent per year. To buy shares in a "no-load" mutual fund, you apply to the fund's offices or to your broker. Since no commission is paid to brokers, direct application might be necessary. If you decide to sell your shares back to the company during the first year of ownership, you can expect to get back the full current market price of the shares.

Of some 250 mutual funds in the U. S., about 25 are "no-load." These are often smaller funds organized by investment counselors to satisfy the demands of small clients for management of their investments. In practice, the "no-load" funds seem to perform about as well as the "load" funds. Among the 14 top performers in the larger and better known growth stock funds from 1955-1959, two were "no-load" funds. Among balanced funds, two "no-load" funds were among the top six performers over a ten-year period.

In buying mutual fund shares, study the performance records and the investment objectives of funds. There are standard sources of such information such as Johnson's Investment Company Charts, The Wiesenberger & Co. reports, Barron's Financial Weekly, an annual publication called "Investment Trusts and Funds from the Investor's Point of View," and others. Your broker should have one or more such publications available to you.

Some of the principal "no-load" funds are: Energy Fund; Johnston Mutual Fund; Loomis-Sayles Mutual Fund; T. Rowe Price Growth Stock Fund; Scudder, Stevens and Clark; Stein Roe and Farnham.

LILLIPUTIAN LOGIC

A NEIGHBOR was asking my youngster about his summer camp.

"Tell me," she asked, "how is the food there?"

"Oh," he replied, without hesitation, "the food they serve is wonderful and they don't *make* you eat it either."

—*Dixie Roto—Times Picayune*

How socialized medicine works in England

BY ROBERT G. DEINDORFER

IN THE SPRING OF 1957 a gaunt laborer in Kendal, England, named William Hully guessed there was something wrong with him. There was. In the operating theater of a large Blackpool hospital, an eminent surgeon removed his cancerous left lung. It took Hully three months to get over the worst of his convalescence. "If I'd taken bad in the old days," says Hully, "the whole thing would have cost 350, possibly 400 pounds ($1,410, $1,612). Without the Government, I'd be dead now." The total cost of surgery, hospitalization, nursing and radium for William Hully: absolutely nothing. Unusual? Not at all. Incidents such as this have become routine throughout England and Wales in the 12 years since the revolutionary National Health Service was enacted. All over England family doctor bills have dimmed into memory. In towns like Kendal and Harwich, York, Exmouth and Thornaby on Tees, all the abundance of modern medicine—doctors, nurses, surgery, hospitalization—is available for everyone at Government expense. For drugs, dental treatment and dentures, eyeglasses and the like, there are nominal charges.

About 98 percent of England and Wales' total population of 45,109,000 participate in the Health Service, while political leaders of every stripe agree on the abiding need for the program.

Yet original demands for comprehensive socialized medicine touched off a bruising controversy. When England's postwar Government passed the National Health Service Act in 1946, opponents reacted with alarm. They objected to the expense, the additional bureaucracy, the concept of putting medicine on a sort of assembly-line basis. Not the least of the opposition was a melancholy warning that the program was another giant step toward socialism.

A 1948 poll taken by the powerful British Medical Association showed that its members voted ten to one against socialized medicine. Eight years after the Service began, a Gallup Poll revealed a significant change. Sixty-seven percent of the doctors approved.

Whatever its ideological overtones, the National Health Service amounts to a bold thrust forward.

Beginning in July 1948, those who wanted to use the program simply registered with a local general practitioner of their choice. These doctors treated them regularly for normal aches and pains, prescribed necessary drugs and medicines, arranged for specialists, surgery, nursing and hospitalization, all under the plan.

The direct cost for these services is a routine weekly National Insurance payment, which is deducted from every Englishman's wages or salary. For example, an employed male over 18 pays nine shillings and 11 pence ($1.39); a self-employed male over 18 pays 12 shillings ($1.68). Self-employed persons pay the cost by purchasing special National Insurance stamps at any post office. Insurance covers a bountiful assortment of social welfare measures: maternity grants for mothers, family allowances for children, unemployment, sickness and accident benefits, widows' allowances and old-age pensions, along with the Health Service.

Though such serious problems as the shortage of hospitals and nursing homes still are unsolved, most doctors and patients still feel the Service has more than measured up to expectations.

Except for approximately 700 general practitioners who are going it alone, England's 48,000 doctors all participate in the Health Service, although some of them still see an occasional patient on the old private-fee basis as well.

These doctors receive quarterly Government checks based on the number of patients registered with them. General practitioners are paid extra fees for the treatment of emergencies when the patients are not on the doctor's list; and doctors in rural areas are given extra money for traveling expenses. For every patient on their list, doctors collect $2.52 per year—no matter how often they treat them. In a land where salaries are pegged to a lower base than America, the average medical income of $6,793 (for general practitioners) is in the top one percent of individual earnings.

Some doctors also receive awards worth as much as $7,000 a year for "professional distinction." By adding bonus payments for physicians willing to practice in under-doctored areas, the Health Service has helped correct a blight as well. While almost half the population lived in under-doctored areas before 1948, only 20 percent of the people inhabit these medical slums today.

With more Englishmen receiving proper treatment—through general medical advances, better diets, as well as the Service—tuberculosis deaths have tailed off from 22,000 in 1948 to 4,480 last year. Infant mortalities dwindled from 34 per 1,000 births to only 20, polio deaths from 167 to 129, diphtheria deaths from 155 in 1948 to 8 in 1958. At a cost of some $2 billion a year, and roughly $16 billion since 1948, the English are plainly healthier than ever before.

But figures don't begin to tell the whole story. It has to be viewed in the perspective of an average community. Scenic old Kendal, a brisk market center of 18,500 people, with woolen mills, a shoe factory, two ironworks and two breweries its biggest industries, rolls up from the lazy Kent River on England's west coast. Its size, economy and appearance make it similar to hundreds of other communities across Great Britain.

In shops along Highgate, in cramped, low-income development homes out on Jenkins Rise and in medical offices on Maude Street and Main, the reactions to the Health Service run to a pattern.

On a recent trip to Kendal I interviewed more than 230 doctors, nurses, hospital attendants, laborers, shopkeepers, businessmen, housewives, churchmen and city officials; the healthy, the sick and the dying, without talking with anyone who didn't approve of what everyone fondly refers to as "The Scheme."

"Mind you, we don't say The Scheme is necessarily suitable for export," says Paul Wilson, an executive at the Gilkes Gilbert & Gordon Ltd. ironworks. "What we do say is that it's a marvelous success in Kendal, and we wouldn't want to do without it."

Yet that doesn't mean that physicians, patients and even the local bureaucracy assigned to administer the program don't register some twanging complaints. They do. The criticism includes too little hospital space, more pay for doctors, less pay for doctors, a change so patients may see doctors by appointment and faster treatment in surgical cases. But the people criticize with constructive affection.

"In my view The Scheme has not expanded fast enough," F.S. Ion of

The District Bank says, for example. "My sister-in-law has been waiting for minor surgery since before Christmas, and she's eager to get on with it."

Dr. Frank Madge, the medical officer of health in Kendal, is frank to acknowledge these and other shortcomings. To Madge and others, the most serious problem is the lack of hospital space. With limited beds available, only essential surgery claims special priority at Kendal's Westmorland County Hospital.

ALTHOUGH people may participate in the program, or not, as they choose, less than one percent of the population remains out.

In increasing numbers residents went into the old post office on Highgate, peered at the list of participating doctors posted on the bulletin board, and registered with whichever one they wanted. Many people selected the doctor they'd always had.

Every so often new features were codified and sent out from the Ministry of Health in London, first a similar plan for dentists, next a slight charge for eyeglasses and false teeth, finally a program to improve the dark realm of mental health by adding psychiatry and rest homes.

The Scheme has had its greatest impact among Kendal's lower-income families.

When The Scheme first began, vague hopes began flickering among inhabitants of the worn stucco homes along cluttered Greengate Lane or out beyond the Duke of Cumberland Pub on Jenkins Rise. Only weeks before, a 47-year-old woman on Greengate had died of cancer, leaving four children. What set the neighbors to thinking was the mournful fact that the woman had perished without the major surgery which might have saved her, or at least lengthened her life, simply because her husband couldn't afford the proper treatment.

On recalling those early days, Paul Cottam, an energetic little man who served as Secretary for Kendal's voluntary, executive medical council, is still pinched by a bittersweet memory. "One man in his middle years told me why he thanked God for The Scheme," Cottam recalls. "It was the very first time he'd ever visited a doctor in his life." Unfortunately he wasn't the only one who had never seen a doctor.

Participation isn't confined to the have-nots. Among thousands of Kendal people of various economic levels who also use the program, lean, aesthetic Roy Sheath, Conservative Party leader and a member of the local aristocracy, views The Scheme with a special glow of pride. "Look at the healthy children in town nowadays, strapping young beggars they are, big as their parents," Sheath told me.

Perhaps the most significant testimonial comes from George Parkinson, a hulking, bushy-haired undertaker who has been burying Kendal's dead for 20 years. "In our work we see the difference since The Scheme started," Parkinson recently commented. "The people aren't dying so fast any more."

Statistical surveys support Parkinson's personal observations. During a ten-year span, infant mortality in Kendal has dwindled from 44.6 per 1,000 live births to only 20.7. These figures illustrate an important point. Until The Scheme, a number of local mothers customarily gave birth in their own homes with a midwife assisting. Today, about 80 percent of the babies are born in hospitals, and their mothers receive postnatal care and home nursing.

The visible improvements in health have not escaped the notice of local employees. Not only are their friends and neighbors more vigorous, but the Kendal work force is all the healthier, too.

"The Scheme has done much more than the absentee records might show," says personnel officer John Robinson of K Shoes, the largest local industry. "In olden times too many people came to work even when they were sick and ailing. They couldn't afford the time off and many of them couldn't pay for adequate medical treatment, anyway."

In Kendal, and elsewhere, anyone in need of attention, English or otherwise, may call on a local doctor, dentist or druggist for whatever they require.

Among countless outland visitors who have used The Scheme, an American dentist from Aurora, Illinois, realized his smallpox inoculation had expired while he was touring England in the summer of 1959. In Kendal he called on a doctor, rolled up his sleeve and received a shot courtesy of Her Majesty's Government. For treating a temporary resident, the doctor received an additional $2.52 in income.

At first Kendal's doctors feared the program would lead to longer office hours, reduced earnings and an over-all decrease in their incentive to work. Weeks and even months went by before the last of Kendal's doctors agreed to participate. Since then their own inclination to establish group practices, plus three Government pay increases, have dissolved those early fears. Of the 12 doctors practicing in Kendal, only one, a smiling young woman from Scotland, is not engaged in group practice.

The trend toward at least three doctors establishing a practice together makes good sense in England today. Besides such advantages as shorter hours and longer holidays, doctors may borrow sums from the Government at no interest to put up handsome new offices and surgeries.

What the Government pays various doctors is based on an elaborate formula. One younger doctor I spoke with, for example, receives a basic $6,027 annually. This income derives from a list of 1,725 patients worth $2.52 each, plus an additional load of $1.68 for everyone on the list within a range of 501 and 1,500 and a maximum of 3,500 patients.

"As far as the Health Service is concerned, we have no quarrel with the over-all plan," wiry, dark-haired Dr. Andrew Gill says.

Probably the most constructive feature for some doctors is the end of the nagging ritual of preparing individual bills, and trying to collect from occasional deadbeats. The need for mentally fluoroscoping a patient's bank balance is gone.

Yet, with all the gains, any realistic inventory would have to account for some losses as well. Most physicians sadly acknowledge the end of the so-called bedside manner. There just isn't time for it any more. "Since The Scheme is free, without any limit on visits to the doctor," says Paul Cottam, "some patients stop by every week or so for the amusement of it. So doctors no longer have time to establish the wonderful bedside relationship."

If doctors are beset by flagrant busybodies or serious hypochondriacs, or worse, they always have the right to ask their local executive medical council to transfer such individuals to someone else's list. In 12 years three patients have been transferred.

With a second decade of the National Health Service now under way and the old dream of free medical care for all a reality, the gains have more than offset the losses. Probably nobody knows this better than Kendal's former Mayor William E. Whitwell.

"There may be mistakes and shortages, but The Scheme has been wonderful for us," Whitwell said recently. "The people in Kendal are healthier today, with better teeth and eyes, better lungs, medical care for everyone. After all, that's the point of it, isn't it?"

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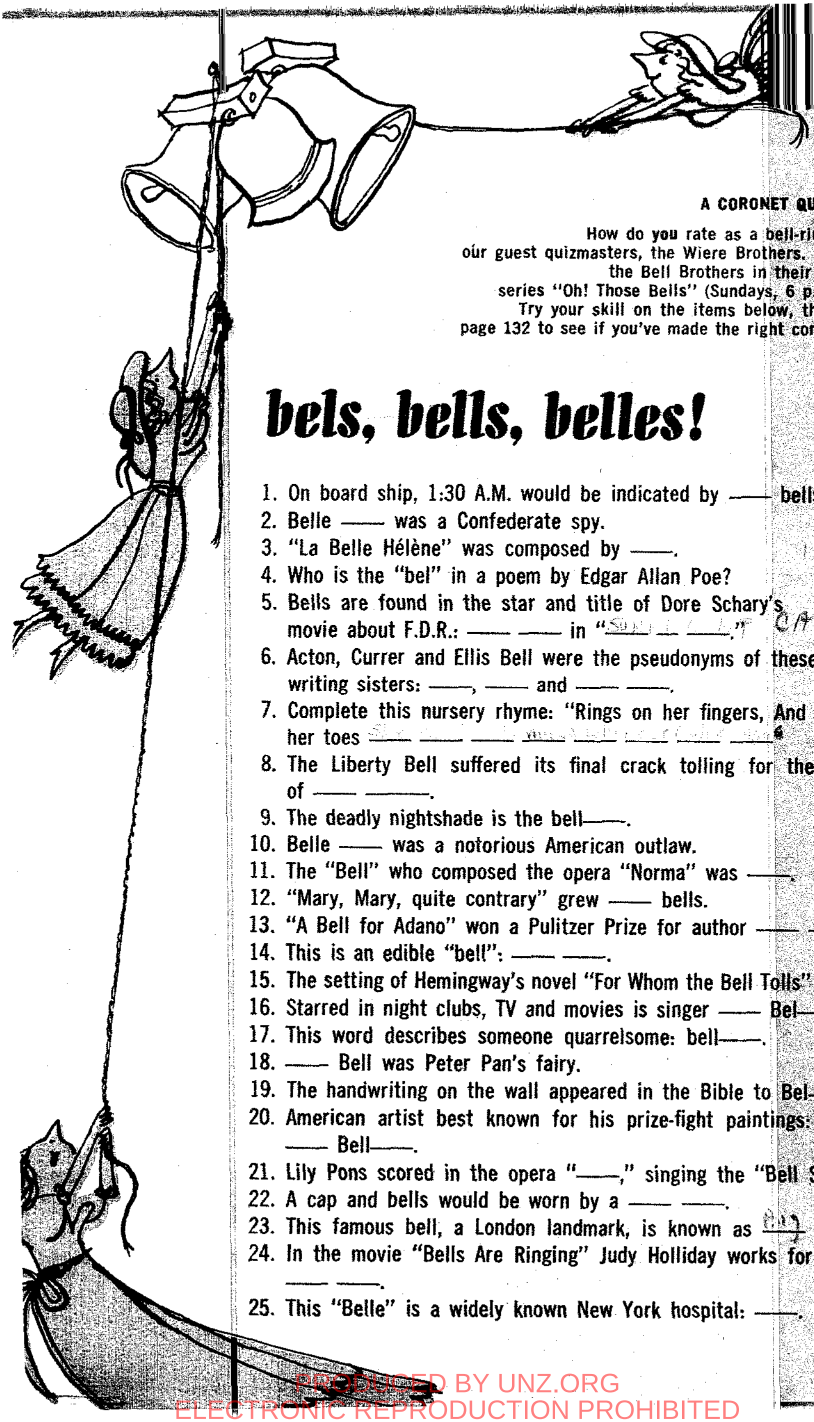


A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

How do you rate as a bell-ringer? ask our guest quizmasters, the Wiere Brothers. They play the Bell Brothers in their C.B.S.-TV series "Oh! Those Bells" (Sundays, 6 p.m., EST). Try your skill on the items below, then check page 132 to see if you've made the right connections.

bels, bells, belles!

1. On board ship, 1:30 A.M. would be indicated by —— bells.
2. Belle —— was a Confederate spy.
3. "La Belle Hélène" was composed by ——.
4. Who is the "bel" in a poem by Edgar Allan Poe?
5. Bells are found in the star and title of Dore Schary's movie about F.D.R.: —— —— in "Sun —— ——." CAMPOBELLA
6. Acton, Currer and Ellis Bell were the pseudonyms of these famous writing sisters: ——, —— and —— ——.
7. Complete this nursery rhyme: "Rings on her fingers, And bells on her toes —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——."
8. The Liberty Bell suffered its final crack tolling for the funeral of —— ——.
9. The deadly nightshade is the bell——.
10. Belle —— was a notorious American outlaw.
11. The "Bell" who composed the opera "Norma" was ——.
12. "Mary, Mary, quite contrary" grew —— bells.
13. "A Bell for Adano" won a Pulitzer Prize for author —— ——.
14. This is an edible "bell": —— ——.
15. The setting of Hemingway's novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is ——.
16. Starred in night clubs, TV and movies is singer —— Bel——.
17. This word describes someone quarrelsome: bell——.
18. —— Bell was Peter Pan's fairy.
19. The handwriting on the wall appeared in the Bible to Bel——.
20. American artist best known for his prize-fight paintings: —— Bell——.
21. Lily Pons scored in the opera "——," singing the "Bell Song."
22. A cap and bells would be worn by a —— ——.
23. This famous bell, a London landmark, is known as Big Ben.
24. In the movie "Bells Are Ringing" Judy Holliday works for a —— ——.
25. This "Belle" is a widely known New York hospital: ——.

EILEEN FARRELL:

Prima donna with a dustpan

BY THOMAS WHITESIDE

At home she's as simple as her own apple pies; on-stage she's simply the world's greatest dramatic soprano

TO MOST PEOPLE the operatic prima donna is an inspired spitfire, whose flaring feuds and volcanic tantrums erupt on the slightest provocation and always land, red-hot, on the front pages of their newspapers. If this is so, the U.S. has the most unusual prima donna in the world. ■ She is a plump, 40-year-old Staten Island, New York, housewife named Eileen Farrell, described by experts as being the finest dramatic soprano before the public. Yet, when she isn't spellbinding an audience with her tremendous voice, she may be found wielding a dustpan, singing the blues—not because she's unhappy, but because she likes jazz—and acting as the dutiful wife of a retired policeman named Robert Reagan. ■ This year, on December 6, Miss Farrell will make her debut as a star of the Metropolitan Opera in New York City, in the difficult title role of *Alcestis*. This Gluck opera was last heard at the Met eight years ago with Kirsten Flagstad in the part. One reason it hasn't been heard since: nobody, until Miss Farrell, could sing it. At home, Mrs. Reagan darns her husband's socks, enjoys boxing and Westerns on TV and likes to play pop music on her phonograph as she does her housework. Mrs. Reagan is different from other housewives: her singing voice is one of the marvels of the musical world. ■ Mrs. Reagan, as Eileen Farrell, gives concerts and performs in operas. Then, she is transformed into an artist of awesome vocal powers. Some critics consider her, simply as a singer, the equal, if not the superior, of Maria Callas and Renata Tebaldi. "We find ourselves witnessing a miracle," one of Italy's most exacting critics wrote after hearing Miss Farrell perform in Italy during the summer of 1959. The San Francisco *Chronicle* wrote: "Miss Farrell . . . is to singers what Niagara is to waterfalls." Even Maria Callas, who rarely praises other lady singers, exclaimed, "I don't know why they should want me so much in America when they have Eileen Farrell."

Miss Farrell takes critical praise in her stride, as she always seems to have done. "Glory be to St. Patrick!" she remarked after her first big recital performance at New York's Town Hall five years ago, in which she had almost stunned her audience with her virtuosity. "There's nothing so difficult about singing *Medea*. You just pay attention to the words and do what comes naturally. The only trouble is that standing up all that time is hard on the feet."

This earthy attitude seems to allow Miss Farrell to get to the core of artistic problems with a minimum of fuss. Arthur Gamson, the conductor of the American Opera Society, tried to coach her as Medea (an enchantress who slew her own children). "You practically lose your mind," Gamson explained. "You are an absolute bitch."

Miss Farrell picked up a pencil and stolidly wrote BITCH in large letters on her score. Then she carried on with the performance in just the impassioned, bitchy singing style the conductor had called for.

People who know the tortured, frantic ways of so many great musical artists are constantly astonished at Miss Farrell's seeming lack of driving ambition to outdo her competitors—and herself.

But Miss Farrell regards her gift for singing as something that shouldn't be allowed to get out of hand. "To tell the truth, I've never had any ambition to be a big opera star," she says. "And as for success, if something's going to happen it'll happen, and if it doesn't it probably wasn't meant to be anyway."

Because she believes so firmly in having her singing judged on its merits, for years she resisted employing a press agent like other stars, and she gave in to her manager on this point only recently. She doesn't even own a scrapbook of press clippings. And a year or so ago, when the man who headed the claque at the Chicago Opera House came backstage to ask Miss Farrell, as he would ask any leading singer, if she'd like to buy the applause of his claque, she indignantly sent him out of the room. "If I'm to get applause, it has to be for *real*," she says.

"Mama was not really cut out to be an opera singer," Robert Reagan says. "She was meant to have a hundred children." In actuality, the Reagans have two children—Robert, 13, and Kathleen, 7—and Miss Farrell, who consistently takes the attitude that her family must come before her career, is determined that the children will not be victimized by her eminence.

Although she is obliged to spend a good deal of time out of town—during the 1959-1960 season she had commitments for 73 concerts—Miss Farrell's contract specifies that her singing engagements must never keep her away from Staten Island for more than 14 days at a stretch. When she is on tour she telephones her husband and children every evening, no matter where she is.

Regardless of the homey atmosphere it would be a mistake to assume Miss Farrell's ability to sing is any accident of nature. She has worked hard and long to develop her voice and has been steeped in music for as long as she remembers. From the time Eileen began singing nursery songs her parents, both professional singers, recognized that she had a remarkable voice. Shortly after she was graduated from high school in 1939, they sent her to New York to study with contralto Merle Alcock, who had sung at the Met.

It wasn't a particularly happy experience for Eileen, she says. She found her teacher to be a stern taskmistress, who demanded above her usual fee a contractual promise for ten percent of Eileen's future earnings. She also found herself doing her teacher's cooking, sewing her clothes and taking care of an invalided member of her family. Several times Eileen begged her parents to let her return home (to Woonsocket, Rhode Island) but after a while she decided to stick it out in New York.

Early in 1940 she managed to be auditioned for the *Major Bowes Amateur Hour*. The Major told her she wasn't good enough for his radio show. Discouraged and broke, Eileen took a train back to Woonsocket, where she worked in a department store.

But in a few months she bounced back to New York. This time she got a fruitful audition with the Columbia Broadcasting System, where James Fassett, now C.B.S. musical director, gave her various singing jobs. Before many months, Miss Farrell began to rise as a radio singer, and soon was given her own weekly C.B.S. half-hour program—*Eileen Farrell Sings*.

Eileen Farrell Sings developed quite a number of fans—and that's where love enters. Few fans admired her voice as much as Robert Reagan, an amateur Irish tenor and, at the time, a Forgery Squad detective in Manhattan.

One of the cases Reagan worked on involved a couturier named Tappé. Reagan happened to tell Tappé how much he liked Miss Farrel's voice. Tappé told him he made Miss Farrell's clothes. A few days later he got the policeman and the singer together at lunch. "I was never one for meeting names and celebrities, but I really wanted to meet that voice," Reagan says. "When Marna walked in with that big smile, that was it." When they became engaged Reagan put an end to Miss Farrell's studies with her teacher. The Reagans were married in 1946.

TODAY, on Staten Island, they live in a well-built, 12-room house overlooking a magnificent view of New York harbor. Both are early risers—usually up by 5:45 A.M.—and on a fine morning they like to step out on their lawn, on which peach, apple and plum trees grow, to watch the sun come up and to see ships entering New York harbor.

Usually, breakfast begins at between 6 and 6:30, and consists for Miss Farrell, of a glass of hot orange juice, a slice of toast and a cup of coffee. She always takes her orange juice hot because she found that chilled juice tended to cause spasms in her esophagus; in fact, she seldom drinks anything iced. She also supplements her orange juice with strong doses of vitamin C, which she believes helps ward off colds, since "the slightest cold in my throat and I'm out of business." (A cold she contracted four years ago had disastrous effects on her singing for months.)

After breakfast, she goes about her household chores with Mrs. Astrid Mortensen, her devoted Danish maid. She packs her children off to school and, about 9 A.M. when her accompanist arrives, she quits being Mrs. Reagan and gets down to work by her grand piano as Miss Farrell. During this period good neighbors tactfully stay away from the Reagan household.

Miss Farrell's practicing continues until 12:30, when her accompanist leaves. After Miss Farrell puts her music sheets away—she allows nobody else to disturb them—she and her husband have lunch. "A scrap of meat and a leaf of lettuce" is how he describes it. Miss Farrell, who once weighed as much as 225 pounds, by careful dieting has brought her weight down to about 175, which she feels is okay for her voice and good for her morale.

Her former bulk is one subject that she isn't always even tempered about. Once, when a short conductor asked her teasingly, "Miss Farrell, how much do you weigh?" she shot back, "Two hundred pounds plus. How tall are you?" The conductor took no more liberties with her.

After lunch, as she sunnily begins to make a pie ("Daddy is crazy over my apple pies") she keeps the kitchen door open to listen to pop records playing in the living room. Sometimes, in the evening, when the Reagans have neighbors in—they do very little other socializing—Miss Farrell will sing popular songs for them. On the infrequent occasions when they entertain friends from the musical world, like Alec Templeton, the blind pianist, Miss Farrell likes to plump herself on top of the piano and really let go with *Home Sweet Home*, with Mr. Templeton accompanying.

"Oh, I'm a real cornball," Miss Farrell told me after lunch at the Reagan home, "I love pop, I love every kind of music. I love to sing Bach, I love to sing *September Song*, I love Poulenc, I love Verdi and I love Stephen Foster. Just everything."

Recently, for the first time, Miss Farrell recorded some pop songs in an album called *I've Got a Right To Sing The Blues!* Besides the title song, she rips into such favorites as *Ten Cents a Dance, Blues in the Night*, and the aforementioned *September Song*. According to the critics, Miss Farrell is as sensational a popular singer as she is a singer of serious music. One went as far as to suggest she could give up the longhair stuff any time she wanted, and be the best of the girl singers.

Most evenings, after dinner, the Reagans sit and watch television for a while ("I just wore out a record of *Music From Peter Gunn*," Miss Farrell says) and they invariably get to bed before ten o'clock. Sometimes

Miss Farrell stays up in bed with a mystery story. "The trouble with high-class novels is that they don't have good plots," she says. "The same goes for action in too many operas. You take Leonora, in *Il Trovatore*, what does she do? She just stands around and sings. She's a real nothin'. Now, *La Gioconda* and Santuzza, they give you something to get your teeth into."

But usually, Miss Farrell has to study operatic scores, which she memorizes with grinding discipline. Sometimes, she says, when she's finished a long stretch of memorizing she likes to dream of a day when she can retire and spend all her time with her family. Money is no problem. Miss Farrell's earnings average about $200,000 a year and her husband's personal needs are taken care of by his police department pension. Reagan heartily concurs about retirement.

"Mama was just meant to be a mother," Reagan insisted as the three of us sat talking.

"For which I thank the Lord," his wife chimed in.

"There's no more temperament in Mama than there is in that chair you're sitting on," Reagan told me.

"Oh, there is when I sing, Daddy, you have to admit that," Miss Farrell said earnestly to her husband.

"All right, I'll agree with you. The way I've analyzed it, Mother, I won't say temperamental," Reagan said. "When you sing a song, you sing it from the *heart*." That seemed to satisfy Miss Farrell. She beamed. Soon she offered to play one of her recordings—a collection of arias put out by Columbia Records. I gladly accepted. She sat in a chair next to the phonograph, slightly nodding her head to the music. The opening orchestral chords of Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido!" from *Fidelio* came on and soon, as I sat watching this plump housewife, I heard emerging from the loud-speaker her voice—rich, tremendous, delicate, impassioned and perfectly controlled.

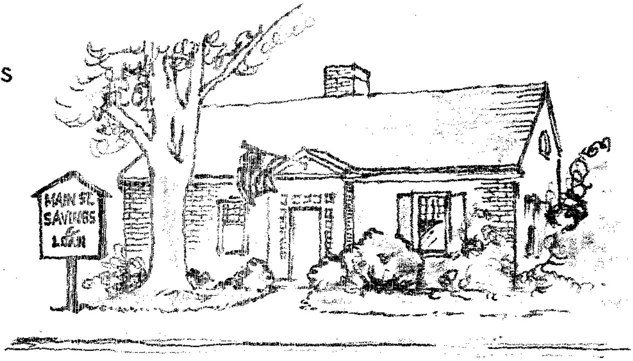
I suppose there is only one real way of reconciling Miss Farrell's extraordinary artistry with her homey demeanor, and that is to realize that her outward ordinariness must be, to a great extent, a mask, a façade. Later, Miss Farrell told me that the mere thought of an impending performance may send her into a cold sweat as she lies awake at night.

When she's on tour, she knits and does needlepoint for hours backstage or in her hotel room. Her embroidery is creeping inexorably over her furniture like some growth of fine-leaved ivy. Miss Farrell's homeyness tends to have much of the same quality as her needlepoint. Her domesticity, while it is very real, is not only an end in itself, it is also a necessity—a kind of tranquilizer to help her sustain her intense life as an artist.

MIDDLE AGE is that time of life when a man can get exhausted just wrestling with his conscience.

—*Kroehler News*

The booming Savings & Loan business blends neighborliness with multibillion dollar finance



Capitalists with the common touch

BY HENRY LEE

One day last spring, a woman in St. Petersburg, Florida, received a frightening cablegram. Her father, traveling in Europe, had suddenly been stricken ill and lay dying in a Copenhagen hospital. Her only hope of seeing him before he died was to fly out of St. Petersburg that very day.

But she needed $2,000 for the travel expenses—and it was a Saturday. First Federal Savings & Loan Association, where she kept her account, was closed for the week end.

Oscar R. Kreutz, its president, was working in his yard when he received the tearful emergency call. Because of time locks, he informed her, he couldn't possibly open his vault; but he happened to know of one small bank in town that *did* remain open on Saturday mornings.

Quickly, Kreutz dressed, hurried to the bank where he cashed his personal check for $2,000 and took it to the distraught woman. In exchange for a withdrawal order on her account, he gave her the money, and she just made her plane connections. Two days after her arrival in Copenhagen, her father died. Only Kreutz's hastily improvised financing had made the last meeting possible. "Her expressions of appreciation and gratitude were very touching," he recalls.

Though a multimillion dollar institution with 127,000 customers, First Federal exemplifies the warm, neighborly spirit of mutual help that distinguishes the 6,200 Savings and Loan Associations scattered throughout the country.

Sometimes known also as "cooperative banks" and "homestead associations," they have long been "sleepers" in the world of finance, overlooked even by financial writers and editors for the most part till very recent years. As a result, most of us still don't quite understand their function or contribution to the American economy.

More than 4,000 insured Savings and Loan Associations, which finance *one-third* of all home construction in the country, made well over 1,000,000 loans in 1959 totaling $15 billion—more loans to more families than all other financial institutions combined.

In fact, the post-World War II building boom in the suburbs has gone hand-in-hand with the astounding growth of S&Ls; assets of Long Island's County Federal S&L Assn., for example, have soared from under $7,000,000 in 1945 to $180,000,000 at present.

Some 20 associations (including such giants as Chicago's First Federal S&L and Talman Federal S&L, the Perpetual Bldg. Assn. in Washington D.C., the Baltimore Federal S&L, the Minneapolis S&L and the First Federal S&L Assn. of Detroit) boast assets of more than $200,000,000 each and two—the Home S&L Assn. and the California Federal S&L Assn., both in Los Angeles—are above the half billion mark. The trade paper *American Banker* frankly acknowledges that Savings and Loan Associations lead in the competition for new savings and cash-type investment accounts—"by a margin still shocking to banks with whom they are in competition." Almost 36,000,000 Americans today (more than 2,000,000 new customers have been added each year for the past four years) put their financial faith in S&L through savings accounts or home loans.

Much like savings banks, they encourage savings accounts from the general public, usually offering slightly more attractive interest rates. In turn, they invest these funds (except for the liquid reserves needed to meet demands for withdrawals) in easy-repayment home loans. (The S&Ls devised the revolutionary monthly repayment plan, later adopted by H.O.L.C., F.H.A. and V.A., which simplifies budgeting for principal, interest, taxes and insurance.)

However, unlike most financial institutions, almost all S&Ls are owned directly by their depositors; which means there are no financial "middlemen" such as stockholders who make a profit from their operations. This is one reason they often give somewhat higher interest rates on deposits and at the same time place home loans at rates comparable to those made by competitive institutions.

Another reason for their attractive yields is that they do not keep much money in unproductive reserve funds. This is because they do not accept "demand" deposits. Like banks, they can require that individual depositors give them advance notice of withdrawals on savings accounts; though as a matter of practice, they always give you the money merely on presentation of your passbook.

For the most part, those receiving loans to buy homes are also S&L account holders, but unlike credit unions, there is no requirement that borrowers be members. (Credit unions cannot grant home loans, but sometimes they place their funds in S&Ls which, in turn, grant the mortgages.)

"Their officers are just like the people who live next door to you," says William K. Divers, president of The Savings and Loan Foundation, a non-profit educational clearing house. "You can go in and talk to the men and women who make the decisions. If you are in trouble because of illness or loss of a job, perhaps you can arrange to continue interest payments but suspend principal payments temporarily. They think of their activities primarily in terms of people and not in dollars."

The very first association, Oxford Provident Building Assn., was formed at Sidebotham's Inn in Frankford, now part of Philadelphia, in 1831. Isaac Shallcross, the local surveyor and schoolteacher, who served as secretary, counted 37 members, who paid $3 monthly dues. That April, Samuel Pilling, the calico manufacturer, who acted as treasurer, reported $531 in his strongbox.

Members "bid" for the first loan, and Comly Rich, a 35-year-old constable, combmaker and lamplighter, won with the highest premium offer of $10. He was loaned $375 to buy a tiny house—still standing at 4276 Orchard Street, Philadelphia—which consisted of two 11x14-foot rooms, one atop the other, with seven-foot ceilings and a half-story attic.

Perhaps the loan was unwise, for Rich had trouble almost from the first in keeping up his monthly interest charges of $1.90, plus his $3 dues. Two or three times, he was fined 25 cents for delinquency, and after five years, his stock was transferred to another member. However, the next few borrowers, including "two gentlemen tailors," caused no vexation to Secretary Shallcross and Treasurer Pilling; and Oxford was on its way upward.

From this uncertain beginning, the S&L movement has burgeoned into the most dramatic example of successful "small capitalism" ever seen in the world. You will find S&Ls all through the Union right to the 50th state (where the Mormon missionaries introduced them many years ago) and as far away as Guam. They come large and small. The Farm & Home Savings & Loan Assn. in Nevada, Missouri (where ex-President Truman once sold investment accounts) covers Missouri and Texas; while the stoutly feminist little Susan B. Anthony Building Loan Assn. in New Jersey has less than $500,000 in assets and no fulltime employees.

However, don't write off the petticoat strength in the S&L movement! Women's Federal S&L in Cleveland, which is run by a woman board chairman and woman president, has more than $92,500,000 in assets.

Many of the associations have ethnic ties, a carry-over from the old days, dating back to the time when immigrants of the same tongue clustered together in their own neighborhoods.

In Seattle, The United Savings & Loan Assn. was started last June solely by Chinese and Japanese. In San Francisco, the Citizens Federal and the San Francisco Federal (non-Chinese Institutions) maintain Chinese branches staffed by Chinese personnel. From Harlem down to Birmingham and westward, there are 27 negro S&Ls, including the Broadway Federal S&L Assn. In Los Angeles and the Trans-Bay Federal S&L Assn. In San Francisco. And in New York City's Puerto Rican section, the The Ponce de Leon Federal S&L Assn. was organized this year.

BACK WHEN Bill Divers was a boy in Cincinnati, long before he ever dreamed he would be in the S&L movement he knew *the* big neighborhood event of the week came on Tuesday at 7 P.M. "Nobody dared make any social engagements for Tuesday night," he chuckles.

In stately fashion, the S&L's unpaid officers and directors sat in the ladies' parlors of the neighborhood saloons, receiving the weekly dues of 50 cents to $1 and dispensing home loans. "They all knew each other," Divers explains. "They knew who had married whom, who worked where, who was a good risk. After business, they had their beer and card game."

The S&Ls have achieved the mutually contradictory American ideals of colossal size and the intimate, personal touch. While the *number* of savings accounts has doubled to 27,400,000 in only five years, the average account is a modest $2,125; small as well as large accounts are encouraged. Lendingwise, there are some 8,300,000 home loans, but they represent *individual* loans of only about $6,780 per family, chiefly on small and medium-priced houses.

It's only when you put all the figures together, the deposits, the loans and the fluid reserves in cash and Government bonds, that you realize the over-all dimensions of the S&L movement. Their total assets come to the staggering figure of $67.2 billions, more than ten times what it was only 15 years ago!

"One important reason we have grown so rapidly is that S&Ls have not been 'a closed corporation,'" explains Norman Strunk, executive vice president of the United States Savings & Loan League, oldest and largest of the trade associations. "We've tried to make the organization of new associations sufficiently simple, yet sound, so that every county seat throughout the nation can have at least one."

Another reason for the dizzying growth is the safety of the deposits. Savings accounts in federally chartered S&Ls (and many state associations) are insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corp., exactly as bank customers are through the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

In addition to the security provided by wide diversification of loans on modest homes, S&Ls, whether state or federally chartered, are supervised. Kenneth G. Heisler, managing director of the National League of Insured Savings Associations, emphasizes: "Just as with savings banks, S&L operations are constantly examined by a state or Federal agency. Increasingly, we are all working together toward a common pattern of supervision and practices."

There is another aspect to S&L operations which, from his own experience, Bill Divers feels may have tremendous impact within the next few years. Less than a decade ago, while he was serving as its chairman, the Federal Home Loan Bank Board chartered the First Federal S&L of Puerto Rico. At that time, there were no insured savings accounts on the island, little or no interest paid on savings accounts, no mortgages available except at only 50 percent of appraised value —and at nine percent interest.

But after the first S&L was established, those interest rates dropped from nine percent to six percent. Today, Puerto Ricans can get loans at 75 percent to 80 percent of appraised value, which brings the down-payment within reach of the average worker. So many tens of thousands have thus been able to buy or build their own homes that the demand for public housing has sharply slackened. For the 40,000 to 50,000 who can put aside money in savings accounts, the interest rate is now four percent, and First Federal's assets have soared to more than $60,000,000.

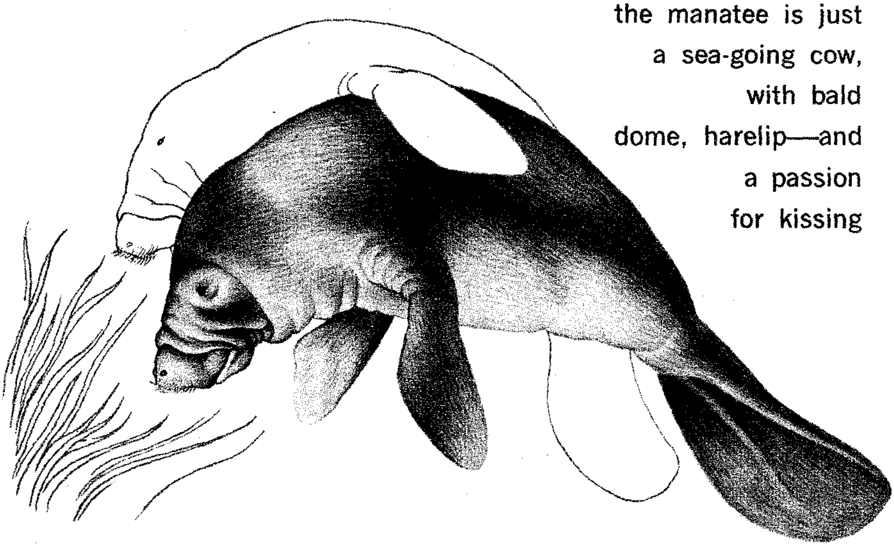
In many Latin countries, predominantly agricultural and credit-starved, this financial miracle has not gone unnoticed. Monthly, emissaries come to Bill Divers, Norm Strunk and Ken Heisler for advice on setting up their own Savings and Loan Associations. Legislation has already been passed in some South American countries, and more is being drafted.

If squalid living and the sentence to lifelong tenantry help breed communism, export of our S&L know-how well may prove one of our finest contributions to democracy and Good Neighborliness. ♛

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 121

1. three; 2. Boyd; 3. Jacques Offenbach; 4. "Annabel Lee";
5. Ralph Bellamy in "Sunrise at Campobello"; 6. Anne, Charlotte, and Emily Bronte; 7. "And she shall have music Wherever she goes";
8. Chief Justice John Marshall; 9. belladonna;
10. Starr; 11. Vincenzo Bellini; 12. silver; 13. John Hersey; 14. bell pepper; 15. Spain; 16. Harry Belafonte;
17. bellicose; 18. Tinker; 19. Belshazzar;
20. George Bellows; 21. "Lakmé"; 22. court jester; 23. Big Ben;
24. a telephone-answering service; 25. Bellevue.

Columbus thought
her a seductive
siren. But
the manatee is just
a sea-going cow,
with bald
dome, harelip—and
a passion
for kissing



A half-ton of mermaid

BY RONALD N. ROOD

COLUMBUS WAS the first white man to see her. She lolled in the coastal waters of Haiti. Like the sirens pictured on his maps, she seemed to be half-woman, half-fish. After a good look, however, the sailors turned away. And well they might. For now we know that their "mermaids" were really slow, pudgy mammals known as manatees. Columbus, probably still believing they were aquatic ladies, was kind: "They were not as beautiful as they had been painted," wrote the explorer gallantly. The big gray manatee is roughly the shape of a short, fat cigar. The bald head widens into the body without neck or shoulders. The caressing arms of the sailor's dreams are just leathery little paddles. The rounded tail looks as if it belonged to a giant beaver. And it sports a wheat-stubble mustache on a bulbous harelip. Yet there's little doubt that manatees have kept the mermaid story going for centuries. They're like humans in many ways.

They kiss each other or throw a neighborly flipper over the back of a companion. They're warm-blooded and breathe two or three breaths at five to ten minute intervals. The babies nurse from a pair of teats located in the chest region. They may even ride piggy-back on mother like a papoose.

It was the West Indian manatee that Columbus discovered. A twin-sister form, the Florida manatee, lives along the Florida coast. Two other species are found in the Amazon region and in West Africa.

A king-sized Florida manatee may tip the scales at 1,500 pounds. Nearly 15 feet from stem to stern, it may be a matronly seven feet around the middle. Average ones, however, are about half this size. They are plump and smooth, like sausage, with a skin two inches thick, sometimes covered with sea-moss and barnacles. Two little eyes peer out through browless skin. Pencil-point holes behind them are the only signs of ears.

The manatee seeks only to live at dreamy peace with its world. Hanging in the water with head and tail drooping, it couldn't fight if it wanted to. The only teeth it has are molars for grinding weeds. It has no claws—just three little flat fingernails. It has no hind legs with which to kick. Seemingly voiceless, it cannot bellow or growl. It relies on size and seclusion for safety.

When not feeding during the day, it hides in the bottom of a turbid, brackish river. Every five to ten minutes it slowly comes up to breathe. Then it slowly drifts to the bottom like a water-soaked log.

The first scientist to dissect a manatee must have been surprised at the ivorylike density of the bones. Some have theorized that this most likely helps the manatee to sink easily to the bottom. Yet it's delicately balanced. It can rise slowly, sink or stop at any depth without perceptible effort. Biologists are still puzzled as to the exact way it's done.

THE SHY CREATURE feeds mostly at night, scooping grass and weeds toward its mouth. Then its bristly harelip takes over. The right and left halves work like the jaws of a pair of pliers. They grip the food, pull it loose and tuck it down into the mouth, as much as 100 pounds in a night.

A few manatees in a submarine pasture eat with such gusto that on a still night they can be heard an eighth of a mile away. But it's hard to sneak up on them. Despite those tiny ear-holes, manatees detect the slightest sound. Big as it is, the manatee is a master at camouflage. The sea moss patches on its back blend it with the bay bottom. And it throws up a smoke screen of mud and silt when feeding that may linger in the water for hours.

The love life of our mermaid is only partially known. Her prospective suitor may feel the urge to go courting at nearly any time of the year. He nuzzles her with a few bristly kisses while she drowses in the water. Then he snuggles up to her and puts an affectionate flipper over her back. If she's not interested, she moves unhurriedly away. Then he sometimes does a sedate barrel-roll. This is his way of trying to show he didn't really care.

Mating probably takes place at the surface. The new baby arrives after five-and-one-half months. The little fellow may be about three feet long, weighing perhaps 50 pounds. With only the water for a cradle, and because he needs to surface for air, he must swim as soon as he is born. He valiantly dog-paddles with his flippers, keeping near his solicitous mother. It's several days before he learns to use his tail in the up-and-down motion which serves him the rest of his life.

Like any other mammal, he is nourished with his mother's milk. But she doesn't hold him up above the water to nurse, charming though the picture would be. She just hangs suspended under water or grazes along the bottom. He feeds as best he can, bobbing up every minute or so for air. He may nurse for a year or longer, striking out on his own when he's about two years old.

He and his mother keep pretty much to themselves. If they become separated, he welcomes her back with a little whiskery kiss. If danger threatens, he takes shelter beneath her bulk.

Sometimes the protective impulse of the mother results in tragedy for her baby. Completely helpless on land, she is unable even to hunch along like a seal if stranded. If caught in an ebbing tide, she would surely try to protect him by the only method she knows. As the water lowered, she would cover him with her huge, sagging body. When the tide returned, it would be too late. The life of her youngster would have been snuffed out.

A manatee in an aquarium often lies on the bottom, like a sunken canoe. Visitors sometimes fail to recognize it as an animal and ask the attendant where the tank's occupant is supposed to be. They are astonished when the big creature lazes up to the surface for a breath of air. Even when the tank is drained it keeps breathing at the same five to ten minute intervals.

When manatees play, they work up quite a commotion. The great tails whack the water and they nuzzle and bump each other. They roll over and over like a barrel. They come up beneath a neighbor, half lifting it out of the water. Strangely, it's nearly always the adults that play. The sober little babies keep close to their mothers.

Shy as it is, the manatee is often seen in certain southern Florida cities. By now bridge fishermen along the Miami River in downtown Miami are quite blasé about the great creatures that quietly materialize from the depths and disappear again. As a matter of fact, manatees grazed on the bottom of the river before the city was built.

There's often a method behind this seeming preference for civilization. When a winter cold snap chills the air, the warm-blooded manatee has no defense. As the water cools, it seeks the warmest spot available. This may lead it upstream to the tepid outflow from a power plant or to join others at the upwelling of a constant-temperature spring. Sometimes several huddle together in shallow water to share body heat. If none of these measures works, the manatees die. The winter of 1957-58 claimed many.

New World Indians hunted the manatees for food. Early settlers in the Americas found the meat resembled pork or veal. They saved the oily fat for cooking and for their lamps. They cured the hide and carved the bones into ornaments. Today, Florida law levies a $500 fine on anyone killing a manatee. Commercial hunting of Florida's crocodiles has helped protect the manatee population, but a modern menace—the speedboat—occasionally gashes one of the startled creatures.

Naturalists hope they're holding their own. It's hard to say. They're too shy, too difficult to count. One biologist, cruising through good manatee territory in Everglades National Park, reported one manatee every 75 miles. Until we know how to count them, we cannot even guess their numbers.

The three manatee species have one smaller cousin, the rare dugong, which lives along the shores of the Red Sea, Indian Ocean and tropical western Pacific. Like the manatee, it often goes by the unromantic name of "sea cow."

Scientists aren't usually given to daydreams. But when it came to naming the sea cow group, they remembered the story of sirens whose beautiful songs lured sailors to their death and came up with the perfect scientific name.

You'll find it in any zoology book: *Sirenia,* meaning "the seductive ladies of the sea."

NOËL NOËL

THE HARRIED-LOOKING MAN, moving through the department store's display of Christmas toys, didn't seem quite satisfied with anything he found.

Finally, after experimenting with a pull-toy that clanged as it rolled and a doll that cried lustily, he sought help from the salesclerk. "Don't you," he inquired with quiet desperation, "have something that just goes 'SH-H-H-H-H-H' when the kids play with it?"

—LUCILE M. WIDNER

A THREE-YEAR-OLD gave this reaction to her Christmas dinner: "I didn't like the turkey, but I like the bread the bird ate."

—*The Lima (Ohio) News*

TEXT BY IDA BOBULA

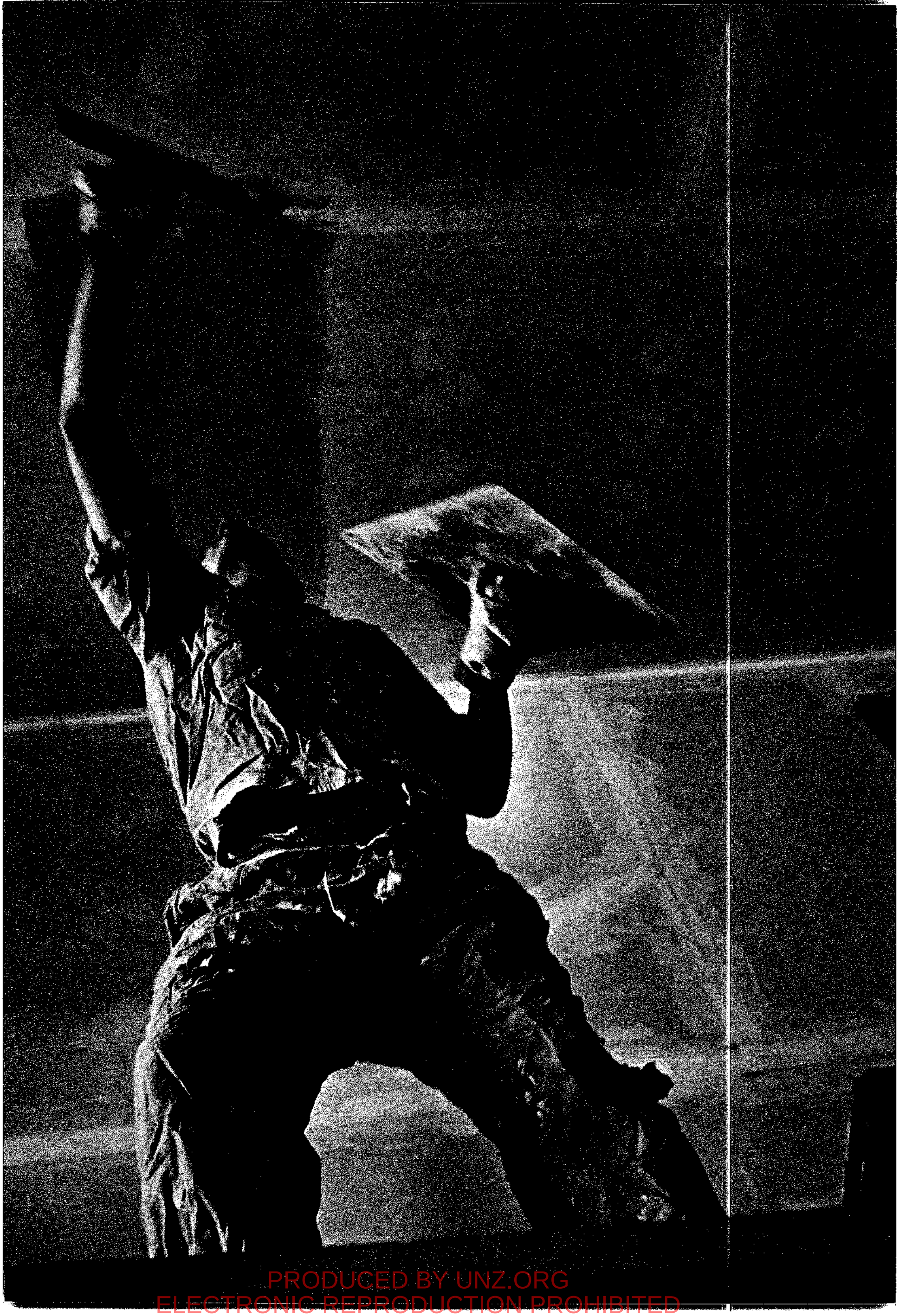
"Freedom is bittersweet"

Since World War II—and particularly since the heroic anti-Russian uprising of October 1956—400,000 Hungarians have fled across the Iron Curtain. More than 90,000 resettled in the U.S. But life can never be the same for those who left behind good jobs. Handicapped by language and other problems, many Hungarians—such as the seven on the following pages—often must take work below their level of education and training. "For us," one refugee said, "freedom is bittersweet. But no matter. It is far sweeter than what we had."

photographs by Tibor Hirsch

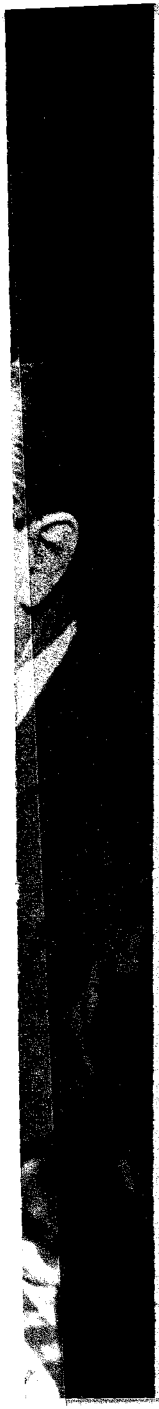
"doctor of dry walls"

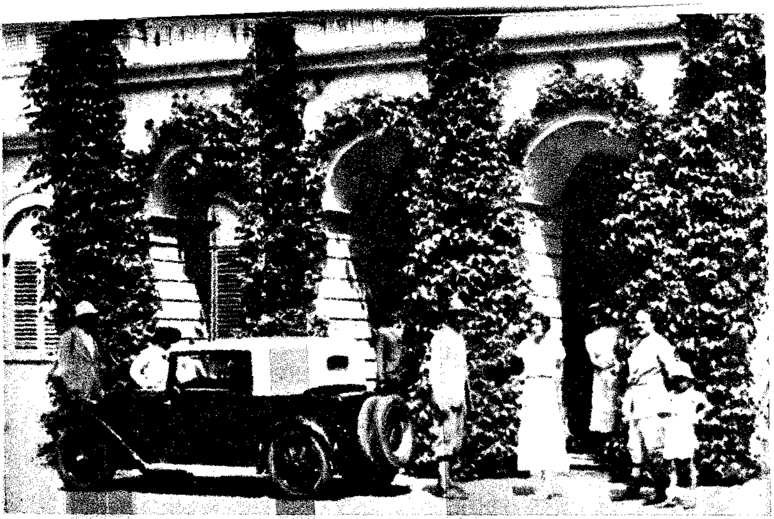
In Hungary, Dr. Nicholas Lippóczy, 47, earned three university diplomas, including a law degree, and was graduated with highest honors from the Postgraduate School for State Administration. For a while, he worked for the Hungarian defense ministry, and after his exile to Germany in 1945, became editor of the most successful refugee newspaper, *Hungaria* (above). But when he arrived in the U.S. in 1950, and later settled in Passaic, New Jersey, he had to be content with a job as "a dry-wall man" (right). "I prepare people's walls for painting," he explains, "and I earn a good living. Of course," Dr. Lippóczy adds wistfully, "I will never lose my love for journalism. But no one who really loves journalism can practice it in Hungary."



charge-account ballerina

Dark-eyed dancer Maria Magyar escaped to Austria during the 1956 fighting. For three years she had studied at the Budapest Opera Ballet School. "But all we saw was Russian ballet," she recalls, "and there's more to dancing than that." In Vienna, Maria's resemblance to her sister Magda cost her a U.S. visa. Magda picked up her papers, but when Maria came for hers she was told, "We just gave you one." She made it to America two years later. Now 22, Maria works in the charge-account department of a New York store (below) and takes ballet lessons (right), although she no longer wants to be a dancer. She first realized how good it was to be in America when she saw a performance of the Moiseyev dancers. "For the first time in years," she says, "I could applaud something Russian."



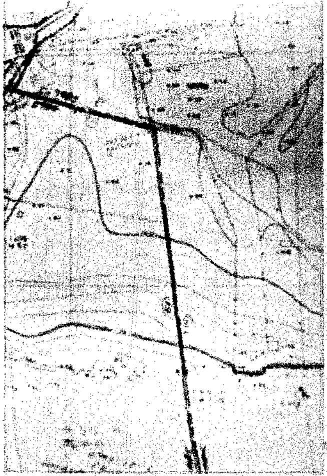


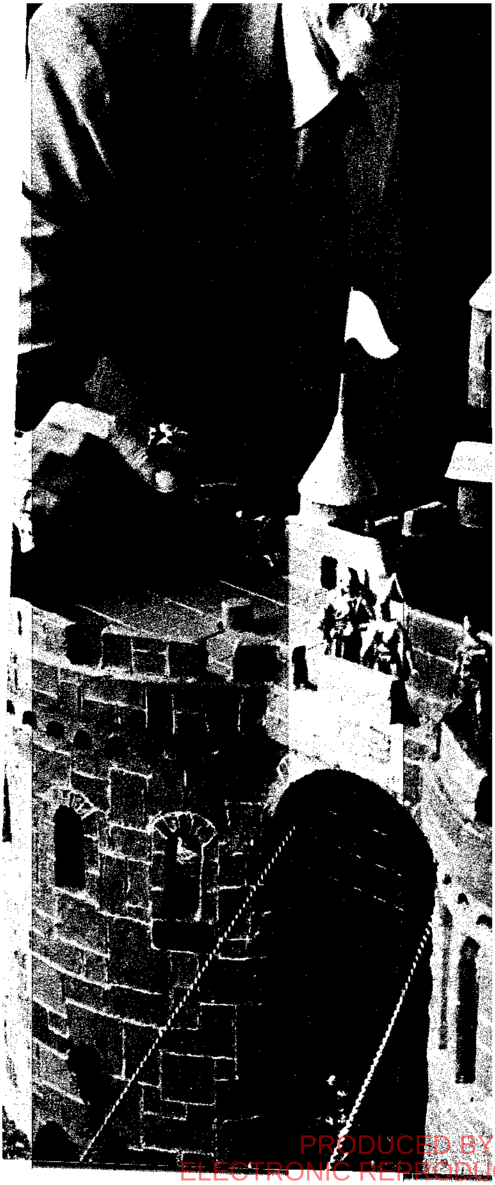
from nobleman to gypsy fiddler

In 1932, Count Stephen Révay (above right, with child) stood proudly before his ancestral castle at Tajna. Behind him stretched a long and rich tradition. In 1916, as a boy, he had marched as a page in Hungary's last coronation—the enthroning of King Charles IV. But unlike some aristocrats, Révay spurned a life of idleness. He studied agriculture, statistics and demography (the science of population growth) and became director of the Danubian Research Institute for Political and Economic Sciences. The Red Army took over in 1945, and, four years later, Révay fled, saving only one family heirloom: his violin. But it has been his salvation in America. An accomplished musician, he now leads his own gypsy orchestra, playing at functions around New York City. "Perhaps the mighty have fallen," Count Révay admits, "but there is one consolation. At least I don't have to dance to the Communists' tune."

tank commander turned apprentice

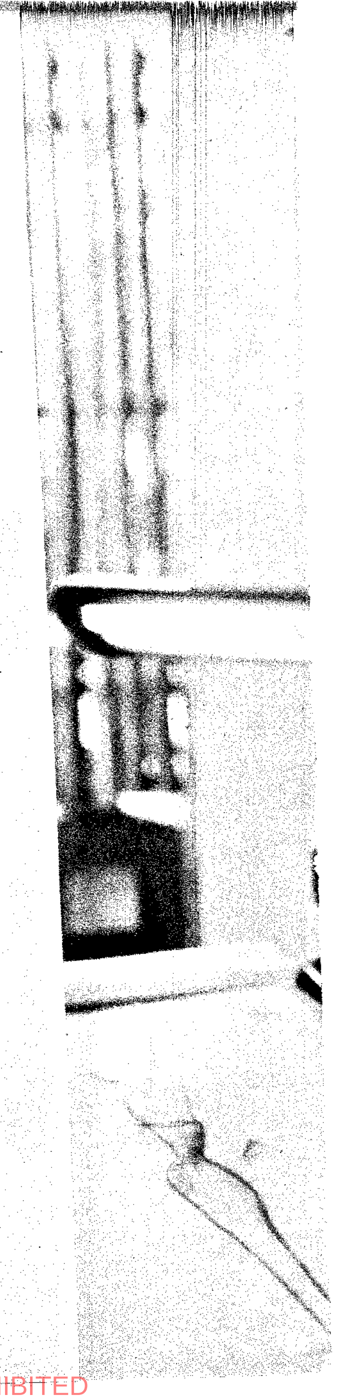
For centuries, Hungarian soldiers have guarded the Eastern gates of Western civilization. Dedication to this ideal is what 61-year-old Col. Ferenc Koszorús tries to instill in his son Feri, 13—using a model fortress (right) built by his wife, herself a versatile artist. During World War II, Colonel Koszorús commanded the First Hungarian Armored Division on the Russian front, and also served as chief-of-staff of the 60,000-man Armored Army Corps. After VE-Day, he managed to elude the Red Army and offered his military services to the Western powers. He was promptly sent to a farm, handed a spade and told to shovel manure. Today, after making his way to the U.S., he works as an engineer's aid in Washington, D. C. "Yes," Koszorús admits, "at times I miss leading men. It is a rare privilege. But to lead men you must believe in where you are going. And in Hungary that would be impossible for me."





designing actress

In 1956, redheaded actress Sari Sozan, Miss Budapest of 1955, hiked across the Austrian frontier, taking a roundabout, 200-mile route to avoid Red patrols. Emigrating to the U. S., she quickly gained 25 pounds devouring white bread or "cotton bread," as she called it. To learn English, she took a job in summer stock, although she couldn't understand a word she said on-stage. Last year, however, Sari quit show business. "There were too many sacrifices—and too many wolves," she explains. Recently, she became a fashion designer. "I always made my own clothes and I found that women would pay me to do theirs." Working in the kitchen of her Manhattan apartment, Sari, 23, models her own creations and is at last finding herself in her new business in a new world.

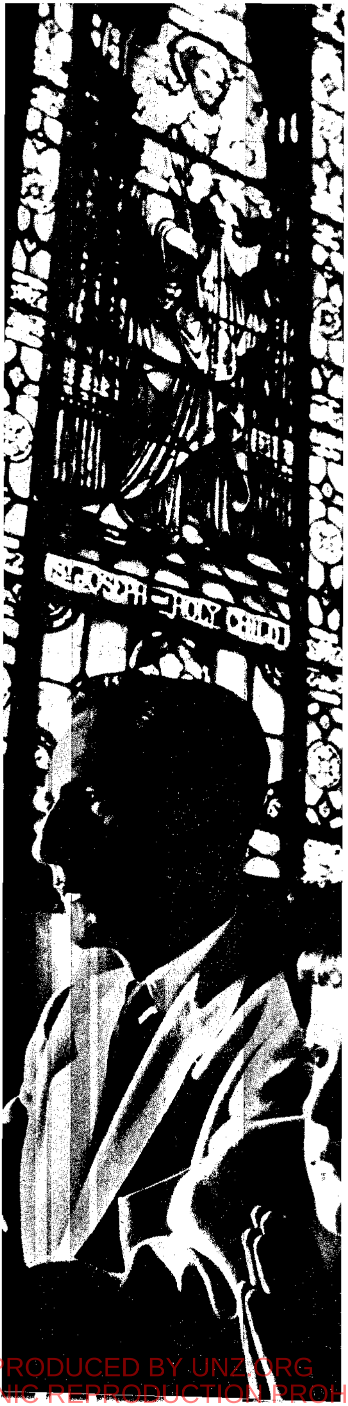


sculptor to grocer

The son of a wealthy farmer, József Bereczky (left), studied sculpture at the famous Academy of Arts in Budapest. He was also active in the anti-Communist underground. The secret police finally arrested him, but he was rescued from a Red torture chamber in 1956, when freedom fighters stormed the prison. Bereczky fled to the U.S., but soon found that he lacked funds to open an art studio. Instead, he ran a hot-dog stand, then a small grocery. Recently, he and his wife Margaret bought a large fruit and vegetable market in Brooklyn (right). "I don't relish carrying heavy crates," Bereczky laughs, "but I can think of worse fates. The sacks of onions remind me of one day back in prison when I stole an onion and was almost kicked to death for it. Now I have all I need. God has been good to me. Who knows, I may even be a sculptor again someday."

soldier to janitor

Former army officer Francis Ryll (above left, gripping handle bars) gladly traded his dashing motorcycle for a drab janitor's job in New Brunswick, New Jersey (above right). In 1949, his fiancée Mary was offered a scholarship by Rutgers University but couldn't get a passport to leave Hungary. The couple were married by a priest, then tried to flee the country. They were caught by border guards, however, and spent their honeymoon in separate jail cells. Released after six months, they finally escaped during the 1956 riots. Today, Ryll is studying to be a librarian while his wife teaches school. Deeply religious, Ryll believes he is better off now than he ever was. "My wife, my children and I go to church every Sunday, and one of our prayers is, 'Thank God for America.' " ♛


ST. JOSEPH
HOLY CHILD

Herr Schaller's succulent sausages

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

The Greeks had a word for them—people everywhere love them—in the U.S.A. Schaller makes the best variety

MY NOSE HAD a wonderful time last year. In London, it quivered to the aroma of fine roast beef. In the markets of Paris, it savored the earthy smell from piles of leeks, onions, cabbages and other hearty vegetables. In Old Delhi it inhaled the spices and incenses of the bazaars, and in the Chinese quarter of Bangkok it was maddened by steaming dishes of noodles laced with rice wine and soy sauce and flecked with pork and chicken. In Tokyo it breathed the vapors of paper-thin steaks cooked over charcoal.

Yes, it was quite a year for the nose, but still, it missed something. And it wasn't until I paid my annual holiday visit to the sausage shop operated by a friend of mine, Ferdinand Schaller, a curly-white-haired butcher in New York City, that I realized my nose's ecstasy-potential had yet to be fulfilled.

Schaller's shop has a smell that puts all other smells in the world crushingly to shame.

This aroma of rich meat smoked lovingly, cured and spiced with herbs and condiments, spills onto the sidewalk and pulls in customers by the hundreds. It is a strong, assertive, highly individual odor, so powerful it almost speaks. It arises from the sausages that hang in incredible profusion in Schaller's shop, great Bolognas, dark mahogany salamis, fat liverwursts, pink-and-white bratwurst, frankfurters in huge mounds, hunks of head cheese —all made by Schaller and his elf-like craftsmen.

If there were an Olympics for sausage-makers, and I insist there ought to be one, Ferdinand Schaller would win all events. He is the greatest sausage-maker I know. He may be the greatest in the world. There are fine sausage stores in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in St. Louis' German section, and in Milwaukee, and I have eaten the wares of all of them; but none compares with

Ferdinand Schaller's. "Ach," he would say if he heard me going on this way, "you must be choking."

I am neither choking nor, for that matter, joking. I am only trying to give Schaller some deserved recognition. Actually, he already has had recognition of a far more tangible kind. He arrived in this country more than 30 years ago with $10 in his pocket and a desire to make sausage burning in his head. Today, he is the owner of a very successful sausage manufacturing and retailing business.

One reason why Ferdinand Schaller is getting rich is that most Americans share my passion for sausage. According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, we eat around 2,647,000,000 pounds of federally inspected sausage each year, and we import and eat another 1,700,000 pounds. We also eat uncounted millions of pounds of sausage produced in plants that are not required to be federally inspected. This sausage is not impure or imperfect; it simply cannot be shipped across state lines. Some of the best pork sausage comes from small butcher shops inspected by state and municipal authorities.

Sausage is one of the few food products that is almost entirely edible, with no waste. It is not exactly cheap—but, in the long run, it is economical because so little of it is lost in cooking or thrown away later.

Ferdinand Schaller estimates that there may be over 500 different kinds of sausage in the world. I have eaten sausages in Japan, made from the fine-fibered cattle that are fed sake (rice wine) and beer and massaged by their owners to distribute the marbling evenly through the meat. I have eaten duck's liver sausages in Formosa; a sausage made from goat in Nepal; the tiny white French sausages of minced chicken and veal. I have eaten the strong-flavored, blood-red product of the Soviet Union.

Ferdinand Schaller himself makes 55 different kinds of sausage. He smiles over the huge mixing kettles of his plant, carefully measuring spices and seasoning. Sometimes he takes a huge wooden paddle and mixes the meat himself. There is nothing he likes better than to see people eating his sausage, spreading the wurst over thick dark bread, adding mustard, and washing the whole flavorful mixture down with seidels of good dark beer.

Schaller produces more varieties of sausage in his shop than many of the big packers do in theirs. Yet all, I might add, are maddeningly delicious. Sausage is one food product that mass-producing cannot harm. All sausage falls into six enchanting categories:

1. *Fresh,* made from meats that have not been cooked or cured: fresh pork sausage, *weisswurst, bratwurst* or *bockwurst.*

2. *Smoked,* made from cured meats and other ingredients and smoked over wood fires: frankfurters, Bologna, *knackwurst, mettwurst, teawurst,* etc.

3. *Cooked,* made from fresh or cured meat and cooked in its casing: *liverwurst,* blood sausage, etc.

4. *New conditioned,* made of ground meats to which spices are

added, plus curing agents: cooked salamis, cooked cervelat.

5. *Dry,* made from fresh meats to which spices are added, after which the sausage is cured for days, then dried for long periods: dry salamis, the German *holsteiner, landjaeger* and *gothaar.*

6. *Cooked specialties,* which include almost everything else put in a casing: head cheese, blood pudding, etc.

The most popular sausage in the U.S. is the frankfurter, which originated in and was named for Frankfurt am Main, Germany. Frankfurters, brought to this country in the 1870s by German immigrants, were nicknamed "dachshund" sausages because of their shape. From this comes the nickname "hot dog."

The frankfurter was by no means the first sausage to attain immense popularity. The Greeks gave us the word for "salami," from the island of Salamis, the Romans gave us *salsus,* or preserved meat, from which "sausage" comes. The Romans did *not* give us their recipe. The Emperor Constantine, a Christian, banned sausage because it was eaten at pagan feasts where everybody got drunk and behaved outrageously. Despite the Emperor's edict, *salsus* was bootlegged.

It was made, I daresay, mainly by craftsmen who were as jealous of their secrets as Schaller is of his. "Deeck," he once told me, "there is only one secret: I use the natural *gazings.*" Translated, this means that he uses natural casings—that is, animal intestines, to contain his sausage. Many commercial manufacturers now use artificial casings, made from cellulose. At one time, all sausage was encased in sheep's intestines, thoroughly cleaned, completely tasteless—yet, because they were animal material, capable of adding some indefinable touch of flavor to sausage. Schaller also uses hog and beef casings.

Yet casings are not the only answer to his excellent sausages. The sharp, peppery taste of his salamis and Bolognas, the delicate flavor of the chives in his *bockwurst,* the bits of savory fat imprisoned in his *liverwurst mit speck*—are uniquely Schaller's. He has more sausage know-how than there are different ingredients in head cheese.

BORN IN A VILLAGE near Stuttgart, Germany in 1904, Ferdinand Schaller decided when he was a small boy that he wanted to be a sausage-butcher. He cannot explain this—except that he always loved the sausage sold by local merchants.

"When I was 14 my father asked me what I wanted to do," says Schaller. "I told him I wanted to learn to make sausage. So I went to the sausage shop of Frits Haarer, in Stuttgart, as an apprentice, and worked there."

In 1927 he made the trip to America. There he met Frits Winkler, another dedicated sausagemaker. They wanted to open their own place. They pooled their capital and, in 1933, set up shop on 1st Avenue in New York. They prospered. Then in 1937, Schaller went into business with Anton Weber at his present location, 1654 Second

Avenue. By 1946, Anton Weber moved to Erie, Pennsylvania, where he is doing business today. Ferdinand, however, kept his old partner's name; his store is still "Schaller und Weber."

The shop had only a local reputation at first. Then in 1951 Schaller's first branch was opened, in Astoria, Long Island. Now he has six shops—including four in Long Island, and one in Brooklyn and a Long Island City plant.

Schaller probably makes as many different kinds of sausages as anyone in the U.S. His only rival may be Fred Usinger, in Milwaukee. I counted 30 different kinds of sausage in Usinger's shop. Usinger says he makes 60 varieties.

Until recently, Schaller arose, six days a week, at five A.M. in his home in Closter, New Jersey, drove to New York's wholesale meat markets, where he fingered and smelled the carcasses, like a man selecting precious stones. Then he went out to Long Island City, put on a white apron, and strolled through his plant. Now he leaves it to his foreman, who's been with him 21 years.

"Each time, I still get a new thrill from this," Schaller confided to me one day as I was walking around with him. I could not reply; I was all but intoxicated by the steamy aromas billowing up from the cookpots and mixing kettles. I lurched along, my nose as happy as only the nose of a man addicted to sausage can be. Once in a while, to my frenzied delight, Ferdinand would hand me a bit of *landjaeger* or a piece of liver pudding to taste. When he did this, he tasted them himself.

Schaller eats sausage, some days, at all three meals. He might start off with a few succulent pork sausages for breakfast, fried in a skillet, with eggs scrambled gently in the oozing fat; or he might bake the sausages in the oven and, two or three minutes before he is ready to eat them, break a couple of eggs over them and let them become shirred for about five minutes. At noon he usually eats a monstrous lunch of cold cuts—*leberwurst mit speck* or summer Bologna, or a hard, dry sausage. At dinner he often enjoins his wife to cook him one of hundreds of dishes made with sausage.

My favorite sausage dish, a casserole, consists of garlic-flavored beef sausage baked in a pot, covered with lentils or Navy beans, the whole satisfying mess swimming in a tomato sauce flavored with basil, parsley, onion and a sprinkling of sage and thyme.

"Ferdinand never gets enough sausage," says his wife. The only objection she has to her husband's Teutonic passion for sausage is that he works entirely too hard, she says.

Schaller does work hard—not so much because he wants to get rich, as because he regards sausage-making as a kind of mission. He is happy in Closter, where he and his wife have several English saddle horses, dogs, deer and boys (Frank, 12; Billy, 11; Ralph, nine; and Peter, three), but he is never as happy as when he is in his shop.

His customers are happy, too. They do not appear to mind the fact that a visit there usually consumes anywhere between 15 and 45 minutes, for most of them are wild about sausage, too. They like to consult with the salesmen, who often give them small slivers for tasting. Once I saw a lady carrying off an order that cost her close to $40. I asked Ferdinand if she were having a party. "No," he said. "She just has a big family—and they love sausage."

Schaller permits his men to eat for lunch whatever they like from his stock, and he always sends next door for some of the dark beer. One day Schaller and I were eating hunks of *Oldenburger Leberwurst* (chopped liver and pork, cooked), Polish sausage (pork and beef, seasoned with garlic), *kalbsrouladen* (chopped veal, pork and tongue), and *knackwurst* (a heavier, fatter variation of the frankfurter).

"I tell you a story about how a taste for sausage stays with a man," Schaller said. "I had a sausage-maker who was not a good worker. I told him at last, 'Work or go.' He did not work. He went.

"You would think that a man I fired, like that, would get mad at me and stay mad. No. Today, he still comes here to this store to buy my sausage." Ferdinand took a bite of head cheese and chewed it with satisfaction. He nodded his head. He had a long swig of beer. "In fact," he said, "he is one of my very best customers."

FIRST THINGS FIRST!

ELECTRICAL INVENTOR Nikola Tesla was born of poor parents in a small town in Serbia. He was a frail child and his mother kept after him constantly to eat.

For a few years after he came to the United States, he held a number of odd jobs. Then one of his inventions was received favorably, and he estimated he would make about $12,000,000 in royalties.

Shortly after the contracts were signed, Tesla returned to Serbia to see his family.

After a joyful reunion, he and his mother settled down for a chat. "How are things in America?" she asked him.

"Wonderful, mother. I think I am going to make $12,000,000."

She listened most attentively but this astronomical sum was obviously beyond her comprehension.

"Tell me, son," she said concerned with more important things, "are you getting enough to eat?"

—E. E. EDGAR

At times we are
plagued by
tension. But,
says this noted
psychiatrist, we don't
all need professional
guidance.
Not-too-neurotic
people can help
themselves by following
these 10 rules

Reduce your tensions to nuisances

BY EDMUND BERGLER, M.D.

AS A PSYCHIATRIST, I have been confronted time and again by troubled men and women who ask, "What can I do to overcome my tensions?" One can recommend psychiatric treatment to everyone, but that is both impractical and superfluous. It is impractical because the number of trained psychiatrists is too small, because most people lack the means required for prolonged and costly treatment, and also because inner resistance or ignorance make many unwilling to take this step in the first

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From TENSIONS CAN BE REDUCED TO NUISANCES, by Edmund Bergler, M.D. ($4.95). Copyright © 1960 by Edmund Bergler, M.D. By arrangement with LIVERIGHT Publishers, New York.

place. It is superfluous because only extensive neurotic difficulties justify so complex, lengthy and costly a treatment as psychotherapy.

Thus the vast majority of people with not-too-extensive emotional troubles are left to their own individual systems of "muddling through."

In recent years there has been a good deal of talk about "self-analysis." This is sheer nonsense. "Self-analysis" is no more than a fancy word to describe the process by which you arrive at the wrong conclusions about yourself. It is just as possible to "analyze" oneself as it is to remain on the ocean bottom for an hour without a breathing apparatus. The equivalent of the apparatus is the psychiatrically trained guide; with his help the bottom of your "inner ocean" can be reached profitably and without danger. Such exploration can be undertaken in the company of the psychiatrist, but never alone. Yet to a limited degree, something *can* be done to ameliorate this seemingly hopeless situation.

It is not suggested that the impossible be tackled: you, single-handed, against your unconscious. Nor is it suggested that you can learn to understand all "tensions." Tension denotes that something is wrong with your inner balance; you have not squared accounts with your conscience. The ray of hope stems from the fact that unconscious self-damage, the general basis of "tensions," works silently and invisibly, unsuspected by its bearer. The mere discovery that a specific "tension" may be self-provoked often throws a monkey wrench into the smooth working of that inner scourge.

To name the causes of tension at once: self-pity plus guilt attached to fake anger. With great regularity, tense people consider themselves innocent victims of outsiders' malice.

Contentment—the quiet, unobtrusive but pleasant feeling of being at peace with yourself—is not something you can get for nothing, or even buy. The prerequisite is working endlessly—and working hard—to stem the inner tide of reproaches. If you can prove to your inner prosecutor that you are "Not Guilty," you have won a major victory.

The following ten rules will not "cure" tensions; they will, however, help not-too-neurotic individuals change "intolerable tensions" into "tolerable nuisances."

1. Accept the truism that the world is *not* your oyster.

Only people who unconsciously love to suffer start the day with the expectation that everything will run smoothly, that everybody will be kind and helpful, that all the breaks will be in their favor. A reasonable person knows that he is bound to encounter nuisances, minor adversities and misunderstandings. As long as these setbacks are not decisive or shattering, he can absorb them without too much difficulty. He does not see them as catastrophes, but as nuisances. He may react with impatience, but he does not feel "tension."

To learn the all-important technique of neutralizing nuisances, accept the fact that nuisances will crop up. This does not mean becoming cynical and pessimistic; it is only putting to use one's knowledge of "how the ball bounces."

Putting this rule into practice, the reasonably well-adjusted person absorbs minor disappointments, and saves his excitement for decisive and serious ones. As long as the basis of his existence is not threatened by financial, medical or social catastrophe, he doesn't cry wolf.

2. Keep a sense of proportion.

The levelheaded approach to reality calls for the individual to be capable of making a distinction between a pin prick and a dangerous wound. It is easier to keep a sense of proportion if it is understood that you are not always deliberately victimized by someone else's disagreeable action. It is pointless to ask the indignant question, "How can he do this to me?" You may have committed no crime other than that of having been at hand when the other fellow needed someone to kick, in order to provide an alibi for his own inner conscience that he isn't a weakling.

A neurotic may be compared with a person who owns one record and no record player. So that he can play his favorite tune of misery, he visits friends, acquaintances and even strangers who own a "record player," carrying his disk with him. The tune never changes; but the record player (representing the innocent bystander) can be exchanged and sacrificed.

3. Stop accepting your tensions at face value.

A superabundance of phony excuses has been put forward to "explain" tension. The biological approach is one of them: "I'm just this type of person." Passing the buck to the other fellow is another: "I just can't stand that guy's personality." Other alibis are popular: "Those damned tensions of modern life" or "big-city living" or "big business." Finally, there is dammed-up aggression: "I could kill that man."

None of these phony excuses runs more than skin deep. It is a convenience to blame tension on people or events, but the origin of your tension is internal, and you are its originator.

4. Be prepared to face the accusations of your inner conscience.

Sooner or later everybody must recognize that frequently we are not our own emotional masters. Below the surface, each of us is governed by a nagging tyrant—our inner conscience (not to be confused with our friendly "conscious conscience"). Basically, our lives are just a string of alibis presented to this inner conscience. We may yearn for vindication, but instead usually we settle for less. And with each concession, the power of the conscience increases.

Admittedly, this sounds grim. "What about our wishes and hopes? Are these, too, beyond fulfillment?" people ask.

That depends on what you mean by "wishes." Conscious or unconscious wishes? People never get their unconscious wishes. What they do get are conscious wishes, edited by the conscience. And we must pay a heavy price even for these.

5. Unconscious, self-damaging tendencies are universal, and you are no exception.

I have stated repeatedly that unconscious emotional self-torture is universal. That includes you, too—though inwardly everyone considers himself an exception. The question is: how much, how often, how hard do you kick yourself, and in which aspects of your daily life are these dangerous tendencies found?

If you are a person with a comparatively limited streak of neuroticism, you exhaust your lust for self-torture in your work and in the thousand-and-one details of daily existence. Thus your home and family life is more or less satisfying. But if your appetite for it is great, you make a mess of your work, feel no pleasure in your external success (or else "never amount to anything") and even choose the wrong mate. You are always unhappy. You incessantly whine and complain.

6. To counteract "tensions," start by recognizing that you are hurting yourself.

Since "tension" is but the outward sign of an inner war, you cannot immediately know why you are tense. Even though you realize you are under some indictment in your inner court, you never know what crime you have been accused of. This is unfair, of course, but unfairness is to be expected from that monster, inner conscience, which keeps saying, "If you were not such a passive nobody, this would not have happened. 'They' wouldn't have dared."

Your conscience goes even further to prove its case against you, however. Ruthlessly, it employs outdated evidence from childhood—painful memories buried in your unconscious. There is no way to defend yourself except by "reliving" the event, emotionally, in the course of psychiatric treatment.

Happily, there is often no need for such intensive detective work. In the case of not-too-neurotic individuals, they can help themselves to a limited degree. Become aware of your capacity for self-torture; don't be fooled by self-pity; don't merely get mad and don't tell yourself your "tension" actually stems from having repressed your rage.

7 and 8. Stop being an "injustice-collector." Don't dismiss people who say you "lead with your chin." They might be right.

Consciously, you think you're your own best friend, but unconsciously such may not be the case. Through his behavior, or the misuse of a real-life situation, the injustice-collector literally invites rejection or humiliation. He forgets that his own behavior prompted the rebuff in the first place, and is only aware of the cruelty of the other person. Flushed with righteous indignation and intent upon "self-defense," he fights back against his "enemy." Then, having achieved a juicy defeat, he *inwardly* enjoys his misery, whining, "This could only happen to me!"

9. Remember that your "lousy moods" are simply alibis offered to your conscience.

The not-too-neurotic person is not unduly affected by disappointment. He accepts the fact that one fulfillment out of ten tries is about average; anything better than that is unusual good fortune. And he also has resources with which to silence his inner conscience. The self-torturer, on the other hand, unconsciously revels in disappointment. Telling himself he feels blue is just a futile alibi that never satisfies his conscience for long.

10. You cannot eradicate nuisances, but you can keep them below the "tension" level.

The best way of learning to see a minor annoyance in its true proportions is to ask yourself: "Is this injustice-collecting, or isn't it? Am I dwelling on the incident, enlarging it, to extract its last drop of irritation, humiliation or rejection? Am I just feeling sorry for myself?"

For those who cannot undergo psychotherapy, these ten rules are to be considered as "first aid" and perhaps only as stopgaps. Yet there are many cases in which "first aid" is all that is needed.

As the late novelist Charles Yale Harrison once said: "The stopgap became a way of living, which is how it is with stopgaps."

LITERARY LESSONS

AN ASPIRING YOUNG writer once asked author-humorist Ring Lardner how he wrote his enormously successful short stories.

"You make it seem so easy," said the young writer. "Do you follow a formula?"

"As a matter of fact I do," replied Lardner. "I begin by taking a few sheets of paper and then I write down a number of widely separated words. The rest is simple. I just go back and fill in the empty spaces." —E. E. EDGAR

SOME OF THE HAZARDS of an editor's life are shown in a letter received by John Denson of the Minonk, Illinois, *News-Dispatch:*

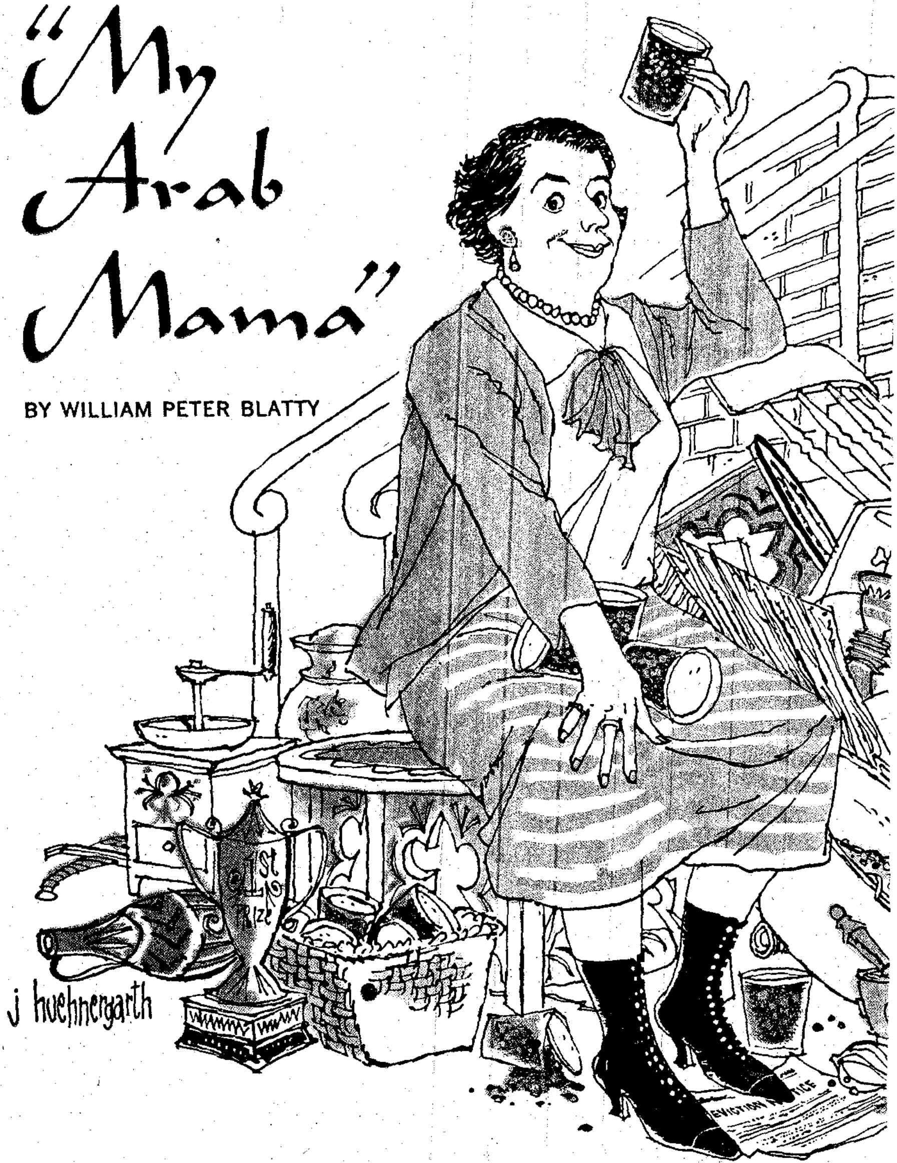
"Dear Editor Denson: Every time I send you a write-up about our Missionary Society meeting you get it all balled up so it doesn't make sense. Time and again I've sent in corrections, but you get them mixed up, too. So I give up. In the future when I send you our Missionary Society write-up, please don't print it."

—PETE WALCH *(Wisconsin State Journal)*

A CORONET BOOK EXCERPT

"My Arab Mama"

BY WILLIAM PETER BLATTY


1st Prize
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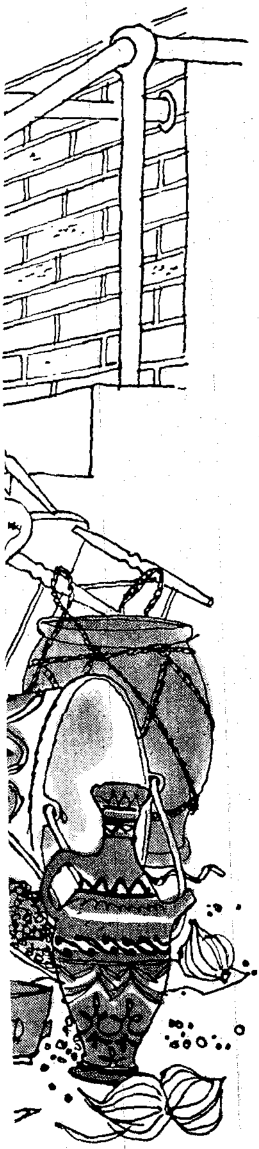


Stubborn, truculent, scornful of all about her, Mama bellowed through life in the New World like a tenement-Scheherazade surrounded by idiot landlords and "sneaky foreigners"— but she never really left Lebanon

MY PARENTS emigrated to the U.S. from Lebanon in 1923, and from the moment I toddled on-stage several years later my mother began vast attempts to drive me out of it with incessant verbal blasts about the beauty and wonder of "the old country." "Will-*yam*," she would roar in her inimitable Arabic dialect, "Will-*yam*, when you grow up I'm sending you to Lebanon so you can marry an Arab girl. My God, Arab girls are beautiful!" Well-meaning neighbors to our New York tenement apartment feebly made passes at advising my mother not to "nag the boy too much," but trying to intimidate Mama was like buttermilk trying to intimidate Hungarian goulash. A dark-eyed, stubborn, truculent woman, she barreled through life bent on ignoring road signs. Only once, when my uncles pressured her to apply for U.S. citizenship, did she ever give the appearance of being swayed; but when the court examiner asked her to name the President's replacement in the event of his death in office, my mother craftily replied, "The President's son," and scored her usual smashing victory.

Another time, in the summer of 1939, the President himself visited our neighborhood to officiate at the formal opening of the Queens Midtown Tunnel. The tunnel spilled out onto East 35th Street, just three doors down from our building.

"I wanna meet him," rumbled Mama when she heard FDR was coming. My uncles—Moses, Elias and Abdullah—told her that it was impossible.

On the day of the ceremony, my mother, my uncles and I were standing at the outer circumference of a cordon of spectators about 30 feet from the President's automobile. All eyes were on FDR as he reached out from his car with a gold-plated scissors and neatly snipped the broad, blue ribbon that stretched from one side of the tunnel entrance to the other.

Then, before anyone knew what was happening, my mother was grimly advancing on the President. It must have looked like an assassination attempt, because flashbulbs started exploding, the President dropped the scissors in horror, and a covey of Secret Service men drew their revolvers and surrounded the car. But they were too late.

Mama had gotten to the President. "I wanna shake you hand," she rumbled at FDR, crunching his paw in her effortlessly dynamic grip. FDR smiled weakly.

But then Mama suddenly reached into a mysterious brown paper shopping bag she was carrying. Two Secret Service men made a dive, but they barely got a glove on her before she had withdrawn from the bag a large jar filled with a murky, rust-colored substance.

"Homemake jelly," Mama grunted, handing it to the astonished President. "For when you have company."

"Might be nitro, Chief!" warned one of the Secret Service men. But FDR winked at him and accepted the jar. "Thank you, Madam," he said.

"*Quince* jelly," added my mother matter-of-factly. "*Lebanese* quince jelly. My God, it's delicious!"

FDR smiled and shook her hand again. Three Secret Service agents escorted Mama back to the spectators' circle; and as her gaze fell upon my uncles her eyes flickered briefly with triumph. She was unstoppable and she knew it.

MY MOTHER'S irresistible force was even commemorated in sterling. I had once won a silver loving cup in a "Beautiful Baby" contest. "My God, he was a beautiful baby!" Mama would roar exultantly when she looked at the trophy. Often she would cap her performance by leering cunningly in my direction, murmuring, "You Mama take good care of you, Will-*yam*."

I never knew what she meant by this. I asked one of my uncles about it, finally, and he reluctantly confided that Mama had bribed one of the judges, thus rendering me the only living mortal ever to have won a "fixed" beautiful baby contest.

My emotions, during this revelation, were indescribable, but one thought was clear to me: no Everest was beyond my mother's reach. Her page of life had been printed in boldface.

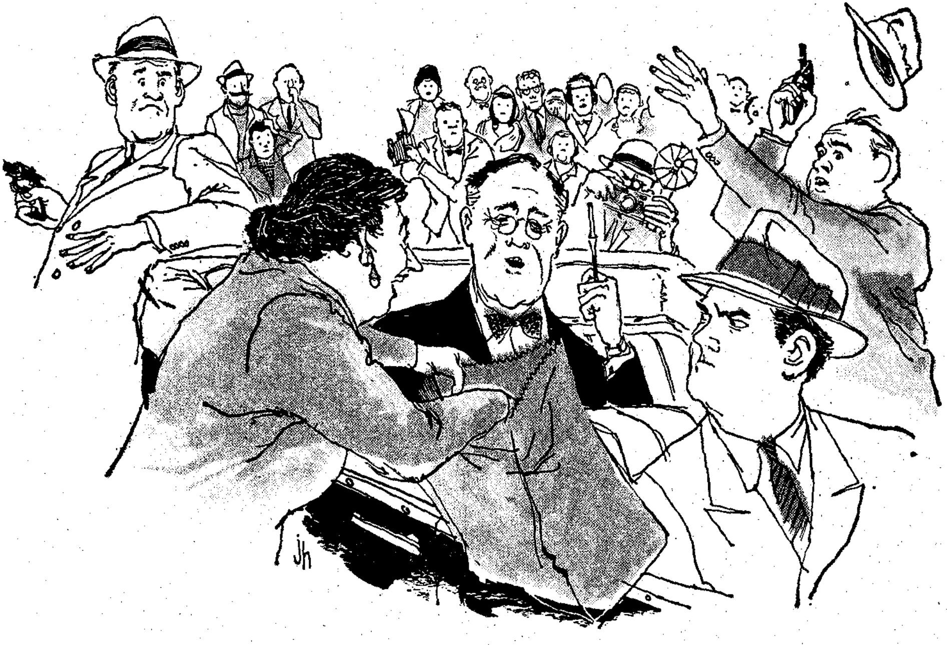
My father, on the other hand, was light italics. A pixyish, introspective sort of Arab, he separated from my mother when I was seven, and it was all because of a newspaper. Mama had for years been baffled in her sporadic and impatient attempts to learn written English, and my father, who'd mastered it quickly, used to infuriate her by sinking into an overstuffed chair in the living room, luxuriously rustling and unfolding the evening newspaper, and *reading* it.

"Looka him! *Looka* him!" my mother would roar in a white fury. "*Looka* the devil! He's a *devil!*"

She was insanely jealous of my father's reading ability.

Of course I'm not sure that that's all there was to it, and it could be that Papa had finally had his fill of Mama's torture-logue about "the old country." But whatever it was, one night my Arab daddy just folded his newspaper and silently stole away. I missed him.

Advancing on the startled FDR Mama suddenly reached into her shopping bag.



A sheik grows in Brooklyn

Following my father's Arab Houdini act, Mama was left to fend for my sister, my three older brothers and myself. This was actually well below her capabilities. She could have supported the entire cast of *Ben-Hur*.

Not that we were among the moneyed Arabs. We were just comfortably destitute. Mama provided the comfort, but she did it in a way that was maddeningly Lebanese.

She would outfit me in undersized, tattered knickers and drag me to Park Avenue, where she would dart in and out among the intermittently halted traffic, peddling "homemake" quince jelly to crusty dowagers and open-mouthed men in Homburgs sitting in the back seats of their fancy automobiles. I believe I was a stage prop; actually my mother would have done well enough without me. She could cry pathetically at will, and was able to use the story of my father's desertion to incredible advantage.

I was then eight and sensitive, but whenever I complained about our Park Avenue ploy, my mother would hold high a jar of jelly and cry out, "In old country, peddling is honorable profession!"

"It isn't peddling," I would whine, "it's practically begging." My mother's invariable answer was to ram a two-penny halvah into my mouth and boom, "In old country, *begging* is honorable profession!"

We applied for home relief, but when the social worker came calling on us, my mother wound up beating her over the head with a stale loaf of Arabic bread. The social worker had made the mortal error of asking questions in a patronizing tone; so my mother chased her into the hall, where the poor woman whimpered, questionnaires clutched tightly to her bosom.

How anyone could feel patronizing or superior in the presence of my mother is something I was never able to understand. As for my mother, she really couldn't have cared less about home relief, for her quince jelly haul was enormous. One night I watched her, hunched over the bare, scarred wooden table in our dimly lit kitchen counting the day's coins that she had just spilled out of a ragged leather purse. The 40-watt bulb cast a weird glow over her bronzed face, and she looked like an Arab Ethel Barrymore as she peered up at me slyly and grunted, "Let's hope your father doesn't come back."

But I don't think she meant that. I'm thinking of the time, several years later, when my father pulled his famous reappearing act. Mutual friends had arranged for Papa to come by for lunch and a "talk" with Mama; and as the appointed time approached, both my mother and I were leaning out from the living room window, scanning the streets, watching, waiting.

Then my heart began to race as

that familiar, shy figure appeared, crossing Second Avenue. It came closer, closer, and then when it was so near that I could almost see the pixyish flickering in those sad eyes, my mother, perhaps out of her old hurt, perhaps out of a shyness of her own, suddenly bellowed out the window: "He's back! The genius! The big reader! He's *back*! Go get a newspaper, somebody!"

My father stopped dead in his tracks. I felt his eyes brush lightly and warmly over my face. Then he turned and walked silently back down the street.

I stayed at the window until my father was just a beloved dot, a known but lost speck in the distance. Mama didn't look at me. She walked slowly into her bedroom and closed the door. She stayed in there for a long, long time, and she wasn't stirring up a new batch of quince jelly. That's how I know she didn't mean that about hoping Papa wouldn't come back. But he never did.

MAMA CARRIED ON, and in addition to her quince act, she employed another economic dodge that caused me to suspect she was descended from Bedouins. It was her famed "locked landlord" gambit.

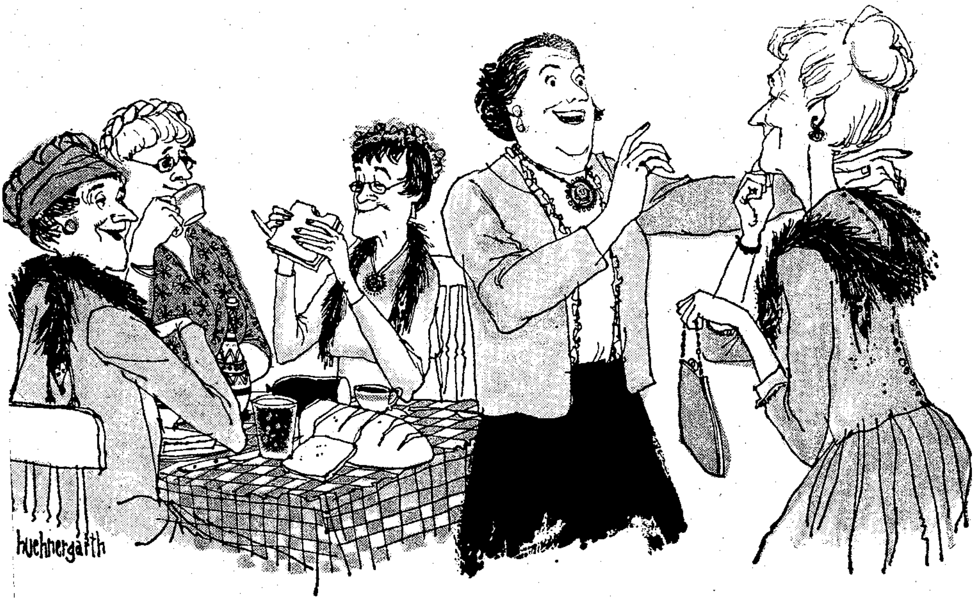
In a strategy worthy of that famed Prussian tactician Clausewitz, she would pay the first month's rent in advance and then repel all future demands for payment with cries of "You *shurrup*, you crookit landlord! I know *all about you*!" While the landlord worried over what my mother "knew" about him, we lived rent-free for anywhere from three to six months, depending on how long it took him to make up his mind—and secure the necessary court action—to evict us.

Within a period of ten years, we lived at 28 different addresses. I'm not complaining, because it was rather broadening; although I never quite got used to the chagrin of skipping home from school and finding my silver loving cup leaning crookedly atop a heap of our belongings out on the street. We were famous, in a way, for we were the only nomadic tribe living in Manhattan. There was some talk of our appearing in Ripley's "Believe It or Not," and had there been an Ed Sullivan Show in those days I'm sure we would have been on it. But inevitably the landlords in Manhattan wised up and we moved to Brooklyn.

IN BROOKLYN once, we were evicted in the record time of five weeks, and though it came as quite a blow to Mama's professional pride, it really had nothing to do with rent. It had to do with socks.

One of Mama's friends—and in those days, anyone was a friend who could speak to her without trembling—was a Mr. Issah Etmekdjian. Fifty and frayed in his perpetually rumpled, oversized brown tweed suit, he was sitting, on this particular morning, by a window of our fourth-floor apartment, listening to Mama sound off on Lebanon.

My mother was in the midst of a bellow about Lebanese girls when Etmekdjian unexpectedly kicked off his shoes and took off his socks. He reached into his jacket pocket for a



Mama's doddering old ladies treated our kitchen like a Salvation Army outpost.

fresh pair and pulled them over his feet. Wordlessly then, and still listening to Mama—although she had paused momentarily to witness Etmekdjian's amazing performance—he threw the old socks out the open window. It was later reported to us that they had landed squarely on the red-periwigged dome of our landlady, Mrs. Jelky.

As the socks fluttered streetward, my mother addressed Etmekdjian in an ominously soft tone of voice: "Why you throw out the stockin's?"

"Is my stockin's," retorted Etmekdjian, puffing up his scrawny frame like an undernourished aging Armenian peacock.

"My window," said my mother tonelessly.

Etmekdjian kept silent, a phenomenon to which he probably owes his life.

"Don' do it again," growled Mama. And turning to me, she rumbled, "Creepy Armenian!"

Mrs. Jelky had us evicted within a week for, in her words, "despeakable carryin's on," a Jelkyism that didn't puncture Mama's sensitivities one bit, for she was militantly impervious to criticism.

She envisioned herself as a dramatic heroine, a New York tenement-Scheherazade surrounded by wise camels and idiot landlords. She exulted in her role of "A Mother Alone," and her favorite book (which she could not read, of course) was *I Remember Mama*. When she pounced on my brother one day and demanded: "Who write it?" his moody, distracted reply was "Oedipus Rex." So my mother would always quote this as the author's name, although she pronounced it "Eddie Rizik," which was the name of a Syrian baker on East 17th Street. Naturally, we didn't see any point in endangering my brother by correcting Mama—or worse, explaining the joke.

She was an enigma, my mother. She would do oddly kindly things, such as providing free lunches in our kitchen for doddering, little old ladies in ratty, 40-year-old fox fur pieces. One of them, her mind grown feeble, apparently thought that our apartment was a Salvation Army outpost, for she always addressed my mother as "Major Blatty."

Another time my mother took in an old opera singer fallen on evil days. Mama had discovered her cringing in the rain one night, leaning on a pile of antique possessions which had been freshly hurled into the street following an eviction order for arrears in rent. Upon sizing up her situation, Mama's first impulse was to congratulate the weeping old lady, but she was later horrified to learn that up until this calamity the opera singer had been paying her rent regularly for 22 years!

Mama cared for the poor old thing until she died, all of which would make you think that my mother was an indiscriminate lover of humanity, and it could be that you're right; although actually you're wrong. Mama was scornful of everyone and everything about her, particularly the Greeks, Irish, Italians, Swedes, Armenians and "Joosh people" in the neighborhood, all of whom she habitually referred to as "sneaky foreigners." Her only huzzas were for Lebanon and things Lebanese.

When it wasn't Lebanese girls—or quince jelly—it was mountains. "My God, those Lebanon Mountains are beautiful!" my mother would say; and once, when I was 12, I took her out to Central Park in a desperate lunge at getting her interested in a few peaks there. But after looking them over she merely spat delicately and said, "Dung hills!"

Some of the people around us must have heard, and I would have been embarrassed except that actually my mother said it in Arabic, and the crowd probably didn't understand her. "Nothing like the mountains in Lebanon!" She gloated further and a look of cunning enveloped her berry-brown face as she looked sidewise at me. "*You'll* see."

My kingdom for a freckle

Piteous pleas of "Mama, why can't I talk American like the other kids?" left her powerfully unmoved. While my grammar school classmates munched on hamburgers and chutney during lunch periods, I was compelled to pick furtively at a brown paper bag heavy with stuffed squash, eggplant compounded with sesame seed and an occasional morsel of shish kebab.

Snub-nosed third-graders would greet my entrance to the lunchroom with raucous cries of "So your old man's a sheik, huh? So watta you, a camel?" and were undaunted by my choked, silent tears that trickled down onto my lunch bag and were quickly swallowed up by the rich, dark stains of the squash drippings.

Other things began to annoy me. Like my name. "Blad-dy? Wot kinda Ay-rab name is Blad-dy?" was the inevitable, sneering demand of upper-form aristocrats like Garbage-head Arigo or Banana Legs Scalisi whenever they were in search of sport. I would explain that 'blatt' was a Lebanese word meaning tile. Which was all my tormentors needed.

"Tile, huh? Like wot dey got on battroom floors, huh?" And for weeks afterward, the school gambit was for someone to pop up suddenly in front of me, look deep into my eyes, clap a hand to his forehead and shout in disbelief: "Blad-dy? Dat ain't a *name*—dat's a *toilet*!"

There's more. I became acutely self-conscious about my year-round tan, especially since it was pretty well-known that I wasn't spending week ends in Florida. And then there was Mama's concept of what the well-dressed Arab youth should wear to school. She had once seen Freddy Bartholomew in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*; and his wardrobe in that picture became such an *idée fixe* with her that she cut up some velvet drapery material brought over from "the old country," and made up a few suits for me patterned after Fauntleroy's. The colors, however, were all her own idea: they were bright Bedouin reds and purples. It was conceded by several of the older boys at P.S. 189 that I had "a lotta class."

After school hours, when I wasn't "quincing" on Park Avenue, I used to sit home and read rather than roam the streets in my wild velvets, inviting the usual gibes of the freckle-faced "American" kids in the neighborhood. I was also operating under a vague but promising delusion that if I stayed out of the sun I might lose some of my tan. I became a grammar-school recluse. As a result, I never got out and indulged in sports of any kind. To this day, I am incredibly uncoordinated and count myself lucky to be able to catch a grapefruit if given ten seconds warning before it is thrown.

I used to dream of waking up some morning and finding myself an Irishman. How I envied the Irish boys their snub noses, their pale skins and their incredible reflexes! I had daydreams in which my name was Miles O'Malley or Fairfax McLaughlin, and I had blond hair and was the champion boxer of Ireland. I would have given a million dollars for just one crummy freckle.

Because of my endless afternoons of isolation and deep reading, I became the teenage Clifton Fadiman of my neighborhood and was able to win a scholarship to Brooklyn Prep, a Jesuit school in Brooklyn Heights. I couldn't have felt more out of place than if I'd brought my own bottle to a Perle Mesta party. For Brooklyn Prep was peopled not by mere Irishmen, but by *wealthy* Irishmen. It jarred my mother no little, I can tell you, when she noted that none of them wore pants made of red-velvet drapery material. It jarred me too, I guess, mostly because I was wearing them.

But one thing I liked: you had to eat the "balanced" luncheons in the school cafeteria, and my brown paper lunch bag got the deep six. After a few meals in the cafeteria, though, I was ready to crawl in after the bag; I discovered that none of the other boys made noise when they chewed their food. I don't mean celery or crackers. I mean *mashed potatoes.* They also didn't lick their fingers or burp mightily, Bedouin style, to signify a satisfactory meal. So after a week of school, I always seemed to have a private table all to myself. It was kind of nice, I guess.

One night at dinner I looked over at my mother and said, "Mama, you make noise when you eat." She gave me a wild, unexpected look, took my temperature and put me to bed. But the outside world had gotten to me, and I became terribly sensitive about making noise while chewing or, for that matter, swallowing. For months I refused to drink water in the presence of others for fear of making gulping sounds. I was a nervous wreck.

But I practiced in secret, and today I am the only man alive who can chew celery in the Hollywood Bowl without being heard in the first row, which is probably why I make people uneasy at dinner parties. It's kind of a spooky talent.

"Greetings to the bishop"

My mother's nomadic tenant tactics continued throughout my prep years. When I was a sophomore, I came running home from school one day, on the eve of an oratorical contest, and stumbled over my silver loving cup. It was sitting out on the sidewalk in front of our building, along with all our other furnishings, and there was my mother, raising hell with the "crookit landlord."

She was feeling pretty perky about it, actually, since we'd squeezed an extra month or two out of the bewildered man, and her angry shouting was merely the mask for a massive gloat. She also felt morally obligated to give the landlord some measure of satisfaction by pretending to be miserable.

"Will-*yam,* my Baby Jesus!" my mother roared as I approached her; and after an enormous, confidential wink, she fell upon me, sobbing with a wild abandon. That night we stayed at the Pierrepont Hotel in Brooklyn; and at four-thirty the following morning, "Baby Jesus" was locked in the bathroom desperately memorizing a speech about Thomas Jefferson.

But I was battling several psychological blocks, all spelled M-O-T-H-E-R. A rather compelling orator in her own right, Mama had for years been bombarding my eardrums with a speech she had learned as a little girl in Lebanon, a speech of welcome—in French—for a bishop visiting her grammar school. She would recite it with great gusto at various and maddeningly frequent moments, such as while waiting for her squash to cook, while standing in the cashier's line at supermarkets, and at bus stops.

But now, the thing I couldn't get out of my mind was that when the time came for her *original* delivery, my mother had stepped on-stage, taken one look at the bishop and turned to speechless, stupefied jelly. Finally the little Lebanese nuns had to come scurrying out of the wings and carry her off.

At about 6 A.M. Mama opened one eye and rumbled, "I gonna go with you." She went with me. At Prep, when I finally rose to speak, I took one look at my mother standing at the rear of the auditorium, opened my mouth to say "Thomas Jefferson," and instead blurted out five or six words in French. Then I went utterly and totally blank.

A wild minute of silence followed in which I was incapable of uttering a word, although I think I might have managed a piercing scream. And then as the assembled student body shifted around noisily in their collapsible metal chairs, my mother took command of the Forum in a manner that would have made Mark Antony's liver melt with envy.

"Looka him! *Looka* the poor boy!" she roared. "My Baby Jesus, he don't sleep all night! How he gonna remember, hah?" One of the judges, a Jesuit with his own notions concerning the proper application of the term "Baby Jesus," advanced on my mother.

I daresay he will never come closer to martyrdom in his lifetime. Mama gripped his cassock up near the collar and lifted him clear off the floor while she delivered a lecture on the problems of oratory. Then she released him, but only because she wanted both arms free for gestures while she launched into a massive delivery of her famed "greetings to the bishop" speech. She was using it to illustrate the foibles of memory.

A mild pandemonium rippled aimlessly through the auditorium. My mother's dynamic French thundered and reverberated. Metal chairs scraped against concrete as students stood up and pushed against one another, straining for a better look. In one corner of the hall, several of the younger and more progressive Jesuits, awake at last to the awesome powers of my mother, were forming a flying wedge.

On-stage, a Jesuit who was fluent in French, cast anxious, worried looks around the auditorium, apparently wondering whether a bishop was in fact present. "Nobody ever tells me anything!" he bawled, and what he might have said after that I don't know, because that's when I oozed off stage and out the side door. It was what you might call a day to remember.

I sought escape into inner space

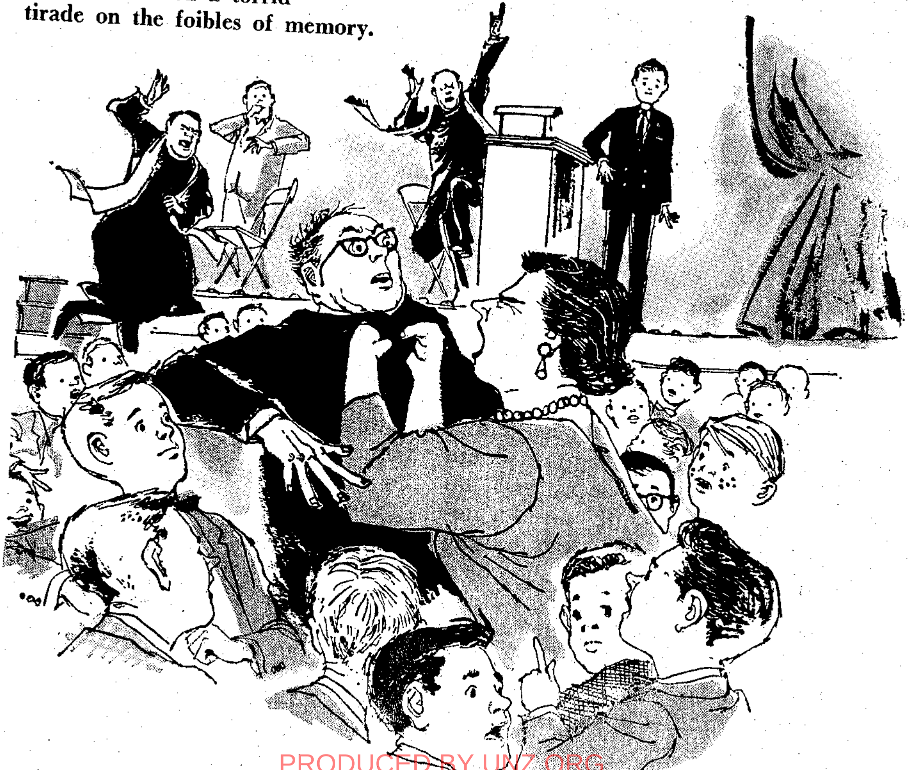
by plunging myself into extracurricular activities at Brooklyn Prep: writing, acting, debating—all the usual retreat activities for kids with lousy grades, no reflexes and non-Irish parents.

In the middle of my sophomore year, largely due to my intensive training at Mama's own Actors Studio on Park Avenue, I was cast in the title role of the annual dramatic presentation, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. When I made my entrance on opening night, my mother, who was sitting in the first row of spectators, rumbled, "That's him—that's my Will-yam," in a voice that carried out onto Eastern Parkway.

But unlike the Thomas Jefferson affair, this time I didn't go blank. I mean, the part was made for me. There was Cyrano with his monstrous nose, and there was I with my crushing sense of being an "Arab alone." I merely equated the two, and delivered a performance that gave even the groundlings pause.

The play ran five nights, and I would always look forward with excitement to the first act dueling

Lifting the priest clear off the floor, Mama delivered a torrid tirade on the foibles of memory.



scene in which I plunged my long sword into Valvert, who in our production was played by a snub-nosed, freckle-faced Irishman named Shaughnessy. Each time, after the "kill," I would smile down upon his inert form, and in that exquisite moment it never mattered that my stomach rumbled or that I wore red velvet trousers. The sword was mightier than the freckle.

A middle-aged woman who was sitting beside my mother on opening night remarked, "He'd be such a *handsome* boy, isn't it a shame about that nose?" and when she suggested plastic surgery my mother punched her in the stomach. I guess she had it coming.

On the final night, I was awarded the annual gold medal for excellence in dramatics and floated home on an eggplant-lined cloud. I had high hopes that my classmates would quit calling me "Arab." They did. They started calling me "Nose."

Into your tent I'll steal...

I was graduated from Brooklyn Prep with all the honors and all the complexes that an 18-year-old could possibly accumulate, and had even been asked to deliver the traditional Psychotatorian address at commencement. It was a brilliant oration, and everyone agreed afterward that for a teenager it was "remarkably Freudian." Which is probably because up until that point I had been remarkably frustrated. And that's why I began dreaming about college.

College. Coonskin coats and Betty Coed. It was all part of my vision of the great American romance and I grappled it to my swarthy, Bedouin bosom, for I was accustomed to yearning for red-white-and-blue unattainables. And right then nothing was more unattainable than college and Betty Coed. As for the former, we hadn't the money, and as for the latter, no "American" girl had ever been good enough for Mama's Willyam. She was determined to save me for a harem in Lebanon.

Occasionally, in grade school, I would be invited to a birthday party; but Mama, who knew we would be playing "spin the bottle" always strait-jacketed my departures to these affairs with "Don't kiss any creepy Irish girls!"

She could have saved her breath. Because of her Arab cooking mine was always garlicky, and I couldn't get within 100 *yards* of a creepy Irish girl, or even a creepy Swedish girl, much less kiss one. It was a little off-putting, I can tell you, because if there's anyone who needs kissing games it's a boy without a father, a country or a permanent address.

Once, while I was still in the eighth grade, Mama made contact with an Arab family living nearby. Amongst this brood was an attractive 14-year-old girl, and one day she came to visit us.

As we talked over strong coffee drowned in hot milk, it appeared as though here at last was a girl upon whom my mother would place her Lebanese seal of approval. A sudden fire of expectation erupted on the kitchen table when my mother announced that she had to go out to "do some shopping."

The cunning young lady and I greeted her announcement with loud silence. But my mother didn't budge. She merely stared at me for a long while and finally said in Arabic: "Don't kiss anybody." The girl, who understood Arabic quite plainly, stood up and left. I never saw her again. "Creepy Egyptian," rumbled my mother as she departed.

By the time I was graduated from Prep I was on the point of accepting a permanent position as senior usher at the Orpheum, for college seemed out of the question. But my mother changed all that.

Mama had once sold some quince jelly to a woman whose son attended Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., and she got it into her head that I should apply there for admission. "But Mama, that's a rich kids' school!" I protested. "How we gonna pay?"

"You *shurrup!*" she roared back. "You gonna win scholarship!"

My mother was a deeply religious woman of vast and mighty faith, and you could bet on it that her faith always paid off—or else. I won the scholarship.

In the fall I was on my way south. Along with my sparse luggage Mama packed several halvah sandwiches, which I felt obliged to munch greedily all through the four-hour train ride to the University. But once on campus, I snuggled down to Shakespeare and Marlowe, Aquinas and the Hapsburgs, none of whom, it was my understanding, was even remotely connected with Lebanon or anything Lebanese.

I plunged into dramatics again, and got the part of Danny in *Night Must Fall*. They let me do it with an Irish brogue and I was in seventh heaven. It was exhilarating to be someone else. And I guess that's why I was good at dramatics: I needed to be someone else.

At Georgetown that need was fulfilled. The polishing and Americanizing process had begun at Prep, of course. But now that I was away from home I was able to concentrate on filling in the elements of a new identity, stealing this habit and that grace, this way of dressing and that way of acting from the hordes of refined, wealthy young gentlemen who came to the Georgetown campus to study.

I learned that at football games one does not belch to signify approval of a sterling play, and that a gentleman shaves before a "tea dance"; that even a college sport does not wear a yellow tie with a blue suit and that young college girls must *not* be accosted in theater balconies. I became, in short, a patchwork quilt of the Georgetown student body, and I forgot that I had ever worn red-velvet trousers. I breathed a sigh of relief.

But I had sighed too much, too soon. Like a doting ghost, Mama began haunting the Gothic battlements of Georgetown, making incessant surprise visits to the campus and overflowing, as usual, with Middle Eastern essences and jars of Lebanese goodies. The first time it happened was in the fall of my freshman year. I had just stepped out of the shower room and was rounding a corner on the fourth floor of the Ryan Hall dormitory, when suddenly I saw Mama bearing down on me full steam, a grin on her strong, dark face and a shopping bag in each hand.

"Mama," I roared, "you can't come up here! This is a men's dormitory!"

"Will-*yam*," she shrilled, "I'm your *mother*!"

There was no denying it. And thenceforth I was once again the barrage balloon for Mama's verbal cannon shots about Lebanon. One time I was standing with her under the famed "Georgetown Tree," a campus landmark in front of the Foreign Service School. The Dean of Studies happened along, and I introduced him to my mother.

"Well, Mrs. Blatty," smiled the black-robed Jesuit, "and what do you think of Georgetown?"

"Georgetown!" boomed my mother. "*George*-town! You ever hear of the American University of Beirut? My God, is that a university!"

I plunged on with my college career, growing more and more urbane, more and more embarrassed by reminders of my alien upbringing. It got so that the word "Lebanon" made me cringe. By my senior year I was so polished that my old friends on the East Side would have thrown rocks at me.

Beirut confidential

It was just coincidence, I suppose, that at graduation mine was the only sheepskin that was black. Maybe. I let it pass. I was happy with Georgetown and what it had done for me. I was tweedy. I was de-Lebanized. And I was in for the rudest surprise since the housemaid brought in Dr. Jekyll's breakfast.

For in 1955 I joined the United States Information Agency, and, as if that wasn't bad enough, the U.S.I.A. personnel chief called me into his office one morning and said: "Blatty! Guess where you're going?"

"Shangri-La?" I probed wistfully, for I was a hopeless fan of Ronald Colman's movies.

"Negative," he barked. "We're assigning you to our publishing center in Lebanon. Just lost a man there, the guy you'll replace. Got food poisoning eating some goddam weird native jelly."

"Quince?" I asked weakly, as my whole life passed before me in an instant. "How did you guess?" he answered.

Yes, I went to Lebanon. And if you want the whole sordid story, my two-year tour there was summed up the moment I set foot in the airport customs processing line. As the

Lebanese customs police dallied interminably with my passport, one of them offered me a cup of Turkish coffee. I drank it. I smiled. The customs men stared at me inscrutably. And I stared back. Then one of them said to the other in Arabic: "What a barbarian. Not even the courtesy to belch."

That's right: it was Blatty and "the rich kids" all over again. Only now *I* was the rich kid!

But I lived—I guess—and I learned. And I checked out Mama's stories about Lebanon. Funny thing: she was right. The girls were exotic. You were definitely out of step if you didn't gorge on quince jelly. My landlord put me down for an eccentric because I paid my rent punctually; and my Arabic was considered gauche because of my Brooklyn accent.

Beirut, my main post of assignment, snuggled between the blue, blue Mediterranean and the snow-capped Lebanon Mountains, their green-terraced slopes dotted brightly with the orange-tiled roofs of scattered homes and villages. My *God*, those mountains were beautiful. *All* of Lebanon was beautiful.

And eventually I came to understand and love its people. So much so that at the end of my tour of duty, as I boarded a plane for home, I looked wistfully over my shoulder at Mount Lebanon, and then turned and breathed garlic *directly* into the face of the Pan-Am stewardess!

"MAMA!" I shouted, a couple of days later when I arrived home.

"Will-*yam*!" she roared. We embraced each other with joy. It was good to be roared at again.

My mother brewed some black, strong coffee, and, "How you like Lebanon?" she quizzed as I sipped.

"Mama," I bellowed, "it was *great*! My *God*, what a country! Those mountains! Those *beautiful* mountains, and the lush, green valleys. *Fabulous*, Mama, *fabulous*!" My mother sipped at her coffee and watched me.

"And the people!" I continued heatedly. "My God, they're wise! Time? Time is nothing to them. Don't waste life rushing around—*enjoy* it, that's the philosophy! And what a sense of humor they've got! My God, do they know how to live!"

My mother was staring at me now through narrowed eyelids, but after another sip of coffee I blathered on excitedly. "And the *food*! The *food*! Just *fantastic*! *Mama*," I shouted joyously. "You've got to get back there for a visit!"

She raised a scornful eyebrow. "What the hell I want with Lebanon?" she growled. "I'm *American*!"

A NEW REGULATION for Paris apartment dwellers reads: "It is forbidden to inconvenience neighbors by excessive noises from phonographs, television sets, radios, firecrackers, fireworks and gunshots." —HAROLD HELFER

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B-15

GRIN AND SHARE IT

IN ORDER TO CLARIFY the meaning of words used in an announcement about a school carnival, the teacher asked her third-graders if they knew what the word "bazaar" meant.

After a long silence, one youngster raised his hand and replied hesitantly, "I don't know for sure, but I think it's part of a lady's underwear." —*N. E. A. Journal*

WIFE TO HUSBAND as tailor measures his waist: "It's quite amazing when you realize that a Douglas fir with that much girth would be 90 feet tall." —*General Features Corporation*

THE SEVEN-YEAR-OLD had gone fishing with her father. After an hour or so, her dad asked, "Are you having any luck?"

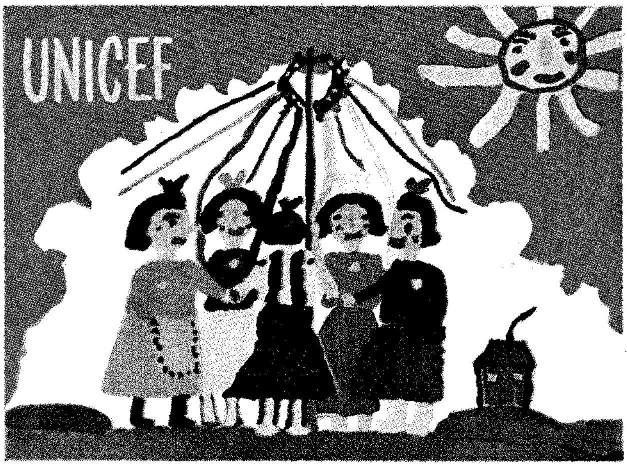
She replied indignantly, "No, I don't think my worm is really trying." —K. E. BROCKTER

A LADY WHO LIVES in an apartment house was requested by her landlord not to do anything to encourage the congregation of pigeons around the building since they were doing damage to it. In particular she was asked not to put bread crumbs on her window sills.

These instructions she duly passed on to her maid but two days afterward she noticed crumbs strewn on the dining room window sill.

On being taken to task, the maid answered: "They're not for the *pigeons*. They're for the *sparrows*." —AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

First card, by Jitka, age 7.



Christmas cards that live all year

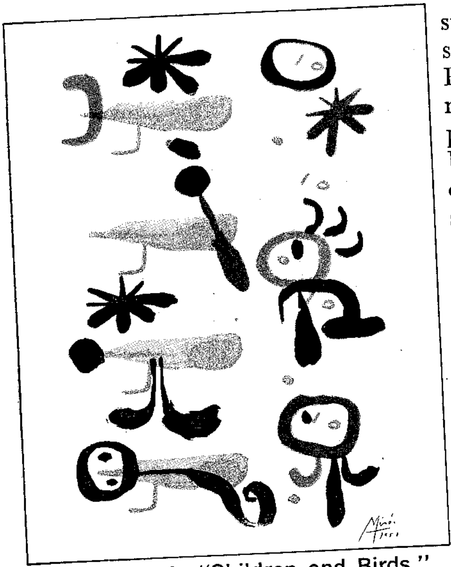
These unique greetings combine great art with the joy of helping the United Nations care for needy children throughout the world

BY DONALD A. ALLAN

Last November, on a visit to the United Nations, Nicky Montemora, a 12-year-old schoolgirl from Saugatuck, Connecticut, paid $1.25 for a box of ten Christmas cards designed by famous artists of the world for UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. Since then her money may have: protected 50 young Peruvians from tuberculosis, or treated an African leprosy victim for over a year, or provided 315 glasses of milk for undernourished babies in India.

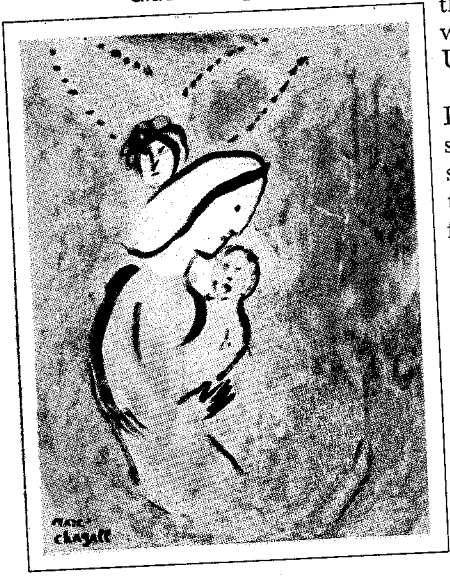
Every year Americans spend $500,000,000 on some 5,260,000,000 greeting cards, most of which have little artistic merit and a useful life no longer than the time it takes to read and discard them. UNICEF cards are different.

A painting by Spanish-born Joan Miro recently sold for about $100,000. Miro and other great artists,



Miro's "Children and Birds."

"Glad Tidings" by Chagall



such as Raoul Dufy of France, Russian-born Marc Chagall, Mexico's Rufino Tamayo and Dong Kingman of New York, have given paintings free to be reproduced as UNICEF Christmas cards—works of art that would cost many thousands of dollars in the original.

Now marking its tenth anniversary, the UNICEF Christmas card program last year raised $750,000 for health, nutrition and welfare services to some of the 750,000,000 children in the world who face daily hunger, sickness and the likelihood of premature death.

Volunteers around the world sold 14,000,000 UNICEF cards last year, roughly half in the U.S., to people who, like Nicky Montemora, "want to spend the money on cards that do some good for kids who can't have a happy Christmas." Over 600 U.S. organizations sell the cards. Millions more are sold world-wide by mail through the UNICEF headquarters in the U.N.

One of this year's cards, by Ted De Grazia of Tucson, Arizona, shows Indian children dancing in a swirling ring of desert colors, a motif that, by coincidence, recalls the first UNICEF card—a crude but gaily colored painting of five girls dancing around a Maypole. Jitka, a seven-year-old Czechoslovakian girl, made it and gave it to the UNICEF worker who visited the girl's war-ravaged village in 1946.

"It means joy, going round and round," Jitka explained. And Jitka started something that has been going around the world, bringing joy, ever since. In 1949 her painting was reproduced as a Christmas card. About 130,000 were sold. The idea of inviting famous artists to design cards was introduced the next year. This year sales are expected to exceed 15,000,000.

Jitka was one of many thousands of European children fed and clothed by the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, created in 1946 to care for these helpless victims of World War II. The organization was extended to aid Palestine refugees, and in 1950 was given permanent status and assigned to combat hunger, sickness and social ills for the children of developing nations. Even where most of the population is illiterate, the UNICEF symbol of a child drinking milk is recognized with gratitude. "I know what UNICEF means," a little Italian girl told a social worker a few years ago. "It is the American word for cow."

These children are being born, at the rate of two a second. They comprise three-fourths of the world's one billion children, and most of them live in areas of Asia, Africa and Latin America where the average daily protein consumption is about equal to one thin slice of ham. The death of a child is common among their families. "Out of 100 Indian and 100 American children," an Indian expert said recently, "more American children lived to be 65 than Indian children lived to be five."

UNICEF's $28,000,000 1959 expenditures are tiny in this age of billion-dollar bombs. The money is voluntarily subscribed by 87 govern-

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ments—from $12,000,000 the U. S. has pledged for 1960 to Antigua's $137. Russia gives only $500,000. Income from the Christmas card program and the Halloween Trick or Treat penny collection (which provided $1,700,000 from the U. S. and Canada last year, collected on house-to-house visits by children) adds to the total. Countries which request UNICEF aid are required to match each dollar of assistance with an average $2.50 in labor, housing, materials and the like, at the same time, preparing to take over the projects started by UNICEF initiative.

The need for UNICEF help grows faster than the means, according to Director Maurice Pate, of the U. S. So far, the agency is reaching 55,000,000 children in 107 countries with direct assistance—not even one-tenth of the needy. But malaria and yaws and blinding trachoma have been wiped out in many areas. Milk plants and DDT factories have been built, and 23,000 health centers established in many lands. UNICEF technicians work with enthusiasm that is fed by the sight of children blooming under their care and the same spirit is shared by the artists who have contributed their works.

All who send and receive these greetings at Christmas share this spirit too, for the cards are unique, combining the beauty of great art and the satisfaction of giving to a great cause, that, like Jitka's dancers, will go round and round, spreading joy into the farthest corners of the earth.

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Canada's woolly west

BY CARL T. ROWAN

When it comes to dust, cattle, oil—and fancy bragging—
Texas can't top Canada's prairie provinces

PITY THE poor Canadians. They've got to put up with not one State of Texas, but three! Out in Canada's prairie West, where the oil wells gush and the wheat sprouts, the residents of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta all claim that their province is the "Texas of the North."

Several months ago, U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson arrived late to address a gathering in Regina, Saskatchewan. Backstage, he went into a huddle with Saskatchewan's Premier T. C. Douglas. "Give me a quick briefing," Benson asked. "What kind of people are these?"

"Well," Douglas said, "we grow a lot of wheat. We raise a lot of cattle. We've got some oil wells. You can figure that we're just like Texas, except that we're friendlier toward the United States."

"I'll have to tell Ike that one," said Benson with a chuckle. "He's a Texan."

"While you're at it," Douglas added, "tell him about the Texan who was here last week and got all upset over a long-distance call. When the call was completed, the Texan asked the operator how much it cost. She told him to deposit $5.75.

" 'Young lady,' he exploded, 'in Texas I could call hell for $5.75.'

" 'I'm sure you could, sir,' answered the operator politely, 'but in

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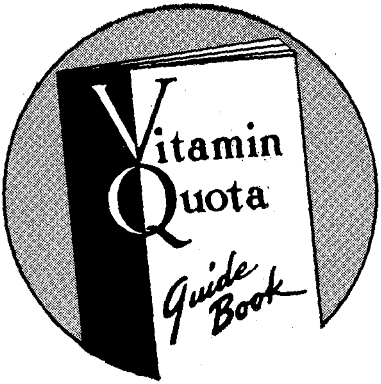

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Texas that would be a local call.' "

Each of Canada's prairie provinces bears a strong resemblance to Texas, which was the biggest and still is the braggingest of all our United States. The dust storms that sweep the treeless land, the fat cattle that graze the ranches, the black gold gushing from oil derricks that spring up like toadstools—and most of all, a multitude of tall, tall tales—all are just as typical of the Canadian West as they are of Texas.

"Why, Texans don't know a dust storm when they see one, podner," a Manitoban snorted. "Around here, you hold a gopher over your head and drop him. If he digs a hole before he hits the ground, you've got a fair to middlin' duster blowing in."

Old-timers seem to have more fun recalling the days of hardship on the Canadian prairies than Texans have discussing their Cadillacs and swimming pools. Leonard Nesbitt of Calgary, who was for years superintendent of publicity for the Alberta Wheat Pool, says no Texan can top the "hard times" stories of the Canadian prairies. He says the woeful plight of Alberta agriculture was best illustrated by this letter from one farmer, read in London on April 28, 1932, at the annual meeting of the Hudson's Bay Co.:

"I got your letter about what I owe. Now be patient. I haven't forgotten you. Please wait. When I have the money I will pay you. If this was Judgment Day and you were no more prepared to meet your Maker than I am to meet your account, you sure would

have to go to hell. Trusting you will do this."

A number of Texans have moved to the Canadian prairies, but some still have enough Texas pride to view rather dimly these comparisons of Canada with the Lone Star State. One Texan supposedly squelched a bragging citizen of oil-booming Calgary with this remark: "Y'all got a nice city here, but it ain't no Dallas. Reminds me more of old-time Seattle. Used to be there wasn't a thing in Seattle but Indians, sailors and s.o.b.'s. The Indians vanished, the sailors sailed away and left a modern American city."

But Western Canadians don't just compare themselves to Texans. They wax lyrical over the marvels and majesty of their own prairies. The noted Canadian writer, Bruce Hutchison, once said of Saskatchewan: "My eye was . . . filled . . . my mind staggered by the outside look of Saskatchewan . . . this was like no other land in Canada. . . . You can see farther here than anywhere else in the nation, breathe deeper and, I begin to think, feel better."

Flying from Regina to Calgary on a clear, winter day, you see what Hutchison meant. The earth looks as flat as if God had raked a plumb level over it. In the cold, bright sunshine, an endless expanse of snow gleams as far as the eye can see, a glittering blanket marked here and there by a farmstead, a cluster of trees that form a windbreak and, occasionally, by a highway.

Eastern Canadians say that you can tell an Albertan that his daugh-

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ter can't sing, or that his wife is a miserable cook, but all will be forgiven if you praise the glories of his land. Albertans don't deny it. One old farmer recalls the day his son was showing an East Canadian visitor around. The lad swept his hand toward the horizon and asked his guest if he ever had breathed more invigorating air, or strolled under a bluer sky. The visitor just cocked his head dubiously.

Finally, nature spread pastel fire across the horizon with a magnificent prairie sunset, and the young Albertan said to his visitor, "There, did you ever in your life see a sunset like that?"

The visitor gazed in awe for a moment and finally said, "Wow! That is a beautiful sunset for such a small town."

In the past, many observers have criticized the Canadian lack of humor. Spend just a few days in the Canadian West, however, and you wonder how anyone could reach this conclusion.

Saskatchewan's Premier Douglas is one of the wittiest men alive—although in 1935, when he was elected to the Canadian Parliament, friends told him: "Never go in for flippancy. The Canadian people like their public men to be serious; they think humor means you're a lightweight." Nevertheless, Douglas insists that the dull business of politics needs more laughter, and he has waged a sidesplitting campaign to spread some about Saskatchewan.

One of the Premier's favorite stories concerns a flare-up in the

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House of Commons at Ottawa, Canada's national capital. A Conservative MP from a British Columbia province kept demanding that former Prime Minister Mackenzie King do something about the Sons of Freedom, a splinter group that had broken off from the Doukhobor religious sect. When the Sons (and daughters) of Freedom wanted to protest anything, they would parade in the nude. With Texas-sized mosquitoes in summer and zero temperatures in winter, Saskatchewan was hardly ideal for such protests, however, so most of the Sons of Freedom had moved to milder British Columbia.

When William Esling, the MP from British Columbia, got no response to his demands that the Government stop these nude protests, he arose in Commons to say: "Mr. Speaker, I have on my desk a letter from one of my constituents and I put his problem to the Prime Minister. What would he do if he stepped out on his porch one morning and found three naked women standing on his lawn?"

Without the slightest change of expression, King replied: "I would send for Mr. Bennett and Mr. Woodsworth."

Opposition leader R. B. Bennett was, like King, a bachelor and Woodsworth was a Methodist minister, so it is not difficult to imagine how his quick retort gave hilarious pause to parliamentary procedures.

Unlike Texas, the Canadian prairies had no Jesse James, Billy the Kid or Wild Bill Hickok. But their frontier had its own dangers, including instances of rattlesnakes that made the Texas variety look like fishing worms. One Alberta lawmaker insists that he was driving his horse and wagon across the prairie when a rattler struck and hit the wagon tongue. "I had to cut off the tongue to save the wagon," he swore.

Texans who now live in Western Canada sometimes gloat because the prairie provinces admittedly do not have any showplace hotels like the Shamrock in Houston. In fact, the hotels are so poorly heated in some towns that Texans have urged dentists to issue a special warning. This supposedly came about after one guest, dashing to make an early train one wintry morning, rushed through the lobby with the water pitcher in his hand.

As the desk clerk cried, "Thief," the guest shouted back, "I'll mail it back. My teeth are frozen inside!"

But Canada's transplanted Texans point out that the similarities between Texas and the Canadian West run a lot deeper than boasting and fibbing. One Calgary oil man, a former Texan, said of his home state: "The truth is that Texas is a lousy state to live in. But what it has got is an aggressive spirit and people who believe that you can do anything you want to do. That's what built Texas."

This same spirit, he explains, is rapidly building the Canadian West. Talk to a Saskatchewan farmer and you sense that life for him is a special, perennial and delightful challenge to lick nature. The land is semi-arid—so dry in places that it is impossible to dig down to water.

(*Continued on page* 190)

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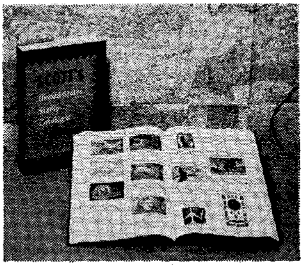

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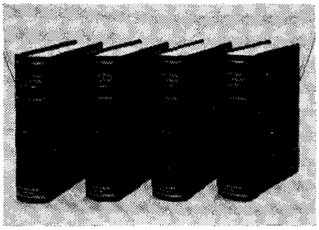

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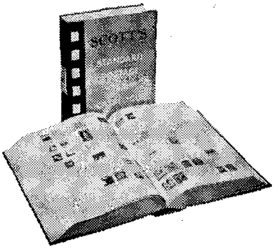

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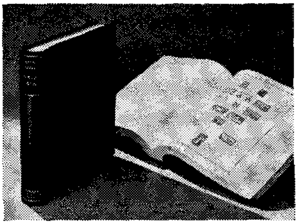

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Yes, pity the poor Canadians who have to contend with Texas in triplicate. But it looks as if Canada is going to survive, after all.

MODERN APARTMENT BUILDING: One in which both the landlord and the tenant are trying to raise the rent.

—*The Christian*

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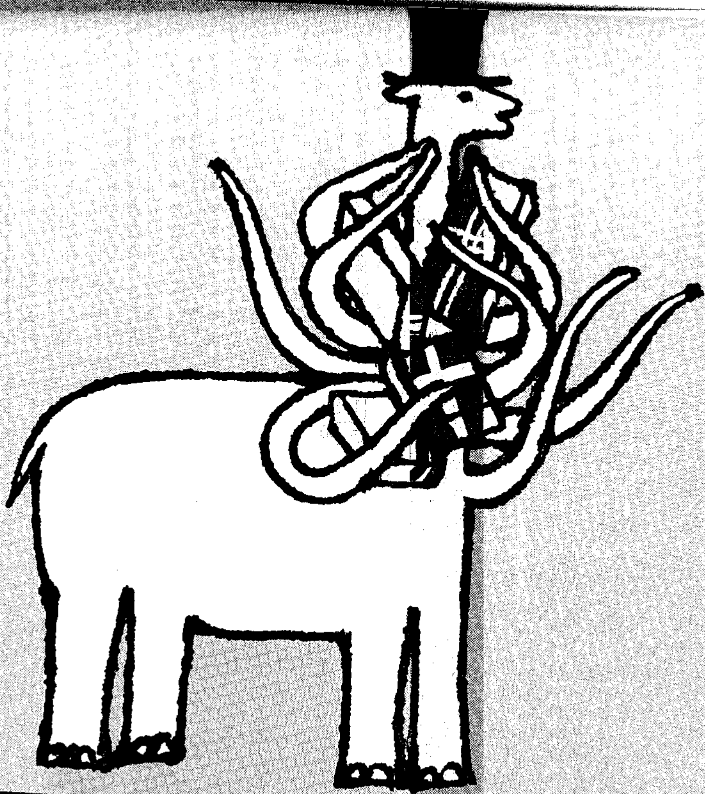

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America's forgotten minstrel

He wrote some of our best-known folk songs. But to his dying day James Bland remained unknown though not "unsung"

BY EDWIN V. BURKHOLDER

THE NEGRO YOUTH walking through the darkness of Philadelphia on an October night in 1875 was penniless, hungry and heartsick. Passing a saloon in the colored section, he entered and went to a rear room. There he sat down at a battered old piano. His fingers struck the chords of a mournful Negro dirge he had heard his grandmother sing—the chant of despair moaned by the slaves as they lay in chains below the decks of ships bringing them to America.

All night he sat at the keyboard, and by morning, he had composed the immortal Negro ballad, *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.*

The youth's name was James A. Bland. For over 70 years his melody has been an American favorite; in 1940 Virginia adopted it as its state song. Yet few know the tragic story of the man who wrote it. More than a decade ago, Dr. James Francis Cooke, editor of the now-defunct music magazine, *The Etude*, conducted a random survey and found that nine out of ten persons thought that Stephen Foster had written *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.* Hardly anyone had ever heard of James A. Bland.

Bland was born on October 22, 1854, in Flushing, Long Island, a suburb of New York City. For a Negro in that year, he came into the world under unusually comfortable conditions. His father, Allen M. Bland, was a free slave who had come north from South Carolina, and later became the first Negro president of Wilberforce University.

At 16, James Bland entered Howard University, the Negro college in Washington, D. C. He was not an outstanding student, but as a banjo player, songster and a Beau Brummell, he was superb. Tall and good-looking, he was the campus Don Juan. Up to this period there is a clear record of the life of James A. Bland. What happened after he graduated from Howard in 1873 that made him turn his back on his country is vague and must be left to conjecture.

Young Bland's ambition apparently was to be a black-faced "end man" in a minstrel show. Today this probably doesn't seem an exalted ambition. But it was different in 1875. Minstrel shows were in their heyday and the black-faced end men were the stars of the show.

But James A. Bland was a Negro. Four years of civil war had freed the slaves, but hadn't eliminated racial discrimination. The minstrel shows were a white man's monopoly, and doors were slammed on Negroes who tried to land jobs with them.

"Bland had been sheltered from the feeling against the Negro," Charles Boles, a classmate at Howard, later wrote. "The rebuffs and insults came as a jarring shock. He never got over the bitterness of these insults. What happened afterward can be traced to them."

For a year and a half young Bland tried unsuccessfully to get a chance as a black-faced end man. That night in Philadelphia, as he sat down at that battered old piano, he knew he had failed.

Bland may have driven a few miles into Virginia while he lived in Washington, but there is no record he ever made any extended trip into the state or knew much about the life there. As he poured his anguish into his song, Virginia was only a symbol to him, a haven where he could live among his own people, far from the bitterness of an unkind white world.

The title of his song was not original. The Edwin P. Christy minstrels had a song entitled *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.* Bland took none of the lyrics, but hit upon the same title. In any event the Christy version of this ballad has long been forgotten.

Bland's friends were enthusiastic over the song. The owners of the white minstrel shows weren't. They refused to use it. At the time, the Callender Georgia Minstrels, a colored minstrel troupe, was playing at Niblo's Garden in New York to small and unenthusiastic audiences. In desperation Bland offered Callender his song in return for a job as end man.

On the night of May 14, 1878, the public first heard Bland's *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.* The audience stamped its feet and yelled for seven encores—but Edwin P. Christy was not pleased.

In those days it was common custom for the chief performer or owner of a minstrel troupe to lay claim to the songs they performed. Christy with Foster's permission had claimed authorship of *Old Folks At Home* which he helped make popular in America with his minstrel troupe.

Under the loose copyright laws of that era there wasn't much Christy could do about Bland's *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny*. But he had influence with the newspapers. The music critics pulled no stops in panning the song. But the plaintive sadness of the melody, expressing human longing and the mystic thread of hope after death, had a universal appeal. Cowboys herding Texas cattle north on the Chisholm Trail even sang it to quiet the longhorns.

A lawyer friend had had the foresight to have the song copyrighted in Bland's name. But this didn't do Bland much good. It can be assumed he sold it outright for a small sum since, years later, when he was living in poverty and the song was still selling in large numbers, he received no royalties.

Bland wrote hundreds of other songs in his lifetime. Between 1878 and 1881 he wrote *In the Evening By the Moonlight*, *Oh, Dem Golden Slippers!*, *I'm Goin' Home*, and other barbershop quartet ballads.

When he was at his peak, Bland carried a gold-headed cane and called himself "The best Ethiopian song writer in the world." But the doors of white minstrels were still closed to him. In 1881, however, the Callender Minstrels toured England, with Bland as one of the end men. Unlike American audiences, the English showed a marked preference for the all-Negro minstrel show, and *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* was a terrific hit. For six months, the Negro group played to packed houses.

But when they went back to America, Bland didn't return with them. Presumably bitter at the treatment he had received in his own country, he announced he would live the rest of his life in England. His salary quickly jumped to $10,000 a year, a fantastic sum in those days, and he wrote many songs to add to his income.

When he learned there were no race barriers in the most exclusive residential sections of London, he rented an expensive apartment, bought an elegant carriage and was ranked among the best-dressed men. The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, was one of his admirers and Bland gave a command performance at Buckingham Palace.

But the longing for his own people which he had poured into immortal ballads stayed with him. After 20 years of wealth and fame in England, Bland turned his back on it to return to the U.S. in 1901.

Since most of his money had been spent on fine clothes and elegant living, he was broke when he reached Washington. Bland tried to write songs, but the craze for minstrel tunes had passed. Millions were still singing his plaintive Negro ballads, yet nobody knew the man who wrote them.

This was true of many more famous song writers of that day. Stephen Foster, some historians agree, did not really become a "household name" until multimillionaire J. K. Lilly established a collection of original "Fosteriana" and displayed it to the public.

James A. Bland died May 5, 1911 at 1012 Wood Street, Philadelphia;

his few friends could raise only $5 for burial expenses, and a kindhearted undertaker was willing to handle the funeral for this sum. Bland was buried in the Negro cemetery at Merion, outside Philadelphia. No newspaper gave even a sentence to the passing of the writer of some of our most beloved Negro ballads.

The years passed and the cemetery was abandoned; weeds covered the grave of James A. Bland.

During the '30s, *The Etude* received continual inquiries asking if James Bland was a *nom de plume* for Stephen Foster. These inquiries intrigued editor Cooke, who tried to penetrate the mystery surrounding Bland. He ran into a wall of silence. The oldest members of music publishing houses said they believed *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* had been written by a Negro, but they weren't sure.

Cooke spent years trying to locate Bland's grave—only to find that it was in the neglected Merion cemetery, practically in the back yard of his own suburban home. He also learned the whereabouts of Mrs. Irene Bland Jurix, Bland's only surviving sister, and she was able to tell the story of her brother's life. The Lions Club of Virginia raised funds for a monument at the grave of the forgotten composer, and it was dedicated on July 15, 1946. Abruptly, the brief flurry of interest in Bland died out.

It is claimed that attempts were made to interest Henry Ford in perpetuating the memory of James Bland, but Ford reportedly wasn't entirely convinced Stephen Foster hadn't written *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* after all.

So although James A. Bland remains relatively unknown and unheralded for his contribution to our folk song literature, the millions who love his songs are a testament to the fact that he is not unsung.

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946 and June 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1960. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher: Arthur Stein; Editor: Lewis W. Gillenson; Managing Editor: Bernard Glaser; Business Manager: A. L. Blinder, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. The owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of stock are: The Smart Family Foundation, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago 1, Illinois; John Smart, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York; Edgar Richards, 10661 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 24, California; Florence Richards, 10661 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 24, California; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Northern Trust Company, John Smart and Edgar G. Richards as successor trustees V-A D. T. D. 3-29-37 with David A. Smart, Alfred Smart, John Smart, Abe D. Elden, Chicago 90, Illinois; Milo & Company, c/o City National Bank & Trust Co. of Chicago, attn. Trust Dept., P. O. Box K, Chicago 90, Illinois; A. L. Blinder, 5 Horseguard Lane, Scarsdale, New York; Arnold Gingrich, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22. N. Y. Stock to the extent of more than 1 percent is registered in the name of the following companies, but the companies are a nominee for a number of stockholders, no one of whom is known to own more than 1 percent: Wood Walker & Company, 63 Wall Street, New York 5, New York; Laird, Bissell & Meeds, DuPont Bldg., Wilmington, Delaware. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 3,109,418. A. L. Blinder, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-first day of September, 1960 (Seal) Dorothy R. Rogich (My commission expires March 30, 1962.)

merry mixups

THE HOMEOWNER was delighted with the way the painter had decorated his house.

"You did a fine job," he said, "and I'm going to give you a little something extra. Here's $10. Take the missus to a show."

That night the bell rang and the painter stood at the door, all dressed up.

"What is it," the man asked, "did you forget something?"

"No," replied the painter. "I just came to take the missus to a show."

—MRS. ALBERT PIERCE

RETURNING HOME FROM a convention recently, a suburbanite parked his car and went indoors to kiss his wife. Then he went back for his luggage. As he was about to re-enter the house, he heard an urgent "Ps-s-s-t!" He looked around to find a stranger delivering handbills. "Hey, buddy," said the stranger, "better wipe that lipstick off your cheek before you go in."

—GEORGE PEPPER

TWO NUNS, TRAVELING to Milwaukee by train, were delighted when the dining-car menu offered "Old-Fashioned New England Boiled Dinner."

Ordering for the sisters, one of them wrote on the menu cards, "Two Old Fashioneds."

And that's exactly what the waiter brought in two glasses.

—*Associated Press*

WHEN PRESIDENT MCKINLEY was campaigning for re-election in 1900, he visited Indianapolis where a mammoth torchlight parade had been arranged to welcome him.

My uncle, then a lad of ten, was picked as one of the torch-bearers. After the parade, the boy rushed home and told his father breathlessly, "Dad, the President *spoke* to me!"

"He did?" the proud parent exclaimed. "What did he say?"

"He said, 'Young man, don't get so damned close with that torch!' "

—MARK METCALF

THE FIRST-GRADER came home from school asking questions about a man named Richard Stands.

"Richard Stands?" asked her mother. "I never heard of him."

"Well he must be somebody important," the youngster said, "because when we salute the flag, we say, 'I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for Richard Stands.' "

—CHRISTINE HANSON

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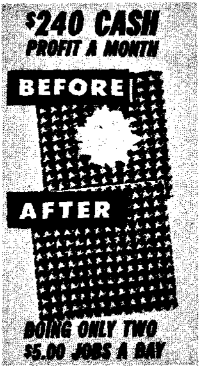

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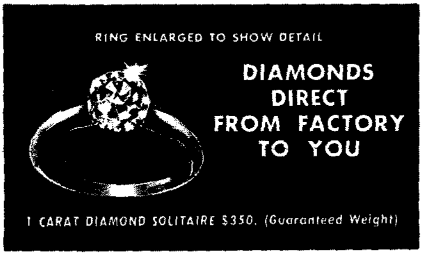
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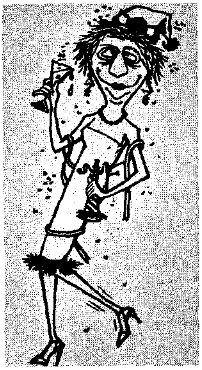

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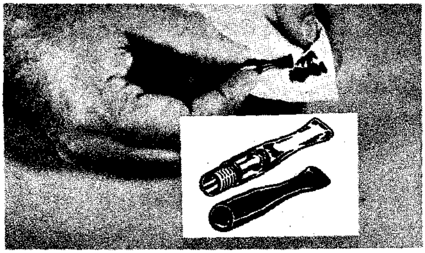

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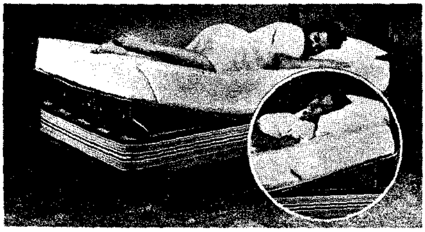

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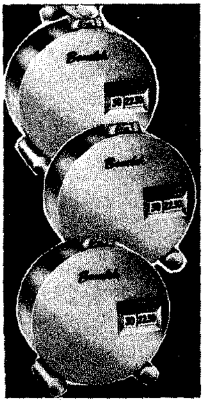

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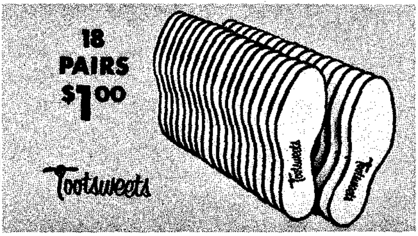

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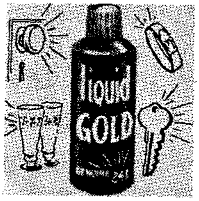

Like King Midas, you can now transform unsightly metals into shimmering golden treasures! They'll never tarnish, nor will they ever need polishing. Liquid Gold plates copper, brass, bronze, steel, tin, iron, nickel, etc. Easy to use. Requires no special equipment, electricity or skill. The supply sent will plate 100 square inches. Costs you only **$1.00.**

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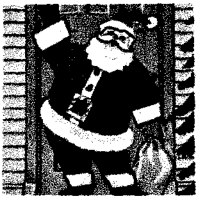

Here's jolly old Santa *himself, dressed* in full Yuletide colors, all ready to decorate your front door with his personal "Merry Christmas"! Huge colorful Santa is 5 feet high x 21" wide. Made of heavy lacquered weather resistant kraftboard. Comes with special tape for easy mounting. Brightens your home through the holidays. Only **$1.00.**

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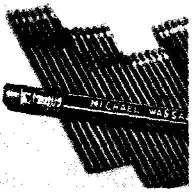

We'll print your name in brilliant golden leaf on these fine quality pencils! It costs you just about 4¢ each for 2 dozen pencils personalized with any first and last name. No. 2 lead topped with pure rubber erasers. Hexagon shaped—won't roll off desks, tables, etc. For businessmen, students, housewives. State name (one imprint per set). Set of 24, only **98¢.**

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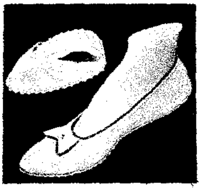

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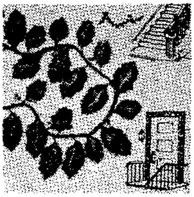

Deck your halls, stairways, doors with boughs of full, rich holly! Use this bright holly garland indoors and *outdoors. See your home* sparkle with gay holiday spirit! Realistically-molded green leaves and vivid red berries are of durable polyethylene. Weather-Resistant! Washable! Non-Fading! You'll use it every Christmas for years. 9 feet of Holly, only **98¢.**

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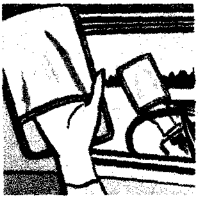

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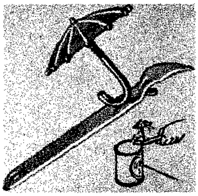

Here's to no more beer in *your eye!* New "No Spray" opener protects you and the ceiling from sudden *updrafts, with a small umbrella*—fastened right to it! Regular size, made of *golden-toned* metal with umbrella to match. A clever conversation piece that's decorative and really useful in the home bar. Brand new! Lots of fun for **$1.00.**

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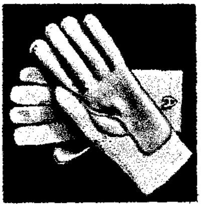

For safer driving in cold weather! Leather palms grip wheel—can't slip. Helanca stretch nylon fits any hand perfectly. Hidden magnet in cuff clips gloves to dash when not in use. Smart, sturdy, long-lasting. Hers—black, white, beige—personalized with golden-toned initial. His—tan, grey. State color. For women, also give initial. Pair **$2.98.**

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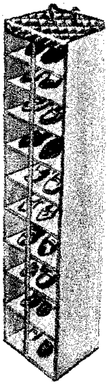

More room, less clutter in the closet when shoes are off the floor, safe from dust. Handsome bag holds 10 pairs (his or hers) in full view—1 pair per shelf. Heavy gauge, see-thru plastic; quilted top and binding. Full-length zipper, so shoes are always easy to reach. Hangs from closet rod. 12¾"x57". **$3.98.**

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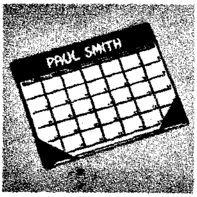
PERSONALIZED BELL RINGING SHORTS

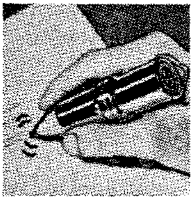
To ring the bell with that man you want to surprise—Christmas shorts! Santa himself graces one side of them. Any name you like, hand embroidered on the other! Santa even has a tinkling bell on his cap. White sanforized cotton with elasticized waistband. Washable. The most original gift of the year! Specify name and any size. $2.00.

GIANT MONTHLY DESK CALENDAR



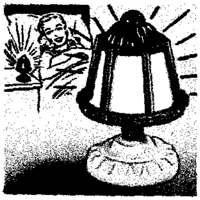
Keeps the whole month's appointments, occasions, memos always in full view! At a glance you know your schedule for 30 days. Eliminates embarrassing mistakes and forgetfulness. 12 calendars handsomely bound in gold-stamped personalized plastic leather case. 11¼"x9". Jet Black or Old Ivory. State name and color desired. Unusual, useful gift. Only $1.00.

ELECTRIC ERASER



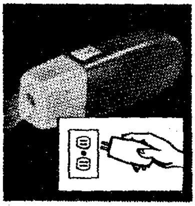
Whisks away errors fast! Just push the button, and this battery operated wonder removes typewritten, ink or pencil errors! Fast and neat. No more holes through the paper because the Electric Eraser works by rotation, not pressure! Gleaming metal, 6 in. long. Comes with 4 replacement tips and 2 brushes. (Battery not included.) A real find at only $1.49.

ENCHANTED LAMPS GLOW IN THE DARK!



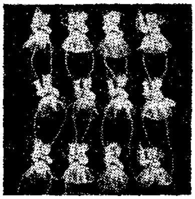
Fascinating! Self-illuminating! Saves you money on electricity! And you get 6 for only $1! Cute lantern styling of unbreakable plastic. Gather light by day, radiate it at night! Also use for indicating cellars, stairways, as lamp and shade pulls. 2" high, in pretty assorted colors. Guests will wonder where you found them. Set of 6, only $1.00.

RECHARGEABLE FLASHLIGHT



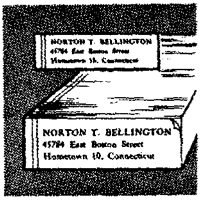
No more expensive, annoying battery replacement! This battery lasts forever. Just recharge by plugging in your home electric socket . . . as often as necessary. The magic is in the noncorrosive cadmium cell. 3½ inch plastic case in bright assorted colors. Rechargeable Flashlight is so compact it fits easily in pocket or purse. Never buy another battery! $2.95.

HEAVENLY ANGEL LITES



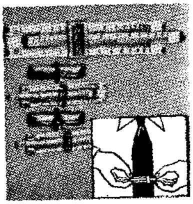
For a Christmas tree that's "out of this world," 12 celestial dolls! Each is 3" tall and holds a replaceable light bulb. All are dressed in frothy nylon trimmed with sparkling golden stardust. Silhouetted with gleaming golden wire for sturdiness. In glowing pink, snow white or rainbow assortment. Give 1st & 2nd choice. Set $3.98. 6 extra bulbs 59¢.

1,000 ADDRESS LABELS!



Here are 1000 gummed labels printed with your name and full address to save your time and energy! Just wet and stick. Terrific for all stationery, books, checks, records and packages. Handsomely printed in blue on white stock. Please state name and full address in 3 lines when ordering. Order a good supply at this low price! 1000 labels, only 88¢.

REAL SLIDE RULE TIE CLASP



And the tiny slide rule really works! Order the handsome tie clasp in Gold-Tone Plating for only $1.10. Have it in Sterling Silver for $3.30. Matching stationary Slide Rule Cuff Links in Gold-Tone Plating, $1.10 per Pair. Sterling Silver $3.30 per Pair. Beautifully made. Look far more expensive than these low prices. Usually sell for more. All prices include tax.

Mail to SPENCER GIFTS Today

SPENCER GIFTS, Z-13 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.

My Name Is.................................
(Please Print)

Address ....

City.................. Zone.... State........

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded
Except personalized items

How Many	Name of Item	Price

SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s—
Add 10¢ per item for handling, postage and insurance.

(Enclose a check or money order with your order) **TOTAL ENCLOSED**

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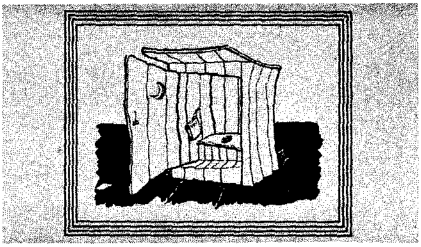


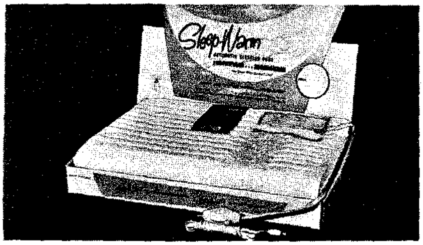
BATHROOM & W.C. CALENDAR!

The world's first and original. Here are 12 unique designs for that neglected room. Inspired illustrations *of historic bathroom accessories from* royal "thrones" to early American specialties. Authentic, amusing decor for The John on a 1961 calendar. Be the first *in your neighborhood* to display this unusual calendar. Delightfully different to own and give. Order your Bathroom & W.C. Calendar today postpaid, only $1 from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-12, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Florida.

STOPS DANGEROUS FALLS!

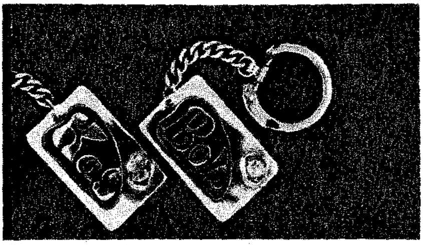
DELUXE ICE GRIPPERS STOP PAINFUL FALLS

Insure yourself of firm footing on winter's slickest surfaces. No need to worry about ice or snow . . . now you can't slip or fall. Rust proof, steel Ice Grippers go on and off *in a jiffy* over shoes, boots, or galoshes. Held secure by webbing straps—won't slide off foot. Order #3660 for Women and Children, $1.50; *or* #3661 for Men, $2.49. *No C.O.D.'s please.* Add 20¢ postage. Bancroft's, 2170 S. Canalport Ave., Dept. CM-981, Chicago 8, Ill.



SLEEP-WARM "ELECTRIC COMFORT UNIT"

Enjoy Comforting Warmth that induces revitalizing Sleep. Sleep-Warm Footwarmer—Zonewarmer, lies flat under bottom sheet. Select desired warmth with *3-way control. Completely safe gentle* Rising warmth—makes any bed cozy and warm. Recommended by doctors. Made of highest quality Sanforized ® *sheeting, with genuine Celacloud* ® fill, U.L. Approved. 5 Year Guarantee. Full or Twin Bed Size. Only $12.95 ppd. or $3.00, Bal. COD plus chgs. Dept. C-12, Box 606, *Muskegon, Michigan.*

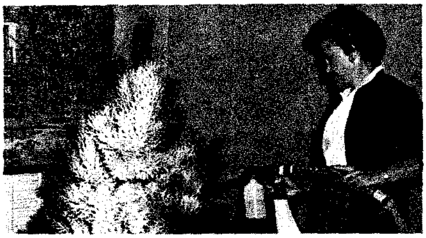


DO YOU HAVE MY KEYS?

A normal accusation from your mate but these handsome Mr. and Mrs. Key Rings will put a stop to it. *Hand-made of Sterling Silver with overlay names* and genuine turquoise stone. Your choice of first name or initials. The perfect Christmas gift for, Oh, *so many of your friends.* Order several today. One key ring $5.95, two key ring set $10. Postpaid and Federal tax included. Send for free new fashion catalog. Miller's, 4877 E. Speedway, Dept. C-12, Tucson, Arizona.

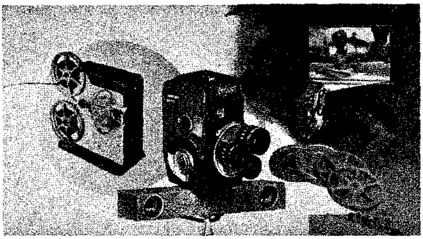
PERFUME COMPACT

Cannot Spill—Easy to Fill. This Florentine-inspired purse atomizer is as convenient as a lighter & as easy to operate. Light pressure on the plunger releases a fine mist of perfume. Not a drop lost through messy funnel filling. A unique & simple to operate non-breakable plastic injector A draws perfume from the bottle. Injected into a sealed compartment B, guards against leakage and evaporation. Delightful to use. Flattering to give. Comes gift wrapped for $5.00, ppd, tax incl. Charlo Buyers, Inc., 311 West 50th Street N.Y.C., N.Y.



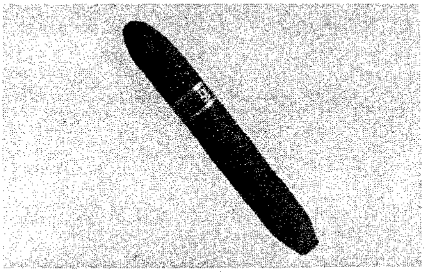
DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS?

"Sno-Jet and Sno-Jet Flock" gives unusual decorating effects on fresh or artificial pieces. With new one-shot Sno-Jet gun and flock in minutes you can bring *fairyland fantasy of snow-covered northwoods to your* living room; make it a winter wonderland. Brilliant white fire retardant fibre snow sticks like iron. *Lasts for years. 2 lbs. Sno kit will do a 5' to 7' tree.* Complete kit with gun $7.95. Operates with vacuum cleaner. Extra Sno-Jet flock $1.95 per lb. Sullivan's *Sno-Jet, P.O. Box 4082, Hammond, Ind.*



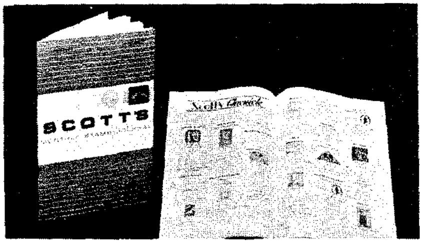
10 PIECE, 8MM MOVIE OUTFIT $119.95

Here's everything you need to take, title, project and store too soon forgotten happy events. Outfit includes: Triple-turret movie camera with built-in electric exposure meter & filters . . . 3 f/1.8 lenses for wide angle, telephoto and standard shots . . . a 300-watt blower-cooled movie projector with ¾" f/1.5 lens . . . a portable 30x40 glass-beaded screen . . . 3-200 ft. reels, 2 storage cans . . . a light bar for indoor shots and a complete titling kit. Order MK17. Brumberger, Dept. C, 34-34th Street, B'klyn 32, N. Y.



THE CIGAR FOR GIVING

High Lifes. Give a box of these hand-wrapped blends of finest Philippine long filler and leaf wrapper tobaccos to your husband or father. (If you're a husband or father, give yourself a box.) Unique, exotic flavor. Pleasing aroma. Great. 50 for $6.75. Order from South Pacific Sales, 25 California St., Rm. 337, San Francisco 11, Cal.



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Get more fun out of stamp collecting with Scott's Monthly Stamp Journal. Learn the stories behind the stamps. Get latest stamp news. Keep up with stamp-world events. Each copy carries latest prices, new issue information, catalogue changes, articles, illustrations, facts of interest to help you buy and collect wisely and get the most enjoyment out of stamps you now own. Special introductory offer. 3 months $1. Regularly $4 a year. Send your dollar today to Scott —Dept. CK, Box 402 Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.

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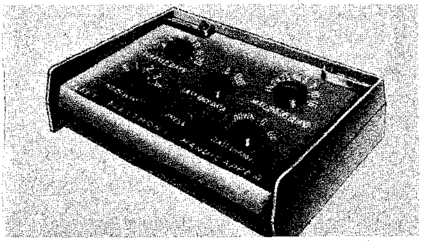

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Fantastic New pocket computer flashes probable money winners instantly. Sturdy, dependable . . . amazed users report 65% to 75% accuracy. Simple, easy operation. Not A Toy Or Gimmick! Take to track. A scientific, electronic tool designed for the serious racing fan, the professional handicapper or the "never-been-to-the-races" group. Ideal gift for adults. Introductory Offer only $14.95 ppd. Send check or M.O. to: Electronic Computer Co., P.O. Box 5793, Detroit 39, Mich.

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Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet a comparable, selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27—tax inc.! Brilliantly beautiful hand-cut, hand-polished Capra Gems are priced within easy reach of all. These gems are truly a miracle of modern science. Learn all about how you can enjoy the magnificence of a dazzling Capra Gem, write today for our beautifully illustrated Free catalog. See . . . in actual size . . . the wide selection of men's and women's styles, settings, prices. Read about our easy payment plans to suit every budget. Send no money. You are under no obligation and no salesman will call. Capra Gem Company, Dept. CT-120, Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pennsylvania.

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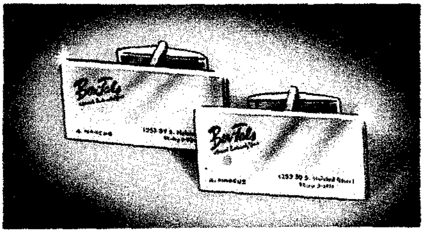

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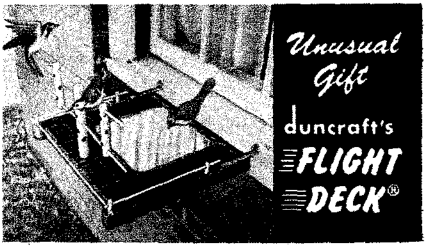
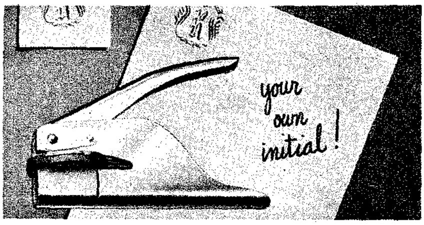
Beautifully etched lifetime metal Cuff Links, Tie Bar, Money Clip or Key Chain, each a faithful miniature of any business card, signature, trademark or insignia. Perfect personal or business gifts. Gift Boxed. Will drop ship if desired. Simply send cards or signatures you wish reproduced; satisfaction guaranteed. Cuff Links sterling silver plate, $8.95; 24K gold plate, $9.95. Tie Bar, Money Clip or Key Chain—Sterling, $5.50; Gold, $6.00 (ppd. inc. tax). Diners' Club accounts honored. Ber-Tals, Dept. Q-5, 1253 S. Halsted, Chicago 7, Ill.



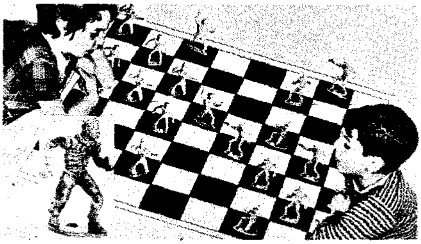
LURE WILD BIRDS TO YOUR WINDOW

Identify birds, their songs, calls, markings, courtship, feeding of young! Flight Deck is a quality product that will last for years. Ideal for shut-ins, youngsters, all bird lovers. Clips on or off any window sill instantly—no tools. Large 17"x15", all weather lifetime duralon, green, white trim. 4 seed wells, water pool, hardwood perches, feeding stick. Gift packed with card. ONLY $5.95. Add 60¢ each, shipping. Money back guarantee. Duncraft, Dept. C-12, Penacook, N. H.



WHAT AN IMPRESSION!

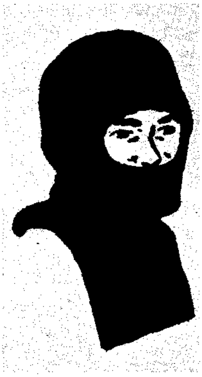
Just press down the handle of the Red Seal Personal Embosser and up comes your initial . . . on all of your letters and notes. The touch and feel of luxury at modest cost. Fits pocket or purse. Finished in sparkling chrome . . . perfect for you (or that special friend) for use all year round. Single initials only A thru Z (as illustrated) only $4.95 pp. Send check, cash or M. O. to Red Seal, Dept. 2, P. O. Box 97, Old Forge, Pa. Free brochure available on other Red Seal Styles and types. Order early for Christmas.



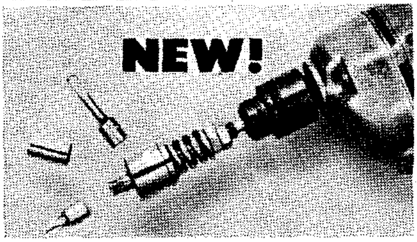
GIANT WESTERN CHECKERS

A giant-size version of the old favorite checker game! A daring range war is staged on a huge 24" x 24" plastic checkerboard with realistic Cowboy and Indian figurines! Intricately detailed, colorful figures are approx. 3" high, of unbreakable plastic. Cleverly designed wild west accessories (hats, rifles, pistols, spears, warbonnets, tomahawks, etc.) make unique "western" kings. Over 50 pieces. Swell gift for every youngster! Guaranteed! $2.00 ppd. Mother Hubbard, Dept. WC-54, 95 South Street, Boston 11, Mass.

100% WOOL U.S. NAVY TOQUE DICKEY



Originally designed for use by U.S. Navy men for protection against freezing cold winds on the high seas. Now available for you and your family. Laugh at cold, damp weather. This brand new, 100% all wool U.S. Navy Toque Dickey fits everyone. Men, Women and Children can work, play and Ski outdoors in comfort—for the Toque Dickey keeps face, ears, neck and chest warm and comfortable. Soft durable and flexible. Converts any jacket to a parka. Guaranteed new—never used. Get one for every member of the family . . . or as a really useful gift. Only $1.00 ppd. Special—6 for $5.00 ppd. Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back. A. L. Robbins, Dept. A-2, 36 Bowery, N.Y. 13, N.Y.



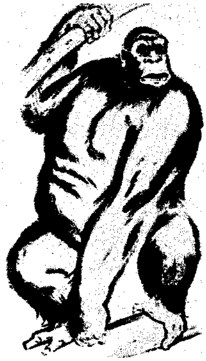
A NEW CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR DAD!

He'll love the amazing new Torque Adapter—an invention that converts his electric drill into a torque wrench. Fits ¼", ⅜", and ½" drills. Drives screws and nuts to desired pressure; automatically slips when pressure limit is reached. Makes for neater work on cabinets, furniture, etc., adjusts torque by tightening or loosening nuts. Complete with slotted and Phillips screwdriver attachments for only $8.95. Make check or money order payable to House of Tools, P.O. Box 6745, Bexley, Ohio.

FOLDING BACK REST

Ingeniously improved Folding Back Rest gives you the joy of sitting-up support when you read, eat, doze or watch T.V. Provides 3 positions, especially selected for maximum comfort. Anchored by non-skid base. Elastic strap holds your own pillow where you want it. Folds "tuck-away" flat. Conveniently light. Smart wood grain finish. Gifts mailed direct. We ship immediately for only $3.98 ppd. Money back guarantee. Better Sleep, Inc., Dept. 388, New Providence, N. J.

GIANT-SIZE ANIMAL TOYS

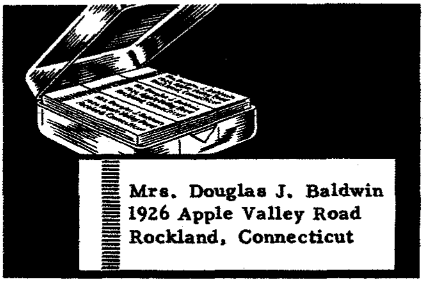


Thrill every child with these giant inflatable animals from the world over! 7 different animal toys in a set—gorilla, lion, jaguar, rhinoceros, armadillo, hippopotamus. Hours of delight as your little "big game" hunter commands these "beasts." Toss them up; they always land on their feet . . . swinging and swaying in every direction without tilting over. They stand from 15" to almost 3' tall, one-piece quality latex, bright colors, balloon-like, with genuine cardboard feet for real toss-up action! Guaranteed to delight or money back! Swell value! 7 for $1.00 plus 25¢ post. & handling per set. Liberty House, Dept. GA-45, 95 South St., Boston 11, Mass.

SHORT SHANK BONE
ALL HAM
(NO BONE)

GIVE A UNIQUE HAM THIS YEAR

Above is our "hickory-rich" Handi-Carve Hams—meat so exquisite your clients and friends will rave about it for months. We remove all the bone except a short shank portion. Results—the one traditionally shaped fully-cooked ham, carved without the worry of a bone. The "hickory-rich" flavor secret comes from continuously drawing fresh hickory smoke into the meat during smoking. Sizes 10 to 16 lbs. $1.50 per lb. plus gift wrapping. Send check or M.O. State size and number of hams desired. House of Heil, Box 1767, Dept. A, Plaza Station, St. Louis 2, Mo.



500 Name-Address Labels Low As 25¢ Per Set!

500 gummed Economy labels printed in black with any name and address or any wording you want, just 25¢ per set. 4 sets (same name and address or all different) $1.00! 1½" long. With two-tone plastic gift box, 35¢ per set. 5-day service. For superior quality, order Gold-Stripe labels. De Luxe gummed paper with rich gold trim, 2" long. Set of 500, 50¢! With two-tone plastic gift box, 60¢. 48-hour service. Use these labels on envelopes, checks, letters, books, phonograph records, etc. Order as many sets as you want. Money-back guarantee. Postpaid.

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RAINBOW LAKES ESTATES, Dept. MB-1
819 Silver Springs Blvd., Ocala, Florida

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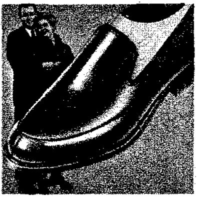
IT'S GREAT TO BE TALLER



Just step into "Elevators" amazing height-increasing shoes and be almost 2 inches taller. Important inches that bring new respect in business, admiration from her. "Elevators" look like other fine shoes; so tall men as well as short men wear them with no one the wiser. For free booklet of 34 styles write Brockton Footwear, Inc. Dept. 212A, Brockton, Mass.

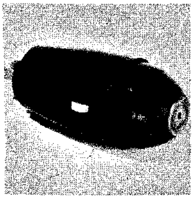
LIVE OR VACATION IN MEXICO

luxuriously for $180.00 per month. Female maids $12 per month, chauffeurs $30 per month. Gin, Rum, Brandy 80¢ fifth. Filet Mignon 50¢ lb. Sports, night life. Send for personal report—tells what Mexico has to offer you. Only $2 for illus. 48 page booklet. Stone of Mexico. U. S. Office, Dept. 419, 836 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS SALES

Buy direct from U.S. Gov't Jeeps, trucks, forklifts, ents, tools, machinery, motors, typewriters, hydraulics, camping equipment and 1000's of other tems that sell as low as or 3% of original Low Gov't cost! Send $1.00. Today for complete instructions and list of depots to Aviation Surplus, Dept. C-12, Box 789, *York, Pennsylvania.*

NEW IMPORTED RECHARGEABLE SHAVER



Precision shaver equal to brands selling for twice this price. Contains high speed self sharpening cutter. Recharges easily—just insert in wall plug or socket. Ideal for traveling & that hard to please man or woman on your list. Gift boxed with leather case. Fully guaranteed. Only $13.95 ppd. George Reppa Imports, 376 Palmetto St., N. Y. 27, N. Y.

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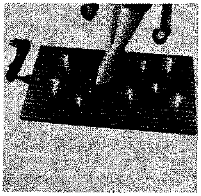
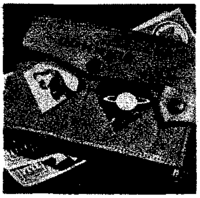


o more cold feet. Keeps feet, ankles comfortably warm. Portable, lightweight (lbs.). all-rubber mat. Operates on any 110-volt AC or DC outlet, consumes less than 100 watts. 14" x ". Can be used in office, store, or home. 12-mo. guar. .95 ppd. Interstate Rubber Products Corp., 908 Avila St., Los Angeles 12, Cal. Dept. 506; 9108 Meyers Rd., Detroit 28, Mich.

NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!

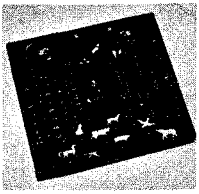
Now!—a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price, $170. Write for Booklet U. "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N Y 17

GENUINE PIGSKIN WALLET



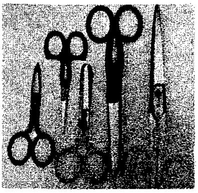
for boys and girls of all ages. Complete with change purse, 2 picture compartments, identification card, and 2 make-believe bills. Personalized with first name or initials, in tan or red leather. Wonderful wallet buy. $1.00 postpaid, 3 for $2.75 postpaid. Pa. residents add 4% sales tax. The Added Touch, Dept. CR-12, Wynnewood, Pa.

FOR ANY HOME WITH CHILDREN



Educational, keeps kids happy, saves cleaning up. Durable plastic cover fits over bridge table . . . will chalk and erase like a blackboard . . . has alphabet, figures, etc. Easy to clean, won't stain. For playtime and feeding time. With chalk and erasers, $2.95 plus 35¢ postage. Write for free catalog. *Clarion Products,* Dept. 712, Highland Park, Ill.

GENUINE SOLINGEN SCISSOR SET . . . $2



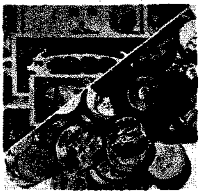
Sent postpaid and duty free direct from Europe to you! Made in Solingen, Germany, famous for knives and scissors, this 5-piece set includes 7" household scissors, 6" sewing scissors, 4" pocket scissors, 3½" nail scissors, 3½" embroidery scissors. Save money at only $2 for the set. Order from: Heritage Bldg., Ft. Worth 12, Texas. No CODs.

KEEPS PIZZAS PIPING HOT

PIZZA PORTER

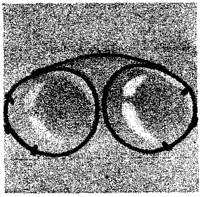
Tired of eating your take-home pizza cold? Then carry it home in new Pizza Porter that keeps pizzas piping hot till ready to eat. Quality made of washable vinyl; Fiberglas®; zips closed to keep heat in. Jaunty red & yellow—perfect gift for pizza lovers! Send $2.98 to The Pizza Porter, Inc., Dept. C12, 148 E. Seneca Tpke., Syracuse 5, N. Y.

IDEAL GIFT—THE HOBBY OF COINS—$



10 genuine coins & pieces of currency from all over the world! Fine start to this wonderful hobby of coin collecting. Free 20 page booklet on profitable hobbies included. (De Luxe offer: 25 different coins from 25 different countries —$2.) Centre Coin Company, 5 Centre Street, Hempstead 60, New York.

"CLIP-ON" MAGNIFIERS—EASY READING

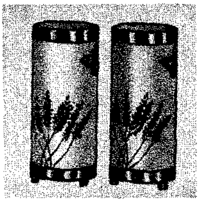


Now, "Clip On" these wonderful magnifying lenses on your regular prescription-made eye glasses (not bifocals). Help make small print read bigger. Clip on and off . . . fast. Only $4. pair, postage prepaid. If C.O.D. charges added. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today from Precision Optical Co., Suite 39-W, Rochelle, Illinois.

THE ENCHANTING GIFT THAT GLOWS

bringing 175 hrs. of warm candle-lite for Christmas, birthday, anniversary. Soft light for patio, pool-side, dining, dancing, to light your secluded rendezvous! Pink, red, blue, white, turquoise, green 4" x 7"; all frosted. Only $3.50 ($5 Value) pstg. pd. Cont. U.S. (2 for $6) add 4% Calif. Gift Shop, Pine View Lodge Resort, Blue Jay, Calif. (Dealer Inquiries Invited).

MIKADO LAMPS CAST A SOFT GLOW

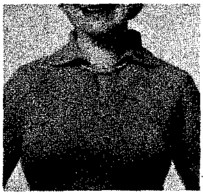


Oriental shades decorated with natural leaves, ferns and butterflies, all imbedded in translucent plastic. Solid brass legs and trim. Use in any room. 13" high, 6" dia. $21.95 pr. $11.95 ea. postpaid. 20" $27.90 pr. 27" $35.90 pr. Send check or money order . . . money back guarantee. Colorific House, Dept. C-611, Box 325, Evansville, Indiana.

FOR THE GOLFER WHO HAS EVERYTHING

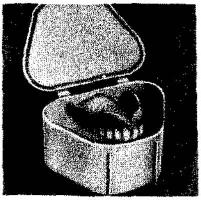
Classic four-leaf clover (instead of a coin) marks your golf ball's spot on the green, brings good luck on the putt. Any 2 or 3 letter monogram smartly engraved. Size as pictured. Full prices: silver marker $1.25, 24K gold plated $2.00. Money back if not delighted. All orders shipped in 24 hours. Elgin Engraving Co., 614 South St., Dundee 10, Illinois.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY



Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

PERSONALIZED DENTURE BATH



Den-Shur-Cup meets all denture care needs. Grand gift idea! Safe, smart container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists —over 1,000,000 in use for plates & bridgework. Specify white, pink, blue & name to be imprinted. $1 ppd. Two for $1.75 from Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092E, Steinway St., Queens 3, N. Y.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT!

Now you can destroy unwanted hair permanently, in the privacy of your home, with famous Mahler Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands who, after reading our instructions carefully, learned to use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10¢ today (pstg. & hdlg), for "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc., Dept. 320T, Providence 15, R. I.

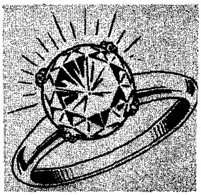
60 DAY SUPPLY OF VITAMINS FOR $1

Each
MULTI-VITE Contains

6000 units Vit. A; 1000 units Vit. D; 5.0 Mgm. Vit. B-1; 3.0 Mgm. Vit. B-2; 1.0 Mgm. Vit. B-6; 2.0 Mcg. Vit. B-12; 50.0 Mgm. Vit. C; 2.0 I.U. Vit. E; 25.0 Mgm. Niacinamide; 5.0 Mgm. Calc. Panto; 0.4 Mgm. Folic Acid.

Multi-Vites, comparable to one-per-day type vitamins selling for $3.00 per 100, are just $1.75 in our catalog. To introduce you to direct buying, we will ship 60 day supply for only $1.00. Formula (at left) guaranteed to meet U. S. Gov't. standards. One offer per family. Send single dollar to Vitamin Specialties Co., Box 4435 G, Phila. 40, Pa.

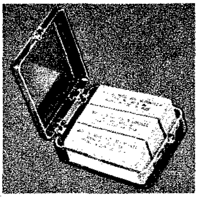
BUY REAL DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY



"The talk of the country." Save up to 50% buying direct from one of the world's well-known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Ring mailed to you for inspection without payment if reference given. Credit Terms. Write for Catalog C-4, Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, N.Y. Free Diamond Catalog C-12.

(Continued on next page)

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME



and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 76¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-KT, Lynn, Massachusetts.

STAPLE-LESS PAPER FASTENER

FASTENS LIKE THIS!

Remarkable stapler fastens papers by a clever method that utilizes the paper itself. Never buy staples. Never run out. Never ruin finger nails removing staples. Will clip up to 10 regular sheets every time —never fails. Money saving handy helper for home and office. $2.69 ppd. from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-12, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Florida.

SHIRTS FOR TALL MEN ONLY!

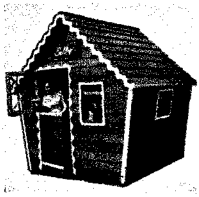
Now! Perfect fit for tall or big men, in specially designed shirts! Sleeve lengths 35 to 38. Bodies cut 4 inches longer than ordinary shirts! Dress and sport shirts in wide variety of styles, fabrics, colors. Also dress, sport, work and athletic shoes in sizes *10AAA to 16EEE! Not sold* in stores, by mail only! Get free catalog. King-Size, 5120 Forest Street, Brockton 64, Mass.

ESTEE DELICIOUS DIETETIC CANDIES

DIETETIC
FANTASY

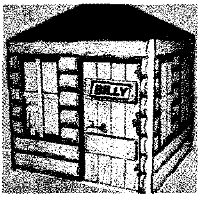
No sugar or salt & so low in calories. Special introductory variety direct from world's largest mfgr. 3 Dietetic assorted boxes (Milk Chocolates, Fruitdrops, Chocolate covered Cookies), plus pkg. dietetic *Hard Candies. All 4, only* $2 ppd. The best Dietetic candy you ever tasted or money back. Free Catalogue. Estee, Dept. C-3, 42 Jumel Pl., NYC 32.

REDWOOD PLAYHOUSES



World's largest manufacturer of children's playhouses sold only factory direct. 6 diversified models to choose from, priced from $49.95. Many have used our playhouses for storage, pets, tools, etc. Write for free illustrated catalog. Order early for Christmas. We ship anywhere. 5 Stop Patio Furniture, Dept. C, 11343 Camarillo St., North Hollywood, Calif.

FRONTIER CABIN



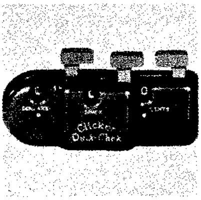
Big enough for 2 children from 4 to 14. Made of genuine Dupont Polyethylene. Waterproof. 250,000 Customers. Approx. 23 cu. ft. int. Kingsize replica with sloping roof, imprinted windows, shingle walls. Pre-assembled. Can be personalized. Send $1. 5 for $4, plus 25¢ Handling for each. No COD's. Frontier Cabin, 33 2nd Ave., Dept. F-3565, N.Y.C. 3.

GIANT CHRISTMAS DOOR GREETER

Merry Christmas
Morgans

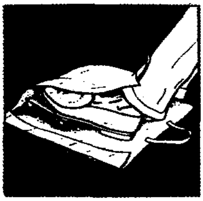
An attractive personalized addition to your home. In bright Christmas colors on quality weather resistant long lasting material. Use it Christmas after Christmas. Easy to install, will cover door from top to bottom. Full size (3'x6'). With your last name beautifully hand printed. Only $3.98. Card Mart Company, P. O. Box 5, Forest Park Sta., Springfield 8, Mass.

TERRIFIC STOCKING GIFT!



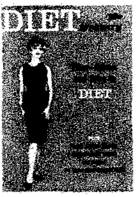
Keep tabs on supermarket spending with "Clicker"! Add pennies, dimes, dollars by pushing its buttons and know exactly what you've spent! Saves embarrassment, keeps you within budget, "checks" the checker. Totals up to $20.00. Only $2.00 ppd. Add 15¢ for Air-Mail! The Lighthouse Inc., Dept. C-3, Plymouth, Mass.

COZY & WARM IN STADIUM OR BLIND



Keep feet warm at football games, (hunting or fishing) even in zero weather with New Outdoor Footwarmer Heater. Operates all day on 3½ ozs. lighter fluid. Safe. Compact. 15 ounces. Ideal gift. Order today. (You'll want several for Xmas). No C.O.D. Complete @ $10.95 ppd. Sportsman Footwarmer, Inc., P. O. Box 623, Waco, Texas. (Salesmen wanted)

AN UNUSUAL NEW DIET BOOK



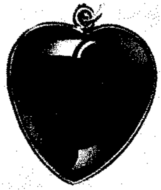
is now available for people interested in maintaining a healthier, happier life through painless weight control. It's the brand new 1960 edition of Diet Treasury, top tips for every dieting problem! Send 35¢ to P.O. Box 402, Radio City Station, New York 19, New York. ($1.00 brings you this year's Diet Treasury along with volume II and III) Act Now!

YOUR DEAL, PARTNER!

TEXAS DECK
GIANT SIZE

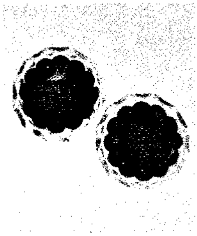
You can't lose with these Giant Playing Cards! Over Half a Foot High. More than a novelty, there is practical appeal which will keep company entertained, win or lose. An original gift, wonderful fun, supreme quality. Only $4.00 a deck, 3 decks for $10.00 ppd. Order today! Galentine Novelty Co., Dept. D, 519 E. Jefferson Blvd., South Bend 17, Ind.

PRECIOUS JADE HEART—$10



Genuine precious jade, age old token of affection good luck. Ideal gift. Heart circled in gleaming 14 K gold, wear it as pendant, on charm bracelet. Perfect cut polished jade, approx. 1", weighs 10 carats. $10 postpd & tax incl. Larger heart, 20 carats, $12.50. Highly fashionable. Guar. International Gem Corp., 17A Maiden Lane, New York 38.

BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS TRAYS



Here is a treasure you and your friends will love. Hostess Trays in shiny aluminum that can also be used as Wall Plaques. "Kitchen Prayer" on one and a "Friendship" poem on the other printed in gold lettering over black design. Useful and lovely to look at. Will make any home brighter. A gift to be cherished always. $1.59 each, $2.98 pair. Santa's Gift Shop, 3785 Santa Claus Lane, C-1, Carpinteria, California.

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CORONET

Did you know you can be a local representative for CORONET, ESQUIRE, VOGUE and all other publications without any investment or experience of any kind? *You can earn as much money as you need,* with just a few hours effort. Send us one order or ten. We will show you how to build a successful full or part-time business without ever leaving your home. 15,000 men and women have proven this is the most profitable way to earn extra cash in spare time. Let us tell you more about this remarkable opportunity. Send today for your free 1960 Sales Kit with supplies, circulars and confidential price books. We will send you immediate publishers' authorization. Drop a postcard to J. M. Foster, Coronet Subscription Agency, Dept. 16, 488 Madison Av., New York 22, N.Y.

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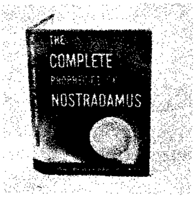
Name the book—we'll find it for you! Skilled staff locates any book wanted—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction or non-fiction. All authors, all subjects, publishers. We find books successfully even when you recall only the title. Free search—courteous service—and no obligation to buy. Write Books-On-File, Dept. C, Union City, New Jersey.

NOW!
OUT-OF-PRINT
BOOKS
LOCATED!

FREE CATALOG—LADIES' WIDE SHOES

Slim and trim for winter is our new selection of customized shoes in all heel heights, all sizes 4 to 11 and widths — C-D-E. Shown, our new "Gloria," styled in Black Suede or Black Calf with 3" heels. Only $7.95 ppd. Order or get free catalog showing America's largest selection of ladies' wide shoes. Syd Kushner, Dept. C12, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE

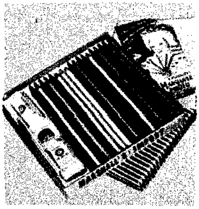


He predicted Atomic War, Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will *affect you! Vol. $4.95 ppd.* Nostradamus, Inc., Dept. C-12, 380 Canal St., NYC.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts Coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-12, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

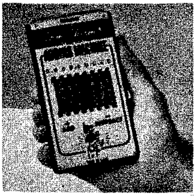
MARSHALL'S NEW PHOTO Painting Pencils



Make an exciting holiday discovery—anyone can easily color treasured photos, snapshots, Polaroid Land prints, Xmas and holiday cards with beautiful results. Complete Coloring Kit with 18 pencils and step-by-step instructions. $4.98. Marshall's 171 N. 9th St., B'klyn 11, N. Y. At photo, art hobby, drug & stationery stores. And just between us, they make a wonderful gift at any time.

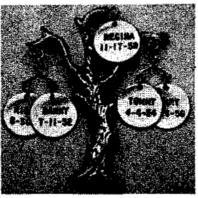
(Continued on next page)

ADDING MACHINE



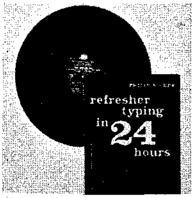
$1.98 ea. or 2 for $3.69. Add—Subtr.—Mult.—Divide. Does all 4 operations. Handles 9 columns of numbers. Settle for no less. Leatherette case. Lowest price adder made in America. Beware of cheapened foreign imitations. Money back guarantee. Agents wanted. $1.98 add 4% tax in Pa. Tom Thumb, Dept. D-50, P.O. Box 5066, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

FOR PROUD MOTHERS & GRANDMOTHERS



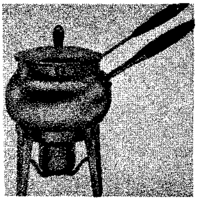
Family Tree Brooch proudly proclaims the beloved children or grandchildren. Each disc engraved with a child's name and birthdate. Up to 9 letters and spaces per line. Sterling Silver sculptured 2¼" Tree holds 1 to 12 Discs. Add more as family branches out! Tree $2.00. Discs $1.00 each, includes engraving, tax and postage. Zenith Gifts, 843 P.O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.

INCREASE TYPING SPEED



The perfect gift with the new typewriter. Famous high speed typing course by Philip S. Pepe. Boost your typing speed quickly & easily following step by step directions of Mr. Pepe, as he types along with you. Complete course, $6.95 pp. Contains book, 33⅓ LP record, self timing device, secrets of typing speed. Dictation Records, 170 B'way, N. Y. 38, N. Y.

SAUCE BOAT WARMER & LADLE

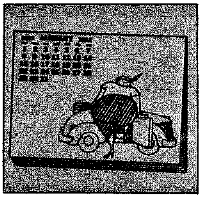


Imported sauce boat & Ladle made of high polished aluminum . . . a blend of beauty & utility. Everlastingly lovely this piece reflects the skill, the perfection, the romance of the *old Spanish master craftsmen*. The ¾ quart capacity is ideal for keeping sauces & gravies warm, heating butter, etc. $4.95 ppd. Decor-Aid Prod, 961 Castle Hill Ave., NY 72, NY.

OZY & WARM IN STADIUM OR BLIND

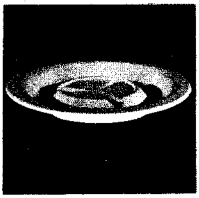
eep feet warm at football ames, (hunting or fishing) ven in zero weather with ew Outdoor Footwarmer eater. Operates all day n 3½ ozs. lighter fluid. afe. Compact. 15 ounces. deal gift. Order today. You'll want several for mas). No C.O.D. Complete @ $10.95 ppd. Sportsan Footwarmer, Inc., . O. Box 623, Waco, exas. (Salesmen wanted)

GIRDLE GAL CALENDAR!



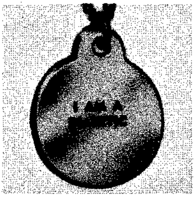
Here's an uncanny 1961 Calendar with a fresh aspect on the subject. Not a sweater girl among the dozen backside beauties. Dolls in unflattering shapes, sizes and situations. The awful truth exposed—uncensored, uninhibited. Men, hang it for a whole year's revenge! Ppd. $1 from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-12, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Fla.

NON-DRIP SAUCER



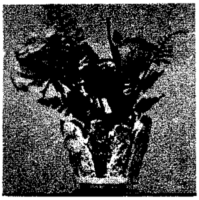
New Non-Drip Saucer eliminates messy dripping from bottom of cup. Does away with saucer "puddles." Spilled liquid drains to edge of saucer, leaving cup bottom clean, drip-free. Non-breakable Polypropylene in bronze-tan color. Withstands temp. to 380°. 2 for $1.00, 6 for $2.50, 12 for $4.00 ppd. Non-Drip Saucer, P. O. Box 12101, Fort Worth, Tex.

HEART—DIABETIC—ALLERGY TAGS



A "must" for everyone with a medical message. Helps to safeguard against receiving wrong medication in case of accident. Stainless Steel Disc; available as Bracelet, or with Neck Chain or Key Chain. Medical message engraved on one side: $2.00. For name, address, phone number on reverse side, add $1.00. Antin's, 114 Baronne St., New Orleans 12, La.

UNIQUE ROCK PLANTER OR POTHOLDER



Hand Made in Nova Scotia from very colourful natural rock. Absolutely watertight with rubber support studs to prevent damage to table tops, etc. Excellent for natural or artificial flowers, plants, bulbs, cacti. An original and beautiful gift for a lifetime, real craftsmanship. $4.95 ppd. Cabot Trail Rock Craft Company, Kings Road, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

COMMEMORATIVE COINS

DAKOTA TERRITORY
Centennial

Now you can own the beautiful, golden-bronze, 50-cent medal commemorating the Centennial of Dakota Territory. Uncirculated, mint condition coins available at $2.00 for set of three. Bulk coins—50-cents each, postpaid. Order yours today. Write Centennial Commission, Box 734-C, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $5.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 32-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

MEDICAL Tablet Discovery for Psoriasis, Tropisan the simple pill taken by mouth for horrid crusts, scales of psoriasis. Say goodbye to smelly, greasy oils and salves. Tropisan, newly discovered medical tablet gives blessed relief for itchy scales ,other unsightly external symptoms of psoriasis. Absolutely safe, fast, easy to take. No mess, no bandages to mar work or play. Reports acclaim Tropisan relieved unsightly external symptoms to some degree with continuous use. To date neither medical science nor Tropisan can offer a cure for psoriasis so always keep an extra box of Tropisan on hand whenever old or new patches appear or recur. Send $1.00 today for trial offer. Tropisan Drug Co., Dept. M-44, 11 East 47th St., New York 17, N. Y.

FITTING the narrow heel in fashion shoes: Widths from AAAAAA (6A's); Sizes to 12 at no extra charge. Free Catalog R-11 shows dozens of Fall-Winter styles low as $8.95. Perfect fit or money bk. Mooney & Gilbert, R12, 17 W. 57 St., N. Y. C. 19.

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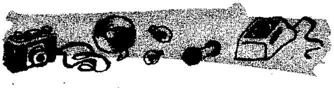

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Extenuating circumstances

by Will Bernard

IN SOUTH DAKOTA, a man tied his wife's hands behind her back, pried open her mouth with a screw driver, and tried to pull her teeth with pliers. He explained in court he was trying to cut down on dental bills.

IN CALIFORNIA, a girl arrested for speeding said she had to drive fast to prevent amorous sailors from jumping into her car.

IN FRANCE, a man accused of slaying his mother-in-law was asked if he had any excuses. He replied: "Nothing, except that she lived with us for 21 years and I never did it before."

IN WASHINGTON, the defendant in a paternity suit pleaded that, although he was the father of one of the plaintiff's twins, he was not the father of the other.

IN ENGLAND, a psychiatrist, charged with speeding, explained to the court: "The sunshine, the clear road and the additional stimulus of the car behind me (not recognizable as a police car) undoubtedly gave added impetus to my psyche."

IN INDIANA, a boy who pulled down the lever at a fire-alarm box said he expected a bird to pop out and forecast the weather.

IN OKLAHOMA, a seaman caught with a sawed-off shotgun said he needed it to guard his $7 bank roll.

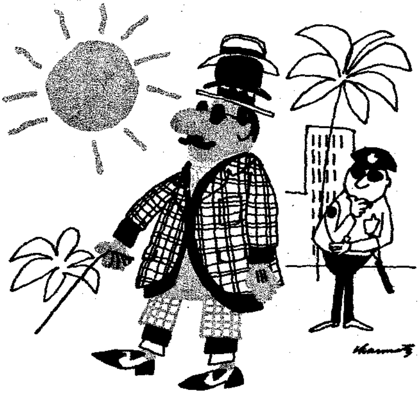
IN VANCOUVER, a robbery suspect explained that he had stumbled against the café window, broken the glass, climbed inside so he could leave his name and address, and was caught while he was rummaging in the till for a pencil.

IN CALIFORNIA, entertainers accused of staging a nude show pleaded innocent on the ground that a woman is not naked if she had her shoes on.

IN FLORIDA, when police questioned a man wearing four shirts, four pairs of trousers, one sweater, two jackets, one overcoat and three hats, he said: "I travel quite a bit, and I don't like suitcases."

IN WASHINGTON, a girl accused of not filing her tax return said she gave the brush-off to Government investigators because she thought they were just women-chasers with a new technique for getting dates.

IN OHIO, a clergyman charged with driving 70 miles an hour explained: "You have to travel fast these days to save souls."



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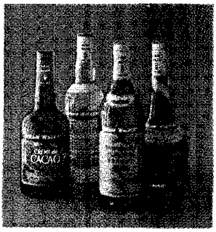

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